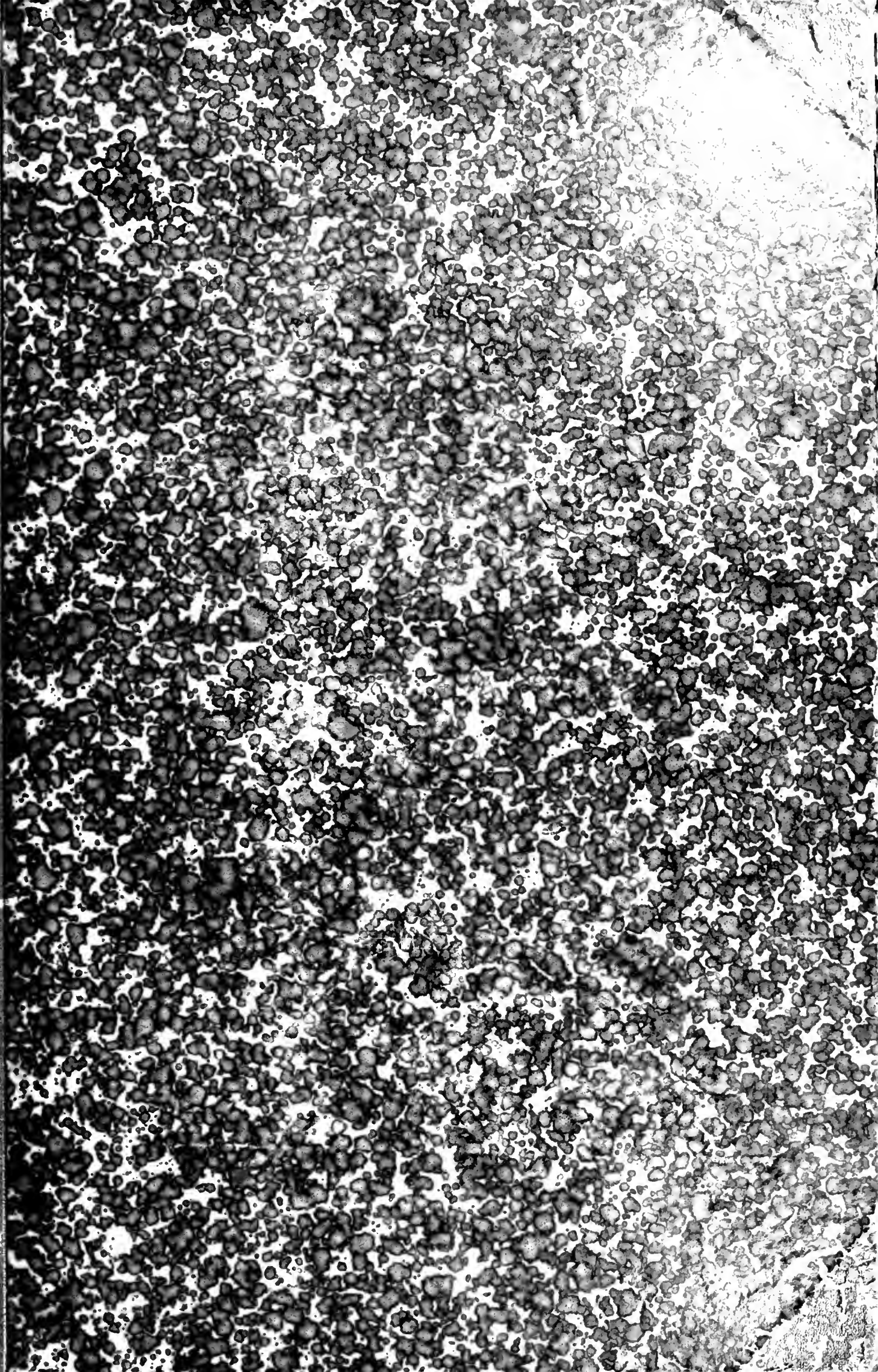


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Hold That Line —

"But Professor Blump, are you sure that "Ram Alley" was written for the old company. It seems to me—"

And Theodosia swept into a double barrage of conversation about something that remotely suggested the Agricultural school to burly Buck, the back. Old Blump only smiled the more affably, and forgot all about the condition that Theodosia was going to work him out of before she led Buck back to his boarding club. For, see Buck just *had* to play in that Michigonsin game, and Theodosia has been elected to fill the role of Clara Barton, Saint Bernard, and female Daniel in the cause of Buck who was a whiz at signals, but when it came to learning Pope's dates seemed always off-side.

Of course there were any number of adorable girls who would have been delighted to play the pulmotor, but it had been little Theodosia who had been unanimously elected to take the position, for somehow she always fitted in, especially at conversation, although nobody had been able to find whether she had any definite line.

In due time, then, she had Winslowed old Bump into a promise that Buck was to be free as a bird, or as the rival linesmen would let him, on the morrow.

So they left dignifiedly, and Theodosia made a quiet *bon mot*, which the Professor had to admit was as good as Beowulf's famous reply to Hrothgar, and Buck could only wonder dumbly how she did it, and thought that he had better ask her to marry him before Blump did.

As she sank back into the cushions of Buck's seven hundred-dollar car, she appeared distrait (no one of the girls of her acquaintance could appear distrait with quite the finesse of Theodosia, and she would never tell her secret of procedure), and said:

"Oh, for some absinthe!"

"Well," said Buck, "I prefer pea soup myself."

At which, Theodosia said condescendingly:

"Don't be silly, Buck, it isn't a soup, it's a drink. And I would much have preferred to talk about "Liliom", instead of that stupid Jacobean stuff. Now it—"



Theodosia stopped short, as if she had swallowed a fish bone, or been caught making eyes at the Dean. This, of course, aroused Buck's curiosity.

"Now if he'd what? And say, where do you get all this learned chatter? Why don't you talk about tomorrow's chances? You can do it just as well".

So Theodosia talked about the coach and four—or no, the eleven, and about Buck, which she had learned, was the best way to please a man. None of the other sisters had found that out yet, but they hadn't—more of that later.

Dazzled, Buck there and then asked her to marry him, but she merely told him that he was not the Man, and that his speech was poor.

But Buck was one of these big, dominant men, who always get what they go after, whether it be a quart or a quarter-back, and that night he swore over Baird's (someone had used the only Bible for cigarette papers), that she should be his'n, and he'd be her'n.

It is three months later, in the living room of the Rep Rho Betas. All the brothers are trying to get to the cigar box and get another handful, before they shake the masterful hand of Buck, who is trying to look like he had not found a million dollars in an old vest.

Jack van der Plunks the most popular man in school grasped Buck's hand, and said with as many quavers as he could put into his larynx:

"Good for you, old man. I didn't think that you could do it. How *did* you do it," he went on, "when everybody else had failed? I did my damnedest, and not a rise did I get".

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G. Huff's Vision Goes Abroad

The student Stadium campaign last spring, when practically \$700,000 was pledged to the Memorial Stadium in less than an hour, though it appeared a tremendously difficult job at the time, was an easy task compared with the undertaking which Stadium authorities face this fall in seeking to raise the alumni quota among the 50,000 graduates and former students of the University, both in America and abroad.

Campaigning among the foreign alumni has already started. It opened early in September with a broadside of pamphlets, advertising appeals, pledge cards and letters, issued by Sampson Raphaelson, manager of Publicity, and W. Elmer Ekblaw, assistant chairman of the executive committee, who, by the way, is taking over temporarily some of the detail work of executive office held by Robert Zupke, in order that the little mentor may devote more time to gridiron activities. Stadium leaders expect a high individual return, proportionately as large as the magnificent achievement of foreign students in the drive on the campus.

"You are too far away, perhaps, to realize the increasing friendliness of the American student toward the foreign students, the intensifying warmth and augmenting admiration with which the youth of America are turning toward the youth of other countries—largely because of the fine spirit of Loyalty which animated the foreign students in the drive," is the fine idea of the foreword in the second of a series of brochures that will go abroad.

An additional paragraph continues, "America is looking with eagerness and great curiosity toward the foreign alumni. There is a great deal of speculation as to whether those alumni who were once at the University and who are now in their native lands, will respond as promptly, as wholeheartedly and as generously as the younger men who are here on the ground."

But, announce the foreign leaders, there can be no speculation. The foreign alumni will be as prompt and as generous as those in America. The story of the Stadium is known intimately and widely in all climes.

The foreign campaign is only a part of the big drive, reaching approximately 1,000 alumni in 45 different countries. The largest representation is in Canada, followed by China, the South American nations and the Philippine Islands.

Two campaigns will be held here this fall, one, a "Plus" drive among the incoming freshmen in an effort to raise the student pledges to the million-

mark, the other, among alumni, which term has become to denote, since active work on the Stadium started, all those who graduated or ever attended the University for at least one semester, or for one summer term.

Freshmen will be solicited in an intensive drive starting October 8, concluding with a mammoth demonstration and celebration on Illinois field, October 15, while Zup's Indians are battling the University of Iowa at Iowa city. Complete and minute reports of that game will be flashed to the field. Students who lead the work last spring will again be placed in command, and identically the same organization will be used. Efforts are being made to secure R. G. Carlson '21, and Anne Cooley '21, last year's student chairmen, to assume complete control, thus allowing other leaders to devote all time and attention to the alumni work.

The nation-wide alumni campaign, on the success of which depends whether Illinois is to have the world's largest Stadium and recreation field, will be launched officially on Tuesday, November 1, continuing until Saturday, November 5, the afternoon of the football game with DePauw on Illinois field. But the real celebration for the campaign will be held on the following Saturday, Homecoming, featuring the Chicago game. It is being held over in order to allow a complete checking of returns from the distant states.

Arrangements for that drive are practically completed, and only routine appointments of committees in every state, and in every county in Illinois, remains for the authorities. It has all been a tremendous task, this job of securing chairmen for each of the 102 Illinois counties, and the 48 states. Then, in addition, there were sub-committees to appoint, instructions to all workers, settlement of disputes, whereby harmony will always exist among Illini, quotas to determine, visits to practically every county by local Stadium workers in order to create enthusiasm and revive latent spirit, Illini clubs to form, and in this, there are now more than 100 of these clubs where there were only seven or eight before.

Each county will have a Stadium executive council, assisted by a group of five or six representative Illini from every section of the community. Under this body will be various sub-committees: Ways and Means, Publicity, General county, charged with actual solicitation work, Estimates, and, perhaps, an American Legion committee.

Outside of Illinois there will be a chairman

and an executive council to direct Stadium activities in each of the states of the Union. The organization is practically the same as in the counties, except on a larger scale, with almost a complete separate arrangement for the large cities, especially the points which Mr. Huff and Mr. Zuppke visited on their three tours to the east, the north and the west.

Minute telegraphic and telephone communication will be maintained between all the counties and the states during the five days of highly intensive alumni drive. It is hoped to move the Stadium Publicity department to the Chicago Stadium headquarters at that time, from where will emanate all instructions and reports to workers throughout the entire nation.

One of the many features planned for the drive

is a big meeting of the Chicago Illini club on the Friday evening preceding the official opening of the campaign. This mass meeting, probably to be held in one of the large hotels, will have special moving pictures, speeches by Huff and Zuppke, and the highly concentrated telegraphic communication with every other Illini club in the United States. Each club in America will have a meeting at the same hour that night. An additional attraction may be a parade through the loop district, headed by the Illinois band, and a concert by the Glee and Mandolin club. The Chicago Illini club, in which nearly 5,000 have already been enrolled, will be the pulse of the entire campaign.

The minimum quota for alumni has been set at \$1,500,000, but leaders predict that this amount will be exceeded by several thousands of dollars.

Making a College Magazine

BY DOUGLAS HYDE

Not everybody knows the real labor entailed in making a campus literary magazine of an avowedly literary nature. And it is labor—long hours spent in vexatious thought as to how to obtain all the earmarks of the larger magazines, as to how to make pages fill out, to get great effects with only mediocre material.

For it is no small matter to get copy, even in a school as large as this. People who can write stay away from the editorial office as though it were haunted with a pestilence. But those who don't write, but would are as bad underfoot as a three months old puppy. They have this or that—a limerick, and a bad one at that, or some love verses at whose softness Ella Wheeler Wilcox herself would blush to a bonfire crimson. And there is the unsexed female with a brass voice, bobbed hair, and sandals, who has an epoch-making work on eugenics, or the rough, male man who has college athletics all doped out. But never a man or woman with the slightest conception as to what real copy is, or what the uses of the comma may be, or why the editor wears a harried look.

To them it is a very romantic affair, with the staff all draped in a Mesi-over booth consuming coffee and condemning Mencken with much invective and sense of virtue. They conceive of these lordly

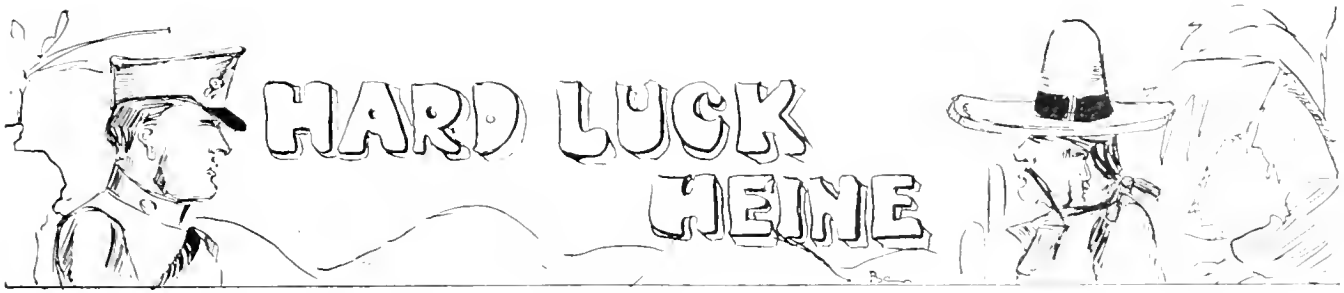
beings as strange visitors from Mars or some equally exotic land, with a weird power for causing much beautiful prose to slip from the jaws of Corona or Underwood.

This is all very nice—a dream that hashish might have begotten. As a matter of fact, as we may have mentioned before, it is all too real.

This man, who can write like an angel when so disposed, rushes in to the sanctum, looks about wildly for a sympathetic ear, and tells the eager throng that he has a new idea, that he is going to do it up for the magazine, and then makes a dignified exit, to be seen a week after next press time. And there is that species of worm who always swears that he left the contribution at our digs, swears upon a thesaurus, and then shows up a week later, with the useless manuscript next to his heart. And countless others.

What this campus needs is a remittance of writing. The greatest dream that an editor has is that there will be a queue formed daily at the office by aspirants to fame and glory in the field of letters. Stories, poems, essays, timely articles, and epigrams in a great deluge. Worried assistants feverishly trying to weed out only the best, that the student mind may be both informed and amused.

And instead an utter barrenness.



By ROBERT M. MOUNT

A hand mirror propped up on the end of a service trunk reflected the anxious visage of Lieutenant "Hardluck Hiene" Miller, sitting on the edge of a canvas cot, perspiring profusely, for the rays of the tropic sun penetrated the palm leaf roof of his quarters as if it were paper. With one hand he was swiping at a swarm of mosquitoes that were holding a community sing about his face and shoulders, while with the other he was painstakingly counting the rapidly thinning locks on the top of his head. The image in the mirror grimaced, making the rather cynically handsome countenance appear even sourer than usual, and the ends of mouth dropped another degree as it groaned.

"To be bald at twenty-seven, and so young and handsome too!"

The counting hand finished its investigation and applied a liberal shot of Bay Rum to the thinning spots.

Another officer returning from a swim in the river glanced in at the opening of Hiene's shack and seeing what he was doing, called.

"What the devil are you running here? A beauty parlor, or are you dolling up to have your picture taken?"

Hiene ignored the volley of questions and making room for the newcomer on the bunk beside him, queried.

"Say Bill, do you think I'm getting balder than I was when we came out here?"

"Think?" gasped Bill, smiling to himself. "I know it. Why four months ago you had as good a head of hair as there was in the post and look at you now. Why boy, in three months you'll be entirely bald, if it keeps on dropping out like it has. I told you to lay off this etching acid you drink, that's what's doing it! Stick to good old Scotch Whiskey and you won't have to use Herpicide. Look at old Colonel Wild Bill Jones. He never drank a thing but Scotch in his life and he's got enough hair to make an angora cat jealous. He is darn near seventy, too".

"Hump!" ejaculated Hiene. "If it hadn't been for keeping comfortably cocked on 'Spick' rum the

mosquitoes would have had my carcass six feet under now. As for drinking that vile stuff that you call Scotch, its like usin' Christian Science on the Scarlet fever. But no kiddin' Bill, I'm getting bald, going nutty as a parrot, and worse, I'm losing my appetite. Think of it! Six months ago I came down to this Hell hole of a country a promising young man—and look at me now, a wreck at twenty-six!"

"If you had as hard a time as you like to kid yourself into believing, you'd have been sent home in cold storage a long time ago", laughed Bill.

"Kid myself! Why I haven't had anything but hard luck since I got into this damn outfit. I enlist the minute the war breaks out, bubblin' with patriotism, seeing red, white and blue—quit a good job too, just to get over to France and help hogtie the Kaiser. Gosh! I was going to be a 32nd degree hero. Believe me hombre, I was going to come home with my chest lookin' like a cigar band collection. What do they do with me? File me away, down in the burdocks, where the sun's turned my once fertile brain into a Sunkist raisin, the man-eating insects have sapped my ambition, and the customs ruined my morality. Oh I'm a lucky guy all right! About as lucky as the Crown Prince at *Belleau Woods*!"

"You forget that you were lucky enough to get a commission in this outfit", Bill said, as he accurately gauged the distance to the wall and drove a tarantula back into its hole with a stream of liquid tobacco.

"Lucky" exclaimed Hiene, "Hell! That wasn't luck. I was just naturally such a good man that they couldn't keep me down. Believe me, they would have if they could, but what's a commission? The only happy days that I've had in this outfit were when I was a 'Buck', with nothing to worry about except losing my roll in the pay day crap game."

A bugle call from the picket line interrupted his little declamation and he grudgingly arose and sighed.

"Oh Hell! There goes stable call so I suppose I'll have to go down and see that they pick all the ticks off those living skeletons of ours. A man don't ever get a chance to rest out here. You'd think that

after hitting the trail on an average of four days a week they'd let a guy rest when he's in camp".

He walked to the door grumbling. "Its a hard life, a hard life."

Bill, laughing, watched him slouch off to the picket line where the men were already grooming their boney, tired little horses that were half dead from the lack of food, as the rainy season which had just ended had left the trails in such a shape that it had been impossible to bring in the necessary forage from the city on the coast.

Then Bill wandered over to his own shack and placing a chair against a royal palm that shaded the entrance, sat down and enjoyed a cigarette while he let his eyes wander over the beautiful country that surrounded the camp. To the south a rolling plain, dotted with clumps of palms, and lined with a network of trails that suggested the wrinkles of an old man's face, stretched away toward the sea for a couple of miles and then the ground elevated until it became a line of densely vegetated hills. To the west and north other hills, cool under their coat of brilliant green arose close by, and reached out toward the sky as if to touch its friendly blue with the fronds of the tall palms that crowned their heights. On the east of the camp lay the little village of Seibo, quietly drowsing under the afternoon sun. Its thatched houses showed no signs of life for the natives were either sleeping or else about duties in the surrounding country as it might be their misfortune to have to attend to.

The hills, the sabana, the little river that had steadily been flowing to the Caribbean even long before Columbus discovered the island, and the squalid little town were all romantically picturesque to Bill and he loved them unconsciously. As he sat there he mused,

"I wonder what's the matter with that guy Miller? Always making himself unhappy, kicking about his luck. I wonder if he don't naturally go out of his way to get into trouble so he can growl about hard luck. Darned if he isn't like a perfectly well old woman who wants to be sick so bad that she kills herself taking Lydia Pinkham's Pills for some ailment that she never had."

Miller arrived at the picket line and glumly sat down on a pile of empty grain sacks to watch the men curry their mounts. As he looked off across the sabana he cursed the little heat waves that wiggled up, from everything on which his eyes rested like little silver snakes dancing on their tails. Even the cool hills filled him with hate for he thought only of the hours of back breaking toil he had spent following the steep, muddy trails that wound beneath their green coverings.

The village, to him, was dirty and disgusting,

the people filthy and uninteresting. He longed to spend an evening dancing in the Spanish Garden of the Hotel Washington, and dressed in his best uniform to stroll thru Peacock alley at the Willard. A hell of a note, that the government would stick a man away in a place like Santo Domingo to hunt bandits. What the devil did he care whether there were bandits or not, except that they kept him hiking beneath burning suns and in pouring rains to locate their hiding places.

"It certainly is hell!" he growled to himself. "Filed away, down here, and forgotten by all the people in the States who are cheering their heads off for the gang over in France. Nothing to do for entertainment but to sit in the vile smelling back room of Gimick's bodega and drink warm, stale, beer that's half full of rosin, and rum that will eat holes in your clothes if you happen to spill it! Can't even get magazines from the States because they say it makes the mails too heavy and they haven't the transportation to even bring us essentials. Hell!"

That evening at mess the officers of the camp two captains, a doctor and three lieutenants were all present, to partake of their evening diet of hard-tack and 'Canned Bill', as there happened to be no detachments out of camp at the time. Captain Watson, the senior officer, looked up from his plate and remarked,

"Well Miller, I guess its about your turn to go out and tease the bandits for a few days."

Hiene scowled and grumbled, "Yeh, its always Miller's turn. Not that I mind going out, for I'd as soon be hiking as broiling in this dump, but what the devil is the use of sending me anyway? I've paraded every trail from Samana to the Soco, and if there are any gavilleros left running loose I've yet to see one. If it wasn't for the rest of you having a fight every now and then I'd think this bandit business was all the bunk."

The other officers looked at each other and grinned.

"Maybe when they hear that you're leaving camp they ride for their lives," suggested the doctor.

"You're wrong Doc", put in Captain Hartley, "The trouble is, Heine has gone about telling the world how unlucky he is until every native in the country has heard about it and when the bandits hear him coming they just sit down beside the trail and let him ride past, rather than waste their bullets on him."

"Well", added Lieutenant Bill Oglesby, "I've maintained all along that one of these bright shiny mornings Hiene's going to bump into a fight that'll give him something to talk about until he's bald as Paleyo mountain."

Miller looked up unconcernedly from the piece of beef that he had been wrestling with, and mumbled.

"Say, put the saddle on somebody else for a while will yuh. I know I'm the unluckiest guy on earth, but there's no use rubbing it in all the time."

Then Captain Watson said, "All right Hiene, all kidding aside, I got a radio from the old man this morning and he promises that the first detachment to get a fight with Bolida Reyes' gang can come in to the city for a ten days celebration. But celebration or not, we've got to get busy. We have not had a scrap worth reporting for a devil of a while and Bolida is getting a good rest somewhere around here. We've got to rush him a bit before he starts raiding the sugar estates again."

"I've an idea that Bolida and his men are some place in the Monchow right now," put in Captain Hartley.

"That's my hunch", replied Watson, "so I want Hiene to go there in the morning."

"I'll bet he'll laugh himself to death when he sees me coming with that string of horses of ours. They look like applicants for the Humane Society's Down and Out Ward", said Miller sourly.

"Well son", finished the Captain, "that's all the more reason why he should jump you. I'm giving you a chance to hit a good fight, and you better a damn sight not get your detachment all shot up unless you finish him."

"I'm tired of hearing about bandits. Let's play poker", suggested the Doctor.

A little later as the Doctor counted out the chips, Hiene stood irresolutely beside his chair and with a grimace said.

"I suppose I might as well 'sucker in', but darned if I wouldn't save money by writing you a check for fifty pesos and going to bed."

"It's a long lane that has no turning", quoted Bill.

"Yes, but I'm paying damned heavy transportation to that turn", sighed Hiene. "Oh well!", he sat down and took the hand that had been dealt him in anticipation of his assent.

For an hour they played, and Hiene lost consistently enough to keep him steadily growling.

"I'll bet if you were to deal me two aces in succession the friction would wear the spots off them and I'd think they were deuces", he complained.

Then at last, when Hiene was stratgically sitting at the left of the dealer, the cards came to him. The four big aces in fast succession! He could hardly refrain from yelling. With an effort, he kept his hand from trembling and malignantly plotted to pull in a big pot.

"Openers"? questioned the dealer.

"Lord no," replied Hiene in a shocked voice, "the nerve of asking me that. You know I never get better than a pair of trays."

The second man glanced at his hand, "By me," he said.

The third threw in his hand. Hiene began to squirm and looked anxiously at Captain Watson. The awful thought occurred to him, "What if no one should open?" Watson caught his look and threw down his hand. The dealer alone was left, and he, after studying his cards for an unbearably long second, threw them in the middle of the table and said.

"Deal them over Hiene, I wouldn't open on my pair of Jacks". Miller sat dazed for a full minute, then his jaw dropped, and throwing his hand on the table face up, pulled himself to his feet and howled.

"Look at 'em! Four beautiful ACES! The first hand I've held in three months and when I pass to 'boob' the pot, nobody opens! D———, if it was raining soup I'd be out with a fork!"

II.

The following morning before the sun was up, Miller and his detachment of horsemen were threading along the trail that followed the hills to the north of the camp. Through colored jungles of vines, plantain trees and brilliant flora, out across open rolling stretches of sabana, into heavily wooded tracts where creepers had laced themselves about the trees until they made a lattice work decorated with colored mosses that no decorator could imitate, the trail led them. Now and then they passed huts, where native families lived without effort off the bounty of the land. Very often upon stopping at these houses, they found them hastily deserted for the natives would take to the bush rather than be forced to tell what they might know concerning the whereabouts of the bandits.

All day long they hiked, and when evening came, found a grassy spot and made camp for the night. Half of the men scoured the country for a hundred yards in either direction and returned with arm loads of wild pineapples, plantains, oranges and alligator pears to supplement the meal of corned beef stew that the cook was already preparing.

After the meal they watered their horses at a nearby stream and rolled up in their blankets on the ground to get a good sleep before continuing the march for the following day. Miller, after instructing the guard as to the time of departure, lay down a little to one side of the rest and looking up at the dark blue heavens alive with stars that twinkled and sailed uncharted courses leaving a burning stream of gold in their wake, thought over the events of the day and the probabilities of the morrow. From information he had gleaned, along the

trail, he was sure that there was a large group of bandits, possibly as many as a hundred and fifty under that famous outlaw, Bolida Reyes, camping somewhere ten or twelve miles to the west of the place he was spending the night. On the following day, unless his unreasonable luck had foreordained otherwise, he ought to have a real fight. He was hiking with only fifteen men, but that was the best way to get a good scrap, for the outlaws would not attack unless the detachments were comparatively weak. He didn't bother his head with those thoughts long, for it was so much more pleasant to drop off to sleep thinking about good old Washington and Philadelphia. "I wonder what show is at the Belasco tonight".

Once during the night the sentry awoke him by touching him lightly on the shoulder.

"Listen, Lieutenant", he said.

Miller sat up quickly, wide awake. Off in the distance he heard the howling of several dogs, a weird, uncanny sound magnified by the quiet of the night. The howling was picked up and relayed by dogs at casas near by. The effect was very disquieting to Hiene for in trying to solve the cause of their yelping he imagined a long file of bandits, slipping silently thru the night to attack his small detachment where they lay asleep. The men began to awaken as if they sensed danger in their sleep, and he could see silhouettes move in the gloom to positions from which they could effectively use their rifles. Presently the clamor of the dogs ceased. The men once more dropped off to sleep.

Hiene attempted to remain awake, but in spite of himself his tired body over-ruled his troubled mind, and he too went to sleep, and did not awaken until the guard called him for breakfast.

Preparing for that meal consisted merely of pulling on his shoes, and waiting for one of the men to bring him a mess pan full of fried plantains and bacon and a cup of steaming, black coffee. They ate quickly, and the horses having been cared for while breakfast was cooking, were underway long before the sun was up. It was always cool in the early morning, but Hiene could not enjoy the ride in the fresh air, or the beautiful sun-rise that played colored lights on the awakening forest, for he was stiff and sore from the nights sleep on the ground and his clothes were damp and sticky from perspiration and the heavy dew that fell toward morning.

"I believe I'm getting rheumatism" he said to himself. "This sleeping out in all kinds of weather is sure putting the fear of old age into my bones. If I ever get back to Washington I suppose I'll have to do the avenue in a wheel chair, and sponge off the Old Soldier's Home."

They rode up to a hut where two women and

several naked children were squatted on the ground before a fire, breakfasting on gruel made by boiling the banana-like plantains. They halted, and Miller called the more intelligent looking of the two women, a nut brown creature with greasy, unkept black hair, dressed only in a ragged skirt and homemade sandals, and ordered his sergeant, who spoke Spanish, to question her.

The woman approached, her face a mask, and made an awkward, frightened bow.

"Where is the hombre that lives here?" inquired the sergeant.

"Yo no se", the woman replied.

"You don't know, huh?" snarled the sergeant clutching her by the breast with a grip intended to inflict pain.

"No senor".

"When was he last here?"

"Not since two days".

"Why did he go away?"

"Yo no se."

"Yes you do! Why did he go away?" he tightened his grip forcing her to her knees. A look of fear came into her eyes, but she refused to answer.

The sergeant looked at Miller and asked, "Shall I make her talk?"

"Certainly", the lieutenant replied.

He drew his pistol and placing the barrel against her forehead toyed with the trigger, and twisted her breast cruelly.

"Habla!" he commanded.

"He left with the gavilleros who came and took him", the woman half screamed. "He good hombre, but they take him anyway."

"Where did they take him?" the sergeant insisted.

"Maybe to the Mouchow," she whined.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place. Hereafter when an Americano says habla, you habla. Savy?" he growled and released her.

Miller threw her a coin and they continued on their way.

"Its hell to abuse these poor people", Miller said to himself, "but what else can we do? They aren't human anyway. Less intelligence than most animals. . . . but I wonder if all in all they aren't happier than civilized people. They don't know enough to be discontented . . . they can always find something to eat without working for it. Look at me! Spend most of my life acquiring an education, and it gets me a job riding a bony nag across the Dominican Republic, chasing bandits that ought to exist only in story books but that use honest to God dum dum bullets. If I kill a nigger, no one is the worse off. There'll be just so many more bananas for the rest

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Cornbelt Papers II.

Confession of Unfaith

BY T. P. BOURLAND

"The smoke upon the altar dies; the flowers decay."

ONCE upon a time I went to the English Seminar on Friday night. Necessity scourged me to that measure. I mooned down the street in the midst of Springtime, feeling that there was no health in me. Sleepy birds talked in the boughs above me, and the scent of all flowers blew by. Once, as I passed a house, a saxophone sneered from an upper window. Once again, from over the way came the voice of a fiddle, raised plaintively in a neo-oriental fox-trot tune. At intervals my unhurried steps were overtaken by a dance bound couple, arm in arm, chatting away in the Illini idiom, leaving in their wake the intriguing odor of Mavis and Williams's. "O long-eared one!" I told myself. "If you had but studied this afternoon instead of . . ."

At the seminar I found Phillip. He was sitting with hunched shoulders, reading *The Seven who were Hanged*.

Phillip is my very good friend. I like him for three reasons, to wit: he likes coffee, he likes me, and he is a nice boy. His enemies and fraternity brothers call him a snake, but he is not really serpentine. He is but young, and in his way a bit of a poet. His only vice is the use of the one brand of cigarettes I do not like, and his outstanding virtue is his ability to shave himself before an eight-o'clock. Now you know Phillip as well as I do. Knowing him, then, picture how I was amazed to see him at the seminar, on a Friday night. Something was wrong with Phillip.

"Come on over and get some coffee," I commanded.

Then, on the way: "Why were you reading that terrible book?"

"Liked it," grunted Phillip.

"Why?"

"Because,"—and Phillip viciously kicked a pebble from his path—"Because, it makes me feel—just the way I feel" he finished, a bit lamely.

We passed the Arcade, and I perceived that my companion looked rather attentively up at the balcony, where was a moving frieze of youths and maidens in silhouette. I kept silence. In the hospitable Green Street coffee house, our bodies propped somberly into a booth, we looked at each other and ordered coffee.

Presently Phillip's downcast eye roved, and settled upon a girl and youth who sat intimately in the opposite booth. He considered them a moment, scornfully, balefully. Then he lit a cigarette, blew a perfect ring at me, and spoke.

"Look at that poor fish over there. Just look at him. Infatuated. Vamped. Thinks his girl's the most lovely creation of heaven. Fool!"

The situation was evident. Phillip had been disappointed in love again. I glanced across at the pair so potently damned by my friend and saw—oh, merely what one always sees across the room at Mosier's: a pretty girl with her elbows flanking a chocolate "Boston", a clean and smiling youth looking into her eyes.

"I am sorry, Phillip," I said. "Tell me about it. What's the trouble?"

"No trouble—now," he replied darkly. "I'm through. Finished." He fished about in his vest pocket and produced a pearl-set fraternity pin. "You've gone on your last trip, sister," said he, addressing the pretty ornament.

"So you got it back. Too bad."

"Yes. And I've learned my lesson."

We were interrupted by the arrival of our coffee—, and the passing greeting of some friends who had strolled in from the dance across the way. In the short interval I realized with something of a start that my sentimental, melancholy, lilac-perfumed mood had left me, and that which I am pleased to term my mind was functioning again with some logic and clarity. I was determined to learn the story of the pearl pin. I braced my feet against the partition, sipped my coffee and found it good.

"Now Phillip," said I, "I am listening."

Phillip thereupon drank his coffee and unburdened his soul, which was obviously the only sensible thing to do.

"Nothing much to tell. Guess it's all happened before—to other guys—other yaps like me. I put Daisy up on a little old gold throne, and sat and worshipped at her feet—like a lot of other fatheads—only I didn't know about the other fatheads."

I thought to myself, "Unity—Coherence—Emphasis"—Shades of rhetoric one, but the boy needed a guiding hand if I were to profit by his narrative. I prompted him:

"That surprises me, Phil. I thought that you

and Daisy had a rather serious crush. Known her quite a while, haven't you? When did you meet her, first?"

"The first of the year. Met her up at Bradley. Gosh! . . . I'll never forget the way she looked that night! Had on a -um—a sort of blue -er—well, she was all tricked out in a clingy short skirt, silk, and everything—she was with Wop Daniels—comes



from his home town. I fell. Called her up next day and made a date."

The poet in Phillip stalked upon his countenance for a moment.

"Love at first sight, eh?" I said.

"That's what I thought at the time."

"And Daisy?"

"Oh, I thought she thought so too."

"Well, what then?"

He told me. As he talked his infestivity became less evident. He poured his woes out like wine, and it seemed that each word which left his lips were eliminated from his heart also. We sat long in that booth, and called more than once for coffee, and Phillip talked. The tale he had to tell was an old one, and, in Spring, a fitting one. The first date with the loveliest-most-wonderful-girl he had ever known—Daisy of the blue-black hair, Daisy of the entrancing giggle-chuckle—Daisy the cosmopolite from Central Kansas.

The first shy compliments, skirmishing pleasantries.

The first dance, together with the discovery that they looked well together.

The second dance, and the third. The exchange of little youthful confidences, the "serious" introspective dialogues—"Some little talk awhile of Thee and Me . . ."

The astonishing discovery that they were misunderstood of all the world save one another.

The first kiss.

Of these things and others Phillip spoke, with bitterness and regret. There had come a day—a recent day—when Phillip's beloved met another chap. There had been a week of kidding and camouflage, of fibbing, and mistrust—then one last date to "fill" (Cf. *to fill*—as, a prescription, or an order for groceries) during which, after awkward pauses and little conflagrations of temper, the lovely Daisy had said, with a tinge of regret—"Here's your pin. We were never meant for each other. Denny's waiting for me downstairs . . ." and fled, leaving my Phillip agape.

I was magnificently amused, and not unsympathetic. Myself, a good many years ago, in high school—I remember—but great snakes, reader, this is no confession! When youth becomes cynical, the gods laugh, albeit mercifully and with toleration.

"Go to!" said I. "Be as unhappy as you can. Slop over. Tear your locks. Curse. Do you no end of good."

"This is not a matter to joke about" said Phillip.

"Heaven forbid!" I replied. "But you know yourself the shirt is whiter for the blueing. Look at it that way. Life is a laundress; sorrow a laundry-mark. Man a shirt."

Phillip launched a grin, but thought better of it and frowned—the frown of the thinker.

"Women are terrible" he said, somberly. "I wouldn't trust a woman any more—any more than—than an Ec Prof."

"No."

"You fall, and they let you lie."

"Yes."

"My life is ruined."

"Sure".

"I'm going to quit school. I'm fed up."

"Oh, no need in doing that, Phil."

"Oh, I dunno. Can't stand it around here. Be on probation next semester anyway. I'm in Dutch in all my courses. Playing around with—that girl—when I should have been on the books."

"Education isn't all books, Phillip."

"You tell 'em."

"I will."

"And I sure ought to have a diploma. I'm educated."

Twelve o'clock, and the morning of Saturday, had slipped up behind us while we were conversing. The dancers from over the way began to filter in and dispose themselves in booths, where the legal half hour was to be spent over favorite confections. Phillip grinned sardonically at me. "We know better, dont we?" he said.

"Dont include me" I replied. "I envy them, in an amiable way. Tomorrow night - -"

Phillip arose. "The animals enter by two and

two . . ." he quoted. "Let's go".

In spite of the coffee, I had become sleepy.

Out on the street, I slapped his back in jovial fashion.

"But after all, you'll be at the Prom?"

He had the grace to grin a sheepish grin. All was well.

I made my way homeward, considering within myself what a pretty figure I would cut in my eight-o'clock next morning.

I'll never forget the way she looked that night!

"DUALITY"—*By* Notley Sinclair Maddox

I have stood before the world like a rock—
Dependable, sufficient.
They admired me for the burdens I bore,
Praised my upright solidness,
Cheered themselves with the thought that I
Stood there steadily in all weathers,
Never complaining, asking no one's support,
Bearing right up—good old rock!
They knew not I was also a garden,
Yearning for soft rain and sun,
Slowly dying for someones caressing,
Dying for someones love,
Timorous sensitive, feeling little things
That most would not notice.
(Beloved, I speak thus of myself
Because I am speaking truth,
And because to you I fear not
To speak out all that is in my heart.)
They knew the rock feared not the storms,
Lightning, wind, nor parching drouth.
They knew not the garden felt
The slightest shifting of the lightest breeze,
Darling, in my love for you I am the rock—
Steadfast, enduring, true,
But I am also the garden,
Yearning for warm sunshine and soft rain.

Hard Luck Heinie

(Continued from Page 8)

of them. But if a gavillero picks me off, pop! goes several thousand dollars worth of educational investment."

All morning they rode slowly thru the country, patrolling the trails and searching for signs that might lead them to the bandit camp. When the sun and empty stomachs insisted that they stop for chow and a rest during the hotter part of the day, Miller left the main body of the detachment and rode forward and joined the little advance guard of three men that rode just far enough ahead of the others to be always in sight.

They were crossing a little meadow surrounded by heavy woods, when Miller decided to call a halt after they had crossed a rise just ahead. The advance rode up the incline, Miller at its head, looking back over his shoulder and talking to the man following about the chances of finding water in the vicinity. When they topped the crest Miller looked down over the narrow stretch of open country before him. His jaw dropped, and his eyes widened. One hand automatically grabbed for the pistol at his hip and the other tightened on the bridle rein until his horse snorted and reared.

Ascending the rise, the foremost rider not twenty yards away, was a file of nondescript horsemen. Hiene's impression was, horses . . . bonier than his own, ridden by ragged men clad in dirty grey trousers, some wearing shirts of bright color . . . others bare above the waist, machetes suspended at their waists by gaudy sashes . . . evil faces . . . many long droopy mustaches and a wild assortment of weapons, rifles of historic patterns, pistols, the butts protruding from their belts.

Any doubt that there might have been in Hiene's mind as to the proper procedure vanished when the foremost man, spying him at the same time he had seen them, jerked his horse to a stand and raised a capable appearing long barreled pistol. Still under the spell of surprise, Hiene drew his automatic and fired. Some how his hand was unusually steady, a fact that made him subconsciously wonder why he was not afraid. Two reports sounded simultaneously shattering the morning quiet into many startled echoes, and Hiene spun half way around in his saddle and slipped limply to the ground. Something had struck his shoulder with a burning thud, and his arm went limp when he tried to rise. At the same instant, the horse of the first bandit whistled shrilly, reared high, and fell backwards, pinning the leg of its rider to the ground. The other bandits swung from the trail and opened fire. Miller's horse, with

its empty saddle, squealed and tore madly from the trail. The horse of the rider behind, fell to its knees, hard hit.

Then over the crest, with a wild whoop, came the rest of Miller's men, riding in a fan shaped formation at a dead gallop. In a cloud of flying turf, they slid their horses to a stop, swung from the saddles, threw the reigns to a horse holder and opened fire. There is nothing more awe inspiring to an uncivilized man than a Springfield rifle operating in the hands of a skilled soldier. The gavilleros swung their mounts about and with wild 'carrabos', galloped for the protection of the bush. One of them rode by the man who was down, and extending a hand, pulled him to the back of the horse without slackening his speed. A steel jacketed bullet caught the horse squarely in the head as they rushed for cover. He fell heavily, throwing the two men, who became targets for many bullets as they tried to rise and run. The man who had two horses shot from under him gained his feet, but turned a complete somersault as a bullet pierced his shoulder, and lay still. Horses were hit and other riders knocked from their seats before they could reach the protecting shelter of the woods, twenty or thirty yards to the side. But a 'spic' is like an animal, he must be hit in a vital spot to stop him; his nervous system is more highly developed than his brain and he'll keep moving until he drops dead in his tracks.

In less than two minutes after the first shot was fired the skirmish was over, and all of the gavilleros, except the first man hit, had reached the thick under brush that filled the woods, riding at top speed, limping and crawling, many leaving bloody trails behind. It was impossible for the little detachment to follow them, for once in the woods they would become separated and make easy targets for deadly bullets from ambush, or a stroke of the long sword-like machete from the concealment of a tree.

Several of the men rushed to the spot where the fallen bandit lay while the others hurried back to see what fate had befallen their lieutenant. Hiene was sitting up, blinking dazedly, and holding his right shoulder from which a stream of blood was running down his arm and forming a dark red pool upon the ground.

"Where yuh hit, sir?" asked the sergeant, hastening to his aid.

"Shoulder, I guess," groaned Hiene, "damn my luck! How many did you get?"

"Only the bird you knocked off and a few horses", he replied.

"They got to the bush too quick, but a bunch of them are carrying our calling cards. Damn tough luck that you had to get plugged. Here let me try

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Marching to Zion

By ROSE JANOWITZ

For some time it had been our sole aim and ambition to pay the city of Zion, Illinois, a rather protracted if somewhat uninvited visit. We were, to some degree, the butt of the general family "razz" because of our obsession, but families, as a rule, seldom understand the workings of the younger mind. Our family, for example, often puts its foot down in a most unreasonable manner. What harm could there have been in our attending the Holy Roller services conducted by Ethiopians? Yet, after we had visited only two such gatherings, the family discovered the fact and we were simply forced to discontinue. We believe, primarily, in the Rising Generation acquiring its own experience, and if witnessing the worship of sects other than its own be the means, it, the Rising Generation, should find no opposition. The family still regards us, though nearly out of our 'teens, as disgustingly young and simple.

On one memorable afternoon, memorable since it was our first complete rebellion, the local paper ran a half-sheet advertisement worded thusly: "Zion's Twenty-First Feast of Tabernacles to be held, God willing, in Shiloh Tabernacle, Zion, Lake County, Illinois, U.S.A., by Wilber Glenn Voliva, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church of Zion, assisted by the Apostles and Elders." There followed a photograph of the austere, handsome Wilbur Glenn himself, together with a complete program of Zion's twenty-first feast. Our mind was forthwith made up.

"Zion, Zion, the City of God," we hummed happily, and went in search of the family car, which we had never been allowed to take out alone because of ditches, telephone poles, blow-outs, and kindred annoyances. The ignition, as luck would have it, was locked, but nothing daunted, we raised the hood and detached the ground wire, an idea obtained from a garage man who is very diplomatic and a friend of ours. Backing out of the garage, we ran over something that felt like a bicycle, but we did not stop to ascertain.

At this juncture we bethought us of our garb, and recalled to mind the recent sad experience of a young lady who was fined five dollars and costs for violation of laws tending to keep spotless the dazzling morality of Zion. She was found guilty, by a jury of twelve men of: "1. Exposing the neck and shoulders lower than the juncture of the pit of the neck with the clavicle or collar bone, and on the

shoulders a greater distance than a third part of the neck with the tip of the shoulders. 2. Exposing the arms above the middle of the forearm. 3. Wearing a "peekaboo" or mosquito net blouse." We eyed ourselves critically and returned the verdict "not guilty". To be on the safe side, however, we drove down town and spent twenty minutes standing outside the local police headquarters. We felt that if anything were radically wrong, something would happen. Nothing did. Just as we were driving off, our aunt happened along. We were, at one time, very fond of this aunt, but that was before she embarked upon her career of self-appointed critic.

"Since when were you allowed to go driving by yourself?" she demanded, and eyed us suspiciously.

"It was decided at Family Council last night," we informed her, with an air of superiority, "that the downtrodden member of the family be allowed as much liberty as anybody else." She looked as if she had no intention of believing us, but we turned the corner sharply before she could tell us so. That finished her.

The roads leading to Zion are, as the Road Commission so aptly describes it, "in a deplorable condition", but since it is a well-advertised fact, we suffered neither surprise nor disappointment. We suffered only the jolts, as it were, but what is a rut or two hundred ruts when Zion hangs in the balance we ask you?

As we bumped on our way, we puzzled long and profoundly over the complications of our small sphere. Were we going to Zion, or to Zion City? We were not quite certain. It depended largely upon whether we were a Volivite, an Independent, or were sided with the Zion Lace Industries. For some purely unaccountable reason, Voliva held the greater claim on our loyalty. The situation, briefly, was this: Zion was composed chiefly of Volivites and Independents, the two opposing factions. Then there were the Zion Lace Industry-ites and also a number of inhabitants out of sympathy with the Great Cause. Voliva and the Independents delight in exchanging puns, bright sayings, and occasionally, bricks. Every third week the Lace Industries, who insist that they do not belong to Voliva, wake up and take an extra jab or two at the General Overseer. The result is a rousing good time if one can manage to dodge the flying arguments. Not long ago, Voliva decided that he wanted the name of the

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EDITORIALS



CA Nesbitt 1924



HERE is no longer anything startling in the statement that like the course of empire and the center of population, the Republic of Letters westward makes its way. Even Messrs. Mencken and Nathan, who, with their elephantine humor, refer to the Great Valley as the hog and foreign mission states, have noted that Chicago is something of a literary center as well as a railroad center and the home of the packing industry.

For the dear dead days of New England's supremacy we need hardly drop a tear in passing. When the last great member of the long whiskered school of scholars and alleged poets went quietly and sedately to his sleep under the stony sod of New England in the early nineties, her doom was sealed. Now she dodders on toward senile sterility, still producing a fair quota of noteworthy scholars, but offering an almost negligible contribution to the current literature of the country to which she is the parent in matters cultural.

It is the middle west with its much boasted virility that fills the magazines, writes the novels, a large part of the mentionable poetry, and even contributes occasionally to the learned journals of the day. It is no longer a movement toward or a tendency; it is a fact. The mid-west must accept the responsibility of being host to contemporary American literature.

In the matter of building railroads, popular priced automobiles, and the raising of corn and hogs, her success is not to be questioned. From New England she learned the necessity of adequate public education. Her great Universities, thriving on corn-and-hog prosperity, are giving efficient instruction in everything from brick making to oil painting, and are out-growing their habiliments faster than a boy in his teens. But what of the quality of the contemporary literature for which she must stand sponsor?

A casual glance at the successful novels of the last year and a half reveals qualities none too satisfying to the person of discriminating literary tastes, and an almost general lack of urbanity and narrowness of vision. Sinclair Lewis, a native, if somewhat denatured, mid-westerner, in the much mentioned *Main Street*, displays the characteristics of a man who chews up a quinine capsule to splutter about its bitterness. Sherwood Anderson takes an unseemly pleasure in stirring up the swill barrel that he may pollute the air with its reeking odor. Floyd Dell shows an adolescent's interest in sex. Our poets offer us the unrelieved cynicism of *Spoon River*, the revolting horror of *The Lynching Bee* and the formless vignor of *Smoke and Steel*—but why go on—

The culture represented by our universities is not so utterly lacking in amenity, but it is not reflected in current literature. Perhaps it is because, after all, the culture represented by our universities is not indigenous to the middle western mind from which it draws its sustenance. It is a borrowed culture; and if, as in the case of New England (from whom it was most immediately borrowed), our contemporary letters grew out of it, the effect would be stifling and disastrous. Crude though it is we must admit that the mid-west's contribution to current literature, is in a measure indigenous. Its very crudity is its certificate of legitimacy.

The necessity for adjustment is obvious. Our contemporary literature stands in need of the gentility and urbanity which our universities reflect, and the universities stand in need of the intellectual vigour and fearlessness evinced by contemporary writers.

With the sweet optimism of undergraduate youth we believe that such an adjustment will come to pass. We believe that an institution as potent in the economic, political, and

professional life of the corn-belt as the University of Illinois will not fail to exert an amiable influence on the current literature of her province. In this respect we believe that the University will function in a two-fold manner; indirectly, by refining the tastes of the reading public, and directly by contact with the popular writers of the coming years. It is in this latter, direct influence that we of the *Illinois Magazine* are primarily interested, and it is with a tender concern for the sensibilities of the readers of the next decades, future Mr. Andersons and Mr. Lewises, that we present these practice pages to you.

Traditions

Every now and then, from dark basement regions in the halls of learning and labor hereabouts, there comes a tremendous roar in regard to the celebrated and antique, but somewhat elusive, "traditions of Illinois". The traditions are being disregarded! Long live the traditions! And some very serious scholastic elders, hereditary guardians of all that is righteons apparently, have gathered together, much like a concourse of black-robed maiden aunts, to see that the younger generations shall not stray from the paths of virtue. The newer Illini, palefaced and effeminate, it seems, with their herring-bone suits and their brogues and their jazz, have laid irreverent hands upon the venerable customs which have come down to us from time immemorial, they have desecrated the sanctuaries of the tribal chiefs. The crusade is about to begin. Heretics,—well, just where the inquisition is to be conducted is at present the secret of our earnest young friends on the staff of a contemporary journal.

Yet what are the traditions of Illinois, frankly? Have we any? What boots it that some tired freshman rests himself luxuriously upon the senior bench, so long as no weary, wayworn senior needs his place. Yes, since we set out to be offensive, what difference does it make whether or not the worthy scholar on these mud flats wears his proper class headgear, or a silk "dicer", or a nice, clean bandanna handkerchief? And does the campus tremble when some blundering male trots up the right hand steps of University Hall? As a matter of fact, it does not tremble. And as another matter of fact, Illinois has no traditions worth being enthusiastic over.

But at Illinois, as in most other universities of the middle west, it has become traditional to have traditions. If they do not arise naturally, they must be invented *ex cathedra* by some one with a pretty political office and a bright idea, perhaps, and then their genealogies can be arranged afterward. Every fad, every passing custom of more than two years duration, is eagerly siezed upon by the tradition purveyors and foisted upon the student body as an authentic "tradition of Illinois". Thus, the honor system which is at best only an experiment, becomes, under the rose-tinted spectacles of these romanticists, a tradition, hoary with antiquity. The custom of wearing class headgear, which is no more traditional at Illinois than at a thousand other schools, becomes sacrosanct, inviolable, and he who does not observe it is in some way under the stigma of disloyalty to his alma mater. If this process of creating traditions goes on, it will soon be impossible to stroll across the campus without sinning against a score of semi-eccelesiastical punctilios held by the Church of the Illinois Tradition. God save the mark! The Illini buck will have to make love to the one of his choice according to a set of "traditional" rules; and the coy maiden will have to look up phrase number nine ninety-nine in order to reply correctly.

The fact is, the present mania for traditions arises out of a sense of shame. The typical Illini, when confronted by a student from an older school, finds himself possessed of an extremely sensitive mental epidermis, and he refuses to admit that he does not come from a mossgrown institution. He forgets that age is not a criterion of worth; and that a maze of traditional limitations may be an impediment to progress.

The traditions of Illinois! Words to conjure with! Noble phrase!

On the Pleasures of Loafing

BY AGNES VROOMAN

I have many amusements, some of them favorite ones; they range from golf to cooking and I find equal enjoyment in them all, though not at all times, of course. For example, I can not imagine myself enjoying golf at 11 A. M. any more than I can imagine myself delighted with the prospect of baking a cake at 5:30 A. M.

I think I agree with the person, whoever he may have been, who first said that there was a time for everything. I say I agree *in general* because I am not sure that there are not exceptions. Of all my amusements loafing is the only one that seems to belong to no special time. I have often been told that I am lazy. It may be so, but I do not believe it. I have always thought that people who admit that they are lazy and some even boast of it, do not believe it themselves and do so only for the mere pleasure of hearing someone deny it. It hurts my sense of justice when I see the beautiful smile that overspreads their features when some unsuspecting soul steps into their little trap and does deny it. No, I do not like to be called lazy, probably because it approaches painfully near to the truth without reaching it. I believe I could prove conclusively that I am not lazy, but my time does not now allow so long a discussion. I shall only ask that you believe me when I say that I am not.

But I do enjoy loafing. It is the most congenial amusement imaginable, indeed, it is a companion in itself. If I want to loaf all afternoon I do not have to call a friend to help me do it. Some people insist that loafing alone is the pleasantest kind. As for myself, I have not decided how I like it best.

When I say that loafing is pleasant at all times perhaps I ought to make an explanation regarding the character of the amusement as I practice it. I do not mean that to loaf is to do absolutely nothing. It is to do anything that happens to strike my fancy in a leisurely manner. I must at least have something to think about. There are times when it is impossible for me to indulge in this amusement. At those times if I pick up a book to look at I soon find myself reading it industriously or if I have a friend with me I find myself entered upon an argument with him. Then I know I can not loaf—and strange to say, all desire for it is gone. I must at least have something to think about, or a book to look at, not to read, you will notice, or I may have someone to talk to. Any of these situations may be

ideal for loafing, and there are any number of others which might make the amusement pleasurable.

Loafing alone differs greatly from any other kind of loafing. Then I can turn my imagination loose to wander where it will. One day last week I sat alone under a tree and saw the domes of the observatory white against the dark green of the summer trees. I wondered if Galileo would be very much surprised if he could come back and see it all. Then I thought of Sir Oliver Lodge and wondered if Galileo could not see it from wherever he is now. I remember Milton's conception of heaven and earth in *Paradise Lost*, that it was the Ptolemaic system. From Ptolemy my thoughts strangely turned to Cleopatra and then to Julius Caesar. From Galileo to Julius Caesar—not so far after all, but the way was long and pleasant. *I was loafing.*

It is no less pleasant to loaf with a congenial friend. Conversation is not necessary, in fact, it is at times undesirable, for I can think of nothing more disappointing than for the "congenial friend" to turn uncongenial and begin to talk on uninteresting, ultra-prosaic topics. But my congenial friends do not do that—and conversation with them is usually delightful. The ideal kind of person to loaf with, I have found is one whose imagination is greater than my own. Then mine trails along after his in the manner of a small boy following a circus parade. Loafing in that way is intellectual vande-ville.

Loafing with a book is a little more difficult. The tendency with a beginner is to read page after page and instead of loafing he merely reads for recreation. And what a difference there is! The other day I picked up *The Count of Monte Cristo*, opened it at random and started to read. It had opened to the story of the buried treasure as the old abbe told it to Edmond Dante in prison. For a few minutes I lived in eighteenth-century Italy among cardinals and pretty princes. I turned a few pages and entered the secret cave with Dantes and there re-found the treasure. Still more pages and I was a peasant at the carnival at Rome showering confetti into the carriages as they passed. The possibilities of loafing with a book are unlimited for truly "of making many books there is no end".

The prime requisite for perfect loafing is a fertile imagination, your own or that of someone else. It does not matter who is its owner so long as it is an active one. Systematic loafing is an art.



Romanesque

Let us imagine the scene to be a wonderful night in June, when men are wont to make love to beautiful women, and to shoot themselves over them, and to do other equally foolish things. It is, imagine once again, a rare moonlight night, in a garden, and the moon is sending soft, white-satin fingers down through the tall poplars situated therein, and they caress the dark hair of Pierrette. She is sitting forlornly, or perhaps pensively, upon the edge of a great marble urn, kicking her satin-covered heels against its sides. Her knees show.

Pierrot enters noiselessly, and with a pironette, Says he:

"Gosh, but those are pretty knees!"

And says Pierrette:

"Awgwan!"

But says Pierrot:

"Darn it, they are pretty: creamy, like your complexion would be, if this darned moon were only the sun. And they're plump and dimpled, just—"

And says Pierrette once again:

"Say, what do you think I am? I'm perfly decent".

Then says Pierrot:

"Of course you are. And those are also pretty hosen. Bet you got 'em down at McGinty's. And say, I'm feeling especially poetic tonight. Shall I spill off a few lines about the moon and Love?"

"Naw, go get me some punch".

So Pierrot, being the proper young man, disappears. And Pierrette hunches down, kicks her heels some more, and whistles a few bars of "All by Myself" through her teeth. By this time Pierrot is back with a chalice which he tenders her. She takes, sips, and then says she:

"Rats, the darned stuff is warm".

When says Pierrot:

"But no warmer than my heart, which beats for—"

When says Pierrette:

"Aw, shut up and kiss me!"

Thus was the conquest made

Intoxicating Imagistic

Time is a golden elephant
Striding over a desert
Of sands that are golden.
The moon is a silver sickle
Hung on the purple curtain of the sky
By the tired workman, God.
The stars are holes in the curtain
That let the day show through.
I sit on the head of the elephant
Riding across the desert that is golden
And a winged seraph
In flowing robes of moonlight
Slips from under the distant edge
Of the purple curtain
And tenders me a chrystal chalice
Filled with shining liquor.—
Shades of Bacchus blinded!
Bugs, where did you get this embalming fluid.
L. P.

"For we who are tax-payers, as well as immortal souls, must live by politic evasions and formulae and catchwords that fret away our lives as moths waste a garment; we fall insensibly to common-sense as to a drug; and it dulls and kills whatever in us is rebellious and fine and unreasonable; and so you will find no man of my years with whom living is not a mechanism which knaws away time unprompted. For within this hour I have become a creature of use and want; I am the lackey of prudence and half-measures; and I have put my dreams upon an allowance.

—James Branch Cabell—"Jargon".

A Tale of Years Ago

Once a savant who was exceedingly versed in the physical sciences, but who knew little of anything not pertaining to these, was working on a wonderful invention. He was creating a machine which would enable the user to read the mind of another. He labored zealously, but progress was slow. When he at length thought his invention was perfected, he decided to have a trial experiment. He chose a lifelong friend to aid him, and each taking a machine, they began to test the results of his labors.

This happened years ago, but has only recently come to light because the scientist's home, where the bodies were found, is situated in a very unfrequented place.

O. D. B.

Hard Luck Heinie

(Continued from Page 12)

and patch you up," and he set about examining the wounded shoulder.

One of the men walked to the horse that had fallen. He was lying on his side, bleeding badly at the mouth and his glassy eyes told mutely that death was near. The man drew a long sharp butcher knife from his legging and mercifully cut the animal's throat.

"Wish you were a nigger", he muttered.

The men who had gone for the wounded bandit dragged him roughly to the spot where the sergeant was dressing Miller's wound.

"How hard's he hit", queried the sergeant looking up.

"Nice one in the wing and his leg is pretty badly bunged up", one of the men informed him.

"Shall we bump him off?" he asked of Miller.

Miller raised his head and looked at the man who had shot him. He was sitting, staring malignantly at nothing and his arm was bleeding as badly as Miller's shoulder.

"No. Patch him up and we'll take him back. Watson can probably force him to talk, with the 'Water cure' and anyway we've got to have something to show for losing two horses and my bad arm," Hiene said, and then groaned as he thought of what Watson would have to say about the loss of the animals and their equipment.

The sergeant finished with his shoulder. "Going to be able to ride?" he asked.

"Sure", replied Hiene, bravely, though he doubted his ability to stand the ride under the blazing sun for his shoulder was painning him terribly.

Unpacking the mules they divided their loads and turned them into saddle animals to take the place of the two horses they had lost, and after a hasty meal began the trip homeward.

They had to ride slowly and cautiously for the strain was hard on Miller and then, too, there was a good chance that a larger group of the bandits might return and ambush them at any moment. The afternoon and night passed slowly but uneventfully and early the following day they again took up the journey. Miller was stiff and the pain in the shoulder did not let up, but he managed by sheer will power to sit astride his horse and keep up with the column.

Worse than the pain to him was the thought of facing the ridicule of Captain Watson and the other officers. His first fight, and a handful of bandits had given him the worst of it.

"Oh hell!" he groaned. "When it comes to hard-

luck I'm it. Watson will look at me and say with a sneer, "I might have known it", Damn it all anyway, nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble ever comes my way!" He laughed hysterically. He was more than miserable. The scorching sun brought out perspiration in streams all over his body, his arm felt as if it were in flames, something was pounding inside his head and his back ached. But he rode on.

At ten o'clock they rode out of the forest and saw the little camp with only a half mile of burned grass and heat waves between them. Never had it looked so good to Miller and he would have been content to remain there for the rest of his life if only it were not for that thought of Captain Watson.

As they rode into the camp the men, having sighted them coming, turned out to meet them for they knew that the early return meant that something unusual had happened.

Miller ordered the sergeant to take charge of the detachment and rode at once to Watson's quarters where the officers were awaiting him. The Doctor helped him dismount, saying.

"Tough luck old boy, what happened?"

But Hiene had his eye on Watson, and stood unsteadily awaiting the painful questions that he knew he must answer.

"Well," queried Watson, sourly, "what's the matter now? Did your horse fall on you?"

"No sir", Hiene blurted, "I had a fight."

"The hell you say", Watson exclaimed. "Did you give them a cleaning worthy of the 44th?"

"No sir", Hiene replied, sorrowfully, "Lost two horses; got hit myself and got only one spick that we're sure of."

"Only one, eh? Good investment wasn't it? Two horses and one Lieutenant for one spick!" How many were there to shoot at?"

"About twenty."

"About twenty!" howled the Captain, "and they licked you? Oh Hell! You better get fixed up", he added, "and then come in and tell me about it. But what's this?" he asked, seeing two men approaching, half carrying the wounded bandit.

"That's the hombre that plugged me and the only one that we got," Hiene replied in a voice that was mostly groan.

The captain was staring at the wounded man. He took a step forward. His jaw dropped, and turning to Miller he almost yelled, "You unlucky! Boy, do you know who this hombre is?"

"No sir", replied Hiene, perplexedly.

"Why bless my soul son, its Bolida Reyes himself, or I'm a buck private in the rear rank.——— And I've been chasing Bolida for two years ——.

"You're the luckiest man in the tropics . . Shake, son".

The Sphinx

An Apology for the Artificial

By PHILLIAS PIGGE

*In a dim corner of my room for longer than my
fancy thinks
A beautiful and silent sphinx has watched me
through the shifting gloom.*

Poetry is an indefinite and slippery topic. It is impossible for two minds to agree perfectly upon the means and ends and uses of poetry, just as it is impossible to be certain that poetry has a use, or that it is useless. Poetry is read by a comparatively small number of people, and enjoyed by a pitiful minority of these. Therefore most attempts at a dogmatic interpretation of poetry as an art, or of some poem as a work of art, are quite likely to be without worth. To plead, however, for some verse, or type of verse, which is not receiving due respect and appreciation from the few who do read poems, is to act charitably both toward poet and reader.

Certain preconceived, made-to-order criteria exist in the mind of nearly every reader of Oscar Wilde. Consensus of opinion has it that the *Ballad of Reading Gaol* is "good stuff", and that everything else that the man wrote is exotic, erotic, artificial, and off color generally. Possibly there is an existing notion that Wilde's prose fairy tales are "beautiful", but any such notion is necessarily vague, since very few persons read the prose fairy tales.

Possibly—just possibly—readers of poetry are depriving themselves of a very pleasant and profitable hour or so.

"Wilde? Ravenna? Panthea? The Sphinx? Pook! Artificial and worse! Quite unworthy of my time!" says the poetry reader, and another good book collects dust and cobweb on the top shelf. All because the accredited critics have given out but the one side, the most obvious side, of the story.

This world is oppressively real. Its rains are cold and wet, its mountains are very high, its human entanglements are heartbreaking, and, the people who dwell in it are often very cruel one to another. The common man cannot spend his days exclusively in contemplation of realities without an unseating of the mind. Is he then to blame if he builds a few pretty things, albeit useless in the actual work of the world, and sets them up for the delight of his scant leisure? Must we continually censure ourselves for any contemplation of objects which are not rigidly a propos to the business of living?

Wilde wrote *The Sphinx*, very likely, without one atom of personal emotion. That is, the poem is free from most of the fleshly reality with which each day we all contend *ad nauseam*. The verses are trimmed and polished with the care of a lapidary. *The Sphinx* is a model of the artificial.

Consideration of the author's character will probably establish the idea that such a poem as *The Sphinx* was written in the hope of receiving admiration as an aesthete, a "releverist". Such an objective in writing is certain to result in a brilliant, hard, glittering decoration, without sympathy, without humanity. These are the qualities which mark *The Sphinx*, removing it far from tedious actualities.

*And on the summit of the pile the blue-faced ape
of Horus sits*

*And gibbers while the fig-tree splits the pillars of
the peristyle.*

Here is Verse, dispassionate, cold, quite perfect; an old tune—"This too shall pass away"—set to the music of unearthly snare-drums. Here is verse which purrs and spits like a cat (and of what use is a cat?) and which delights the eye and the ear and the mind by its mere form.

True, the artificial has strict limits as an art-form. There must not be too much of it in books, as there must not be too much in life. It must be used sparingly, like strong medicine. The artificial is sauce for the daily meat; it is not of itself nutritious; it merely whets the appetite for the more solid things. Who, however, would abolish sauces and spices for that they add no weight to the body?

The Sphinx is a frieze of gorgeous design, displaying many strange figures. It has an archaic decorative quality in it which carries the imagination far away from the world, into a sphere of outlandish pomp and pageantry. The poem does not seem to make the reader an actor in the show, but rather to place him where he clearly can see the dancers, the animals, the kings, the forgotten temples, the old shattered gods. The reader sits apart, and thinks what he will, as one who views a painting. After a time the pageant ends, and the spectator is back in the twentieth century again.

Such poetry is a respite from life. That is its use, and its apology for being.

Only a woman can make a mountain out of a mole.

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Ghosts

BY ESTHER HAZEL SEIDMAN

There are times when I am content to be "just people". I will love and live conventionally, my life devoted to the sacred art of dishwashing, but always I think, as now, my life will be devoted to the things I can not get or keep. My spirit will slip off furtively into the misty, dream-flushed borderland—the land of half-formed desires and breathless hopes—the land where all the departed little joys, and happinesses, and dear friends, and happy days, and beloved books, the spirit, the ghosts of things I have loved and long for live glorified, held together the strength of my spirit. Hidden in the depths of a faery wood that I have loved, my head buried lightly in my arms, I will dream with a sob in my throat—as now

I want to be given the chance to be as actually as beautiful—my body, my mind, my spirit—as I am potentially. I want to skim the heavens, and the seas, and the snows in distant lands. I want to glide in a canoe on a fragrant, moon-hushed bay, with someone at my feet singing to me, loving me; then rising suddenly to dive together into the cool water and swim to the moon, laughing wildly. I want to drift floating out to the sea, submitting to the lazy lure of the clouds and the haunting lullaby of the waves. I want to be the spirit of the wind, of the flowers and clouds and storms. I want a million babies—to touch their silken hair and kiss their sweet-smelling bodies. Oh! I want it all—and so much more. I want to want it.

When I wander in the woods, I want dryads and pixies to talk to me and whisper strange, unrememberable things. I want to understand the sadness of rocks and the mournful winds and the horrible piteousness of cats' cries. When I stand on the hills, I want the mists to hover over me, breathing wistfully. I want beckoning elves to dance at the cross-roads. I want the comfortable talk of brown rail-fences and the soul-clutching mysterious words of the sea. I want to look into the dear sweet eyes of far-away friends, and to touch their hands

I want—I want—I want. That is the essence of my life—wanting to be, wanting to do things, wanting to live. My real life is a shimmering question mark, one great wistful desire, one great dream tenderly embracing all the beautiful, the true, the strong things I have found in life.

I am Youth?

Sunburn—(A Hokku)—By N.S.M.

My shoulders are red coals;
I lift my arms—and feel them burst into flames.

Marching to Zion

(Continued from Page 13)

place changed from "Zion City" to "Zion". The Independents joined forces and insisted on calling it Zion City to try Voliva's boundless patience. Voliva finally influenced the Northwestern line to change the sign at their station to correspond with his alteration. The Lace Industries immediately declared their intention of sending all their goods by motor and thus put the Northwestern out of the running. Today the sign reads "Zion City", and the train conductor calls out, "Next stop, Zion," to preserve the balance. After this hasty résumé, and since a decision was imperative, we decided that we were going to "Zion".

We drove slowly down Sheridan Road and into the very heart of the Zion "loop", where boldly displayed, stood the rules and regulations of Zion. These signs, placed all over the city, are the chief form of amusement for the inhabitants, and others. Shows are barred, but what care they? They have their signs. The following are to be found in great profusion: "Gentlemen, to say nothing of Christians, do not invade a religious settlement and attempt to break it up", and "The use of intoxicating liquors, tobacco, profanity and vulgarity strictly prohibited in this city." There are also a number of warnings in which Voliva advises "other than Zion families should keep away from this city as a place of residence." "The day is not far off when you will wish you had heeded this warning," he hints darkly, and adds, with a rare bit of native tact, "Eventually all who do not line up for Zion will have to go. Just as well go now and keep out of trouble. There are thousands of cities of the world where you can go and live. Go, and go quickly."

Opposite Lake Mound Cemetery stands a remarkable eulogy on tobacco, in which its use is described as a "dirty, disgusting, degrading habit". There is more, much more, but it leaves an after-taste, and we consider ourself a lady at all times. The proximity of the cemetery to the darkly ominous warning against tobacco displays characteristic strategy and keenness of intellect, if nothing more.

On rare occasions Voliva takes the opportunity to pat himself on the back. One huge sign on Sheridan Road is headed, "Zion—no other city like it." We fervently agree. "Zion", another announces, "is the only place where it is easy to do right and difficult to do wrong", under which follow a list of Zion's "Don'ts". Vaccination, here, is so touchingly described as the "foulest of all four inventions of the devil and some dirty doctors". A virtuous spot is Zion.

Stories of Zion's founding are scattered broad-



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cast via the sign method of efficiency. Great stress is placed upon the fact that Zion was founded by Jehovah through John Alexander Dowie, and even greater stress upon the fact that the forementioned John Alexander Dowie was succeeded by the august Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

The two "prize" signs of Zion's varied collection soon claimed our attention. They stand opposite each other on the two busiest corners of the business district. The one on the east side of Sheridan Road, erected by the Independents, reads:

"THIS IS DIFFERENT—READ IT"

Voliva boasts that he controls Zion City. He is therefore responsible for its present condition—years behind the times. If so, he proves that our constitutional city charter is null and void, and that our mayor, aldermen, police and judiciary are—practically, his appointees, receiving their pay from the people, nearly half of whom do not belong to Voliva's church . . . This is one of the best residence and business sites between Chicago and Milwaukee. Clean business enterprise solicited. We are not all fanatics here. Help us redeem and civilize this city.

—American Citizens Protective Association.

And directly across the street, resplendent in red paint and numerous exclamation marks, the following rears its cultured head.

THIS IS NOT INDIFFERENT

That wretched looking old dilapidated thing across the street (look at it) was placed there by a little bunch of idiots and lunatics. They have pimples where they ought to have heads. They vainly imagine that they can destroy Zion. God and all of the Zion people are laughing at them . . . Most of their statements are absolute lies. Their invitation is a sufficient warning to all persons (except the loyal Zion people) to keep away from this city as a place of residence! . . . In conclusion, pay no attention to this bunch of traitors—they are exactly like their old board—badly cracked."

We fairly revelled in the glory of our "find". What a peaceful place was Zion. All the swords had been beaten into paint brushes, and the verbal battles waged. What an inspiring leader Voliva must be, with his cultured methods of ridicule, his biting sarcasm, his ever-ready repartee, his extensive vocabulary, his choice comparisons. What a gentle and harmless enemy the Independents must find the great peace-loving man.

We scoured the city for signs and additional features of interest. We gazed in rapt admiration at the house where John Alexander Dowie had lived and died, our eye carressing the graceful pattern

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traced on its green roof with red and gilt coloring. We drove round and round the Zion Lace Industries plant, that source of continual vexation to Overseer Voliva. On Twenty-seventh Street we found a place where "Music, Millinery, Furniture, Employment, and Advertising" were distributed, and another where "Hardware, Electrical Goods and Shoes" could be had.

"Peace to thee, stranger," hailed an aged pedestrian with a crutch.

"Many happy returns", we called back joyously. *This* was living (We later learned that we should have replied, "Peace to thee be multiplied", but the sentiment expressed is the same.)

Up Galilee Avenue, down Enoch Avenue, up Gideon, down Elijah, across Deborah, until we found ourself on Salem Boulevard, and facing a huge, unadorned, edifice suggesting "Main Street" in appearance. At our right was another sign. "Shiloh Park", it read, "owned by Wilbur Glenn Voliva, Administration Building. To be used for park purposes only. Subject to rules and regulations approved by the owner." The "park privileges" were being enjoyed by three sportive cows. Even the cows looked Voliva-tied.

"What may the building yonder be?" we questioned, indicating the barn-like gem of architecture previously described.

"That's our Gas Factory," replied a bystanding youth.

"Gas factory?" We were puzzled.

"Yes. Hot Air. In other words, Shiloh Tabernacle, containing one of the largest organs in the world. The *pipe*-organ, I might add, is the only 'pipe' that goes in Zion City." We concluded that our informant must have been an Independent.

We returned at length to the business section of the town and drove down Sheridan Road, gazing from side to side, courting adventure, experience. Perhaps if we kept near the Administration Building, we might catch a glimpse of the munificent Overseer himself—Voliva, who offered a liberal reward to any person who could prove to *his* satisfaction that the world was round.

An "arm of the law" approached and motioned for us to draw up to the curb. We willingly complied.

"You are under arrest," he informed us, smirking in his great satisfaction.

"What for?" we finally managed to gasp. Our attire was modest plus.

"Open muffler", which is too absurd to consider, since the cut-out has a decided tendency to stick, and gives way to little short of a sledge-hammer. We told him so, convincingly.

"And besides", he went on, sniffing the air gin-

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gerly, "you were smoking."

"No such thing!" we shrilly retorted, justly indignant, because, in the first place, we do not know how.

"What's this?" he asked, and he picked up an opened package of Lucky Strikes which had been lying at the bottom of the car.

Our eyes fairly bulged with astonishment. Where did that come from? Was some one trying to implicate us? Were we doomed to be a martyr to the Cause of Zion? The prospect lacked appeal. Even the officer, with a tricky motion of the hand might have placed it there. It still remains a mystery to us today. True, it was just that morning that we had declared to a horrified family our intention of learning to smoke, but even at the time, we had no real desire to do so. We had merely wished them to realize that we were past eighteen and legally of age.

With infinite patience, we attempted to point out to the officer his obvious error, but to him it defined only more clearly our apparent guilt. We had to turn about and accompany him to the station.

Police officials have marvelous team-work. They are all biased in the same direction. When we recall the glaring lack of co-operation in some basket ball games we have witnessed, we regret that so much of this same team work must go to waste in

Zion. All this data we discovered to the depletion of our purse.

As we emerged from the scene of our disaster, our ardor for Zion and Voliva noticeably cooled, a man who had been lounging just outside the doorway addressed us. He had seen all.

"Did they run you in, too, sister?" he asked. "Well, here's a tip: Sheridan Road, which is being paved by the State, is now a state highway. Zion cops have no legal right to arrest you while on it. If, however, you draw up to the curb, you automatically, unwillingly, come within the jurisdiction of Zion law and order dispensers. Get the idea?" We did.

"Can you direct me to Elisha Avenue?" cried a pedestrian, and, stepping onto the curb, he motioned for us to come closer as he extended his ear trumpet.

We glanced at him hastily, chose the exact center of the street, and "gave 'er gas".

Marriage is a bankruptcy: neither party can think of any further beautiful things to say, so they get married to avoid having to say them.

After viewing some of the loves of my friends, I believe that love is blind.

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Notes on Contributors

Robert M. Mount, author of "Hardluck Hiene", is no longer in school. Oh, no! He just graduated is all. He fit and bled for his country, and has been all over the ground that his opus covers.

Lem Phillips, editor of this, the W.G.C.M., is a frail young man with poetic hair, that he has cut every now and then. He has no complexes. He has been in Odessa, Constantinople, and Key West, but never Galley West. Although he has followed the sea, he never says, "Shiver my timbers", and has a rolling gait only at rare intervals.

T. P. Bourland, writer of "Cornbelt Papers", is editor of the Siren. He has been compared to the great cinema actor, Harold Lloyd, but is really much better looking. He is fond of being bored, coffee, Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, gravy, and limericks. Occasionally, he draws a cover for the Mag., as he did this month.

Rose Janowitz, who cozened "Marching to Zion" out of her Underwood, evidently has her own opinion about that righteous city. Sometime we hope to have her do a printable article about Sunday in the Twin Cities.

Agnes Vrooman, who tells "On the Pleasures of Loafing", doesn't loaf nearly as much as you would think. She sometimes talks in Rhet. 6.

Romance

BY CHAS. E. NOYES

Rippling silver moonlight,
On a silver lake;
Opalescent white light
Where the shadows break.

Summer romance eadling
Through the summer air,
Evening mists are falling
In the shadows there.

Unfulfilled desire,
Unexpressed regret,
With unkindled fire
In the moonlight met.

Rippling silver moonlight,
On a silver lake;
Opalescent white light
Where the shadows break.



THE WHITE LINE LAUNDRY



The Laundry Depot — Main 406

Youth Qualifies His Sentiments

(By T.P.B.)

I sat tonight at table
With an hundred others,
Listening to unprofitable talk,
Smiling, smiling, stifling yawns,
And wishing I were out of it.

Then, to pass the time,
I thought of you.

Later, I sat alone
Out on a terrace, where
The proper moon did leave me
With its most proper radiance,
And still I thought of you.

I thought how once your presence
Struck me dumb; and how
Your absence made my heart
A wilderness.

I thought how once you trod
Most daintily across my soul;
How my soul was glad
With your dainty feet,
As the velvet lawns are glad
With the light feet of children;
In fine—I thought within myself
How I had mightily desired you.

And I thought how you, or I—
(What difference does it make?)
Grew a little tired,
Grew a little familiar—
(As the grass of the lawn
Is trodden and broken,
By the light feet of children!)

Hold That Line

(Continued from First Page)

Whereat, Buck said modestly:

"Why I learned how to judge her moods, and when to talk about myself, and when to talk about her—nothing pleases a woman more—and when to talk about Russian music, or to make an epigram, or say a poem, or mention the latest play. And how did I learn the trick? Why I read the Illinois Magazine.

O. D. B.

This space had to be filled in some way, so we looked about for stuff to copy. Nietzsche wouldn't do, and nobody would understand French poetry, and our collection of George Moore's epigrams was hardly printable here, and we hesitated to use some of our own verse. So what were we to do? Sleep was slipping into our being.

"And down the dark and silent street,
The dawn on silver-saddled feet,
Fled like a frightened girl".

So we will close with this, and trust to luck and Mr. Satan, of Tophet, Mo., that this will till out.

In Study

All this distracting, sunlit loveliness,
This wilderness of bird-song and of flowers,
This desert of benignant, changeless hours—
Is but a motlied chorus to my loneliness.
Before me, open, lies a portly tome;
Beside it lies a rose; and here I read
How rose, and book, and I, are but the seed
Of countless trivialities to come. My home,
My garden, life, and all my friends,
And all the lives and gardens that have been,
Are but a vapor on a polished glass.
(So says the book) And to the very ends
Of endless time change shall be seen—
Until my soul, and yours, and Time,—shall pass.

Things That Interest Me

Waltzes incense pots—international prize fights—sixteen girls whose names I do not know—books on Assyrian drama—Nathan and Company—Spanish opera—Bohemians—girls who talk in weird soft voices about moon-flowers—myself—having my nature likened to the "Funeral March of a Marionette"—balalaika music—Benedictine—professors who say "idear" and kindred words—etchings—Verlaine—amateur vampires—idiots.

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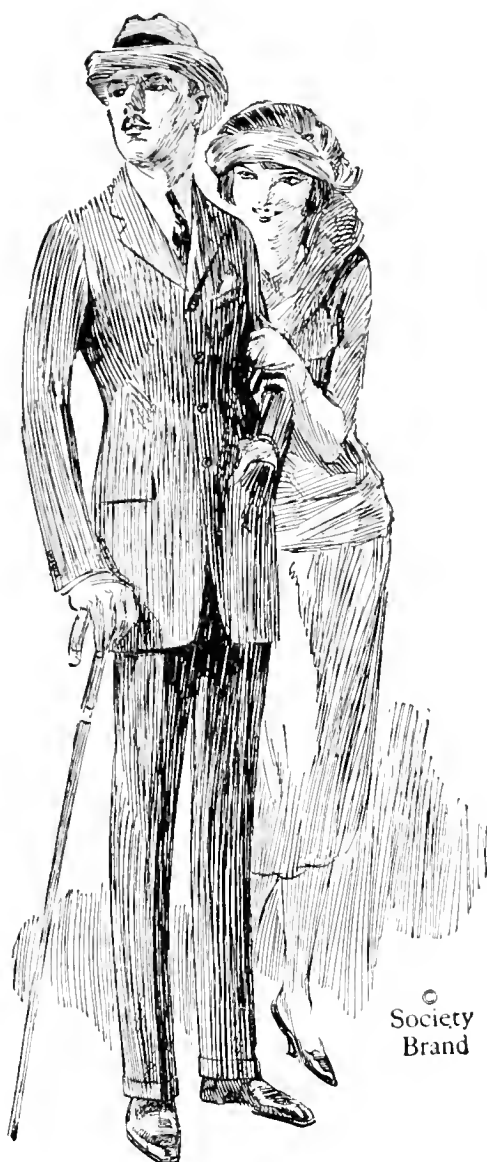
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CHAMPAIGN

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

Volume Twelve

Number Two

DECEMBER, 1921

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Diurnoetia

By NOTLEY SINCLAIR MADDON



*When in the gloom and silence of the night
I lie alone and feel the darkness creep
Into the hollow of my heart, when sleep
Seals not mine eyes, nor rests my weary sight,
My spirit knows no peace, but feels the fight
Of clashing thots whose warring legions sweep
Relentless thru my soul, and ceaseless keep
Their strife of Truth and Error, Wrong and Right:
Then might I be as I have been of old,
In love with Death, but that another love
Comes with a sudden swell, and floods my soul
With thots of one whose love has made me whole;
Her hands—her eyes—her lips—all doubts remove,
And give my heart more joy than it can hold.*



The ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XII

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NUMBER II

The Unwilling Hero

By G. G. CARMAN

THERE is a tradition that has been extant ever since professors came into existence, that school teachers, especially those entitled "professor," are absent minded and that members of college faculties have a complete and unbroken monopoly on this particular trait. There is another tradition that American business men are aggressive persons, who are afraid of nothing. But all rules have exceptions, we are told, and if Richard Poindexter Bartholomew had not been an exception to both these rules, he would never have done anything worth relating. He was head bookkeeper and one of the stockholders of the Porter Manufacturing Company, and he was absent minded, thereby violating the second half of the first postulate stated above. He was engaged in business, and he was afraid of two things—unmarried women, and being laughed at; and this violates the second tradition, which stipulates that American business men shall be afraid of nothing. With the exception of the two characteristics already noted, he might be classed with that great group often called "average" Americans, none of whom are really average. Richard enjoyed baseball, and cigars, and the Saturday Evening Post, and some kinds of social events, and conversations about business. He disliked grand opera, and onions, and Amy Lowell, and some other kinds of social events, and such conversations as accompany dances. Being a bachelor of thirty, and not so very difficult to look at, he should have liked parties where there were a large number of eligible young women. But being a very retiring bachelor of thirty, he had a great antipathy for such functions, and delighted in attending only those where he could find a group of men from ten to thirty years older than he, to discuss over and over with them the latest developments in South America trade, a topic that for him was a never ending source of pleasure.

At the particular moment at which this narrative begins, Richard was engaged in tying a white bow tie with great exactitude around a collar that tortured him already and promised to become unbearable within the next three hours. The architectural features of his neck—indeed of his whole body

—were not such as admitted of a very high degree of either comfort or manly grace when he was arrayed in full dress. In fact, all his lateral dimensions were too great, and his longitudinal measurements too small to conform very nearly to those of the Apollo Belvidere. His enemies might have asserted truthfully that he was fat. His friends might have argued with equal veracity that he was only chubby. Let us say, then, that he was either fat or chubby, depending on one's viewpoint. The question is immaterial, anyhow.

The chief consideration at the present moment is the reason for his attire in garments so obviously uncomfortable. The reason was even then lying in front of him on his dresser in the shape of an engraved invitation requesting the pleasure of his company at a reception and dance in honor of Miss Alice Mae Johnson at half past eight on the evening of June Thirtieth at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Johnson. His anticipation of the approaching party was not accompanied by much pleasure. There would be many young ladies in flimsy-looking evening gowns, who would smile at him and make remarks he would have to think up answers to, and—oh, horrors of Hades—might be in his vicinity when the orchestra began to play, so that he would be forced to dance with one of them, or else appear positively rude. Last and most formidable of all the many horrors that awaited him was Johnson's oldest daughter, Arabella, the sister of the guest of honor. Richard's innate bashfulness among those of the opposite sex made the hours he spent with them more like a row of spoiled cabbage than a string of pearls—something to be thrown away and forgotten about as quickly as possible rather than to be counted and remembered. Especially was this true of the time he passed in the company of Arabella Johnson. Every minute he spent with her was agony for him, but old Johnson was general manager of the Porter Manufacturing Company and Richard felt that it was incumbent upon him to please him in every way he could, even to attending a reception and dance at his house. There was, moreover, one consoling thought. There would doubt-

less be a number of his business associates at the gathering, some of whom, before the evening was over, would drift into some secluded corner where he might manage to join them and pass away a pleasant two or three hours in discussing how the next Brazilian rubber crop would affect the destinies of the Porter Manufacturing Company. This last idea started a train of thought in his mind that was not interrupted until he was half-way down stairs on his way to the street and it was here that he discovered to his chagrin that he was wearing his palm beach business coat instead of the conventional black one he had hung over the back of a chair in his room a few minutes before. He retraced his steps with the patience of one who is used to such little mishaps, made the necessary change, and again started on his way.

An hour later he found himself in exactly the position he had feared. His left hand held the clammy appendage that was a continuation of Arabella Johnson's wrist. His right hand was placed like a stick of wood at the geographical center of her back. He looked steadfastly at the very sharp point of her nose, because that was on a level with his eyes. He danced methodically and with painful accuracy of movement.

"Isn't the music fine?" gurgled Arabella softly.

Richard jerked his mind all the way back from Brazil and managed to reply, "I should say so," with a show of enthusiasm. It was rather poor taste, he considered, to praise the music hired by one's own father—but then, what could you expect, considering the source of the remark?

"Father had a dreadful time finding anything that would do, here in town," she went on. "All the orchestras are so much alike, don't you think? And my sister has just gotten home from finishing school in the east, you know, and she was used to such good music there."

"Great Scott!" thought Richard. "Does she think this collection of cowbells and saxophones is good music?"

"Even when my sister and I were little girls, we used to enjoy music so much. Why, I can remember before Alice Mae was born, when I was only five years old, of going to an organ recital with my mother, and hearing the most wonderful music."

Richard made a mental note that Arabella Johnson was possessed of a most remarkable memory.

"I think that was what started my interest in music and it has lingered ever since," pursued Richard's tormentor. "I think the violin is my favorite instrument, though the organ and the piano are both favorites of mine, too. And there is nothing quite so majestic as the 'cello, do you think?"

She wandered on and on in what seemed to

Richard an endless round of idle topics, mostly concerning herself, while he threw in an occasional mumbled word to show that he thoroughly appreciated her conversational efforts. When the dance was ended, Richard excused himself as courteously as possible, made for a corner where sat some half-dozen South American trade fans, and dived into the midst of the group like a hunted rabbit into a brush pile. Then for two hours he reveled in facts and figures and speculations. At eleven o'clock a plate was thrust into his hands. He ate from force of habit, and dimly remembered afterward that the ice-cream was cold and that the cake was more or less sweet. As he took the last bite of ice-cream, he was describing to his neighbor the latest acquisition of the Porter Manufacturing Company.

"You see," he said, using his spoon to draw an imaginary diagram on his plate, "the Rio Marco runs like this. Our wharf in the new harbor is here, and the warehouse here. The railway from the interior comes right down to the river here. Side track straight to our wharf here."

The music and dancers were a million miles away from him then. On his plate before him he saw the new harbor and the railroad and the warehouse. His hand traced with the spoon, as with a pencil, the course of the river and railroad. Then his hand, as a well trained hand should have done with a pencil, thrust the spoon into the inside coat pocket of Mr. Richard Poindexter Bartholomew, head bookkeeper of the Porter Manufacturing Company, without that gentleman's knowledge or consent. His neighbor, engrossed in the conversation, did not see. Nobody saw. Nobody knew that one of Johnsons' silver spoons occupied the inside pocket of Richard Bartholomew's dress coat.

A few minutes later the plate that had been thrust into his hands was politely taken from him by a servant who had stood there a full minute, and had already asked three times if he wished his plate taken up. When Richard's mind returned from South America to his immediate surroundings, the music had stopped and the guests were already leaving. By the time he had brought his conversation to a point where both he and his friend were ready to let it drop, everybody else had gone. Richard went through the customary formula of assuring his host, whom he had hardly seen during the evening, that he had had a most delightful time, bade Arabella and her mother and sister a hasty good-night, and in a few minutes was standing on a nearby corner waiting for a street-car.

That he had no car of his own to drive did not disturb his placidity of mind in the least degree, for he had escaped from the recent party with only one dance added to his list of misdemeanors, and he

had talked and been talked to on his favorite conversational topic for over three solid hours. One joy yet remained to him—a good cigar, then home and bed. He reached into his inside coat pocket and brought out two cigars—and a silver spoon. He gazed blankly at the spoon for a moment by the light of the street lamp, and slowly a realization of how it happened to be where it was, came across his consciousness. The next thought that came into his mind was that he must return the spoon at once, before the Johnsons had gone to bed. He would go up to the front door and give the spoon to the maid who answered the bell, and explain how he happened to have it. This plan immediately developed a serious defect. The maid would tell the cook and the butler the next morning, and they would laugh till the kitchen rocked. No, he would ask for Mr. Johnson and—oh, heavens, no! Johnson would lose no time in communicating the details of the story, with embellishments, to the entire office force of the Porter Manufacturing Company, and Richard would never hear the last of the affair. After all, the easiest way out of the difficulty would be to wait till tomorrow and send the spoon back by parcel post, anonymously. He had almost made up his mind to follow this course when the thought struck him that if he ever *should* be found out, the consequences would be worse than ever, and at best a mystery would be stirred up as to where the spoon had come from. Johnson might put detectives on the case, Richard considered, and there was no telling what unpleasant disclosures they might make.

With a firm determination to get the spoon back to the house that night, he turned and retraced the way he had come a few minutes before. He arrived at the front porch steps and was trying to gather courage to mount them and get his unpleasant errand over, when the light in the hall was turned off and the click of the front door latch announced that the door was locked. That relieved him of the necessity of facing any of the Johnson household, but left the spoon still in his possession. He sat down on the steps and pondered the situation. He might throw the darned spoon away. Nobody would ever miss it probably. He quickly thrust this idea out of his mind, however, as out of keeping with the honor of a gentleman—and besides, they *might* miss the spoon. There yet remained one way to get the thing back into the house. That was to enter through the back door—provided it was unlocked—and to leave the spoon on the kitchen table with the rest of the silverware and dishes used that evening. They were probably there waiting to be washed the next morning. If the door were locked, there still might be a window open. It was worth trying, at any rate.

He rose quickly; and cautiously, stealthily, he

crept around the house and across the back porch. The door was locked. Noiselessly he tiptoed down the steps, and glided to a window that overlooked the back-yard. To his surprise he found that the screen was out and was leaning against the house just beneath the window. He shoved cautiously at the sash, and for once luck was with him. Without a protesting squeak, the window opened wide. Richard stopped a moment and listened. His heart was beating a wild tattoo against his ribs. A rustle in the bushes at the corner of the house made him turn quickly and catch his breath; but he decided that it was nothing, and with determination to get the dreadful deed done as soon as possible, he clambered to the window sill and soon stood in the kitchen. Groping about him in the darkness, he encountered the table, and found several piles of dishes and silverware. With a sense of enormous relief he put the spoon on the table with its fellows and turned quickly to go. As he did so, the same blundering hand that had put that spoon in his pocket in the first place, struck a pile of pans on the corner of the table. He felt them tilt, clutched frantically at them with both hands, and missed. There was a crash that Richard was sure would have roused the dead, followed by a series of lesser rattles and bangs as the pans rolled and bounced to every corner of the kitchen. He stood paralyzed for a fraction of a second, and then, with an agility he had not displayed in ten years, he dashed for the open window. It is very fortunate, both for Richard and for the well-finished walls of Johnson's kitchen that he sprang in the right direction. If he had not, there would have been a very near approach to the physical paradox of an immovable body and an irresistible force. As it was, he barked his shin on the sill, and bumped his head on the sash, but he made an exit, if not a very graceful one, and leaped for the ground.

Then it was that Richard Poindexter Bartholomew received the greatest surprise of his life. Instead of the soft yielding sod on which he expected to descend, what he encountered was the very hard and unyielding back, and much harder head of a burly individual who was squatting underneath the window. The immediate result of the collision was that both of them sprawled in the grass. From the burly one issued a bountiful flow of grunts and muttered curses that indicated a high degree of displeasure. The first intelligible words that Richard made out were some derogatory remarks about one Joe, a stranger to Richard, the sum and substance of the verbal observations being that Joe was an imbecile, and that it would be a warm day in January when he let Joe in on another job. The hard headed gentleman delivered this speech in the brief

(Continued on Page 22)

Midsummer—An Interlude

By T. P. BOURLAND

We have elected, you and I, to watch life pass, for the greater peace of our souls. Yet hear me out.

The last of my friends have departed. One came with news of a man sick with a complicated malady. Another returned, with grateful effusion, a book of clever, ugly poems written by a Mr. Weaver. Two others, with yeasty breaths, came bursting with a shady story I have known for four months. Another brought me the history of his amours, under cover of seeking my advice. They all lingered, these my friends, while I adroitly shifted the topic of talk to Myself, whereat they all became listless and bade me good night, which was what I had in view.

Now that they have gone, I have no heart for the Daffodil Fields, which earlier had amused me. For my place in the book is marked by this:

You only want her with your sentiment,
You are water roughed by every wind that stirs,
One little gust will alter your intent
All ways, to every wind, and nothing meant,
Is your life's habit

and this is an indictment of me which I will not brook, for I suspect that it is true. (At the least, it was true before you and I took to this business of watching the world go by). So back to your shelf, John Masfield—I want no more of your tactless criticism tonight. Back to your shelf, where you may rub elbows with your betters. And I will discipline myself now by a survey of the desk before me. Regard that ash tray, filled by my departed friends with four sorts of cigarette stubbs—very bad ones, with Oriental names. Before a photograph which I still keep for its beauty lies the stub of a cigar—a most cynical burnt offering, were it there by intent! There are two spindles, impaling a ream of tortuous quips and expositions and doctrines—all mine, all a trifle clever, and all sterile.

Ah me, this desk! Slovenly shrine to a morose and uninfluential god!

Here is a frowzy pile of old manuscript, replete with intimate lies, which I cannot bear to throw away. Scattered ashes and burned matches, snap shots and clippings, old letters, old bills, old dust; trivial documents of yesterday and the day before; curious paraphernalia of the Fool's Observatory. Surely an ugly sight on such a gracious night as this!

On the wall hangs that ridiculous water color by Miss Frazee. The thing looked well enough on the day I bought it; I confess that it rather fascinated me with its quite shameless insincerity. It is,

of course, the likeness of a wench and a gallant in a garden (all bedevilled with geometric pansies, floral hypercubes, and parabolic bunnies) and it bears the following description:

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a-milking, sir, she said;
And if the dear cows would only allow,
I'd go for a frolic with you, I vow.

This affair has been staring me out of countenance for two years, but I have not yet been able to decide what the pretty maid would do, were her pale flesh endowed with life. I have often caught myself wondering if the cows, which are out of the picture, would permit a frolic, or if the maid would not, after all, frolic in despite of the cows' consent—or if she might not, just possibly, pass by the rococo gallant and come perching on the arm of my chair, for no other reason than that I seemed indifferent to her charms, her arch and delicate charms. All these considerations have wearied me in spite of myself, and so I shall soon give the picture away. It goes, by Jupiter, when next I receive a wedding invitation!

I observe other pictures without marked disfavor, although I cannot, tonight, wholly approve of the muddy sky in that etching from the Nievre, and I am a bit flustered by the respectable look on the face of that charcoal study over the west bookcase.

All this mess of disapproval, fellow watcher! And this is Midsummer!

There is music across the street, in the house of a friend. Why do I remain stolidly in this room, taking peevish inventory of my chattels? There is music, in the house of a friend . . . why not slip over there and say, Let me be happily one of you for an hour, partaking of your revels? Why not, since it is Midsummer and all?

Perhaps—but only perhaps—it is because I know right well that all music which intrigues me from over the way is invariably resolved into a warm room, dominated by a phonograph, filled with young lovers of love. The so-many-cubic-feet of infinite space which is regarded so indifferently by Herr Teufelsdröck, occupied with introspective young lovers, with disappointment hidden behind their faces. Wishful young lovers, disconcerted by a nameless desire, in love with something they cannot understand. I, knowing that all this lies over the way, decide to remain where I am, where only

(Continued on Page 24)

The Tailor-Made Man—A Review

By W. C. TROUTMAN

“THE Tailor Made Man,” given during the week of Homecoming by Mask and Bangle, achieved a success which was truly merited. Of the various productions which have been given by the club it was undoubtedly one of the best. This success was attributable to the smoothness and balance of the performances, the varied and vivid characterizations, as well as to a uniform perfection in both staging and direction; all these factors were appreciated and justly praised by the three enthusiastic audiences. The club and their efficient director, Mrs. Gille, must be given great commendation for presenting such dignified and sincere work.

The leading role of *John Paul Bart*, an aggressive genius in borrowed evening clothes, with a vocabulary that was “functionally reciprocal,” was pleasingly interpreted by Harold McCarty—a man who, I have been told, has spent several seasons in professional acting. This valuable apprenticeship appeared in the surety, the poise, and unabashed ease with which he enacted the part. These qualities combined with certain natural pre-requisites for success, namely, good looks, an ingratiating personality, and a clear distinct voice far above the average among student actors, made his work more than adequate. Yet in spite of McCarty’s undoubted suc-

cess in the role of Bart, one still felt, however, that in his playing there was something to be desired. One could not help wishing, for example, that a more breezy joviality and confident, good-natured dominance or “push” had been injected into the part. He lacked the element of forcefulness in the courtliness and refinement of his manner. McCarty also tended toward super-solemnity; in reality Bart has a keen sense of humor. One also wished, particularly in those scenes which were exclusively his own, that he had read his lines with more attention to their intellectual significance; in the third act, as he fought a verbal battle with the labor delegation, this mechanical volubility was particularly pronounced. As a result of this failure to keep in view the ideational significance of lines, the facial expression lacked variety in reflecting the nuances of the ambitious tailor’s agile thought; it was not sufficiently flexible or protean in its registrations.

The stellar honors of the performance must be given to Leonard Turner, who gave a portrayal of the German tailor which was a masterpiece of suggestive acting and skillful repression. The simplicity, the absence of staginess and affectation, the economy of gesture and the restraint in movement, the ease with which by a minimum of means he secured



a maximum of effect, the modulation and variety in his rich voice, and the verisimilitude of his dialect contributed a graphic definiteness and precision infrequently observed among amateurs. His scene with his daughter in the fourth act, a touch of real pathos, was one of the best in the play; it had an artlessness and depth of subdued feeling that sounded like the real thing.

Valentine Newmark, as a ridiculous Englishman, *Jellcott*—a type of character which he seems to have made peculiarly his own—extracted good fun out of a limited part requiring him to appear in evening clothes much too plentiful even for his attenuated figure. The skill with which he importuned the financier, *Nathan*, for membership in the Ionian Yacht Club while simultaneously attempting to conceal the commodious proportions of his ill-fitting clothes and the erratic movements of his galloping cuffs, furnished occasion for real amusement. Since last Newmark appeared in a part of similar type, his mastery of the technique of reserve, particularly physical restraint, has decidedly improved.

Chester Davis, the capacious, historic lawyer, as the pompous man of big business, was as resonant as ever. "Chet" for some reason or other, reflects such an atmosphere of bank accounts and "peace on earth, good will to men"—the two things being synonymous—that one can imagine no person better qualified to play the entrepreneur than he. As *Abraham Nathan*, he dispensed his favors with a philanthropicunction and prodigality presumable indigenous to the aristocracy of the purse.

R. J. Gilmeyer as *Stanlairs* made the most of his limited opportunities. G. W. Wilson as *Peter* and Henry Heil as *Dr. Sonntag* managed dialect parts satisfactorily, but in a somewhat restricted way. Paul McClure as *Rowlands* and Paul Chapin, as *Pomeroy*, gave smooth but rather colorless, stage-directed performances. Olaf Burge transformed by gray hair and sideburns from dramatic author to butler introduced his guests with stentorian tones and a hauteur professionally characteristic. One must also mention R. P. Austin, as *Grayson*; a man with so good a voice—and his was the best on the stage—should merit additional attention in subsequent productions. Then, too, there was the labor delegation, amusingly pugnacious, in the persons of W. P. Rodgers, P. R. Wilson, superintended by W. S. Konnold, a leader who, while irascibly sponsoring the claims of impecunious unionism, never neglected an opportunity to steal a few surreptitious glances at the frigid stenographer, *Miss Shayne*.

Among the women the stellar honors must be allotted to Miss Katherine Harpole for her more than adequate characterization of *Mrs. Kittie Dupuy*. As the vain, feather-brained divorcee who

exhibits an ardent solicitude for the advancement of her ingenuous daughter, *Bessie*—"the gentle wind-flower," she played with delicacy and finesse; in fact her work was as spontaneous and amusing as that of the woman who played the part with Grant Mitchell. Miss Katherine Baynes, as *Corinne*, succeeded in making a parvenu snob so very attractive that one wondered why *John Paul* should desert this charming woman for the unsophisticated *Tanya* of the tailor shop; her work in the fourth act, inspired by the exigencies of the lines, was marred somewhat by the injection of a petty arrogance not previously implied. The part of *Tanya*, acted by Miss Pearl Hand, was, as a whole, marked by tenderness, gentleness, and refinement; her good work, however, was frequently injured by a tendency toward pose and affectation in mannerism; and her moments of intense feeling were obviously forced and insincere. Florence Wine, as *Bessie*, the fragile bud so tenderly nurtured by *Mrs. Dupuy*—without a thought in her head or a trace of "spunk" in her body—a modest, shy little person, was gracefully naive and appealing in spite of the fact that her thinking was done vicariously.

In the personage of *Mrs. Stanlairs*, Marjorie Deatherage, was a prepossessingly aristocratic woman; she was chilling, regal, punctiliously refined, and the manner in which she witheringly manipulated her lorgnette was particularly telling. The part could have been played more forcefully; by contrast it was somewhat blurred by the more decisive acting of the others. That paragon of Efficiency, *Miss Shayne*, who performed her tasks by anticipation, was given amusingly, but not brilliantly, by Miss Helene Carpenter; Miss Carpenter walked through some very "fat" lines without contributing much in the way of personal reaction. The part should have been one of the outstanding comedy features of the play.

The settings and lighting effects cannot be commended too highly. The utilization of suggestive draperies, the abandonment of the box set, the elimination of unsightly borders, the notable use of the narrow relief stage for accentuating the prominence of the actors, the more complete unity of tone as well as synthesis between action and setting as secured by simple rearrangements of the same background, the abolition of footlights, and the use of side as well as overhead lighting were all innovations which served to ally the present work of the club with the best of the "Secessionist Theatres." The second act with its black cyclorama and orange draped with orange and blue hangings, and its myriads of beautifully colored gowns, and artistic lighting made a very beautiful picture; not many profes-

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The Decline and Fall of Literature

BY AGNES VROOMAN

A theme to be written about the year 6000 A. D. It is to be considered a very interesting paper and to receive a grade of "A" in a history course.

In 200 A. D. the revolt from the village had succeeded, much to the consternation of all the novelists and poets of the age who had been thus deprived of a theme which was always good and could be used as a last resort at any time. There weren't any more villages.

Sinclair Lewis and Zona Gale back in the nineteen hundred twenties set the ball rolling and their followers succeeded in persuading the inhabitants of the small towns that it simply wasn't nice to live in towns of less than one hundred thousand population. It wasn't the thing to do, so they all moved to the largest town that wasn't too far away to move the canary and the baby to, and settled down to become sophisticated and swell.

Wherewith the village ceased to be. It sank into the encyclopaedic stage of oblivion and became mere history. America for the first time had ruins. For centuries the Americans who had felt it necessary to see ruins had gone to Europe for that purpose, but now America was the proud possessor of lots of them. The best thing about the American ruins was that there were so many of them. They were everywhere—every state could boast of the loveliest, quaintest village ruins imaginable. When they awoke to the realization of what had happened they gloated over them, stood off and admired them, they cherished them as they had formerly cherished Niagara Falls and the Liberty Bell. The tired business man began to take week end trips out to the ruins instead of to the seashore or to Coney Island. A new cabinet office was even created, the Secretary of Ruins. The Americans enjoyed the ruins alone at first; then with characteristic magnanimity they advertised them to the whole world. Reduced rates were even offered so that Europeans could enjoy the American ruins with the result that Europeans became chronic globe-trotters—and their trotting was invariably in the direction of the United States.

With only farms and cities left the poets and novelists who were so put out by the movement and who had soon grown tired of writing about ruins cast about for something to revolt from. The only thing left was the farm so they settled down to a more or less organized attack on that institution. The life of the farmer was all wrong—no culture, only fresh air—no music, only nature's which is not

music at all to the cultivated eras of the literary geniuses attune to the call of the news boys and the elevated conductors. The farmers soon began to show signs of uneasiness.

By 3000 the revolt from the farm had succeeded and the United States had become one big city. Many other changes had taken place. The government of the country had been taken over by the Tammany organization and was being very efficiently administered. With the revenue from the tourists who came to see the ruins of the villages the United States had bought the Sahara Desert, reclaimed it and there grew all the food necessary for the country.

The ideal having been thus achieved, the poets and novelists settled down to writing romantic stuff—sweet stories of the time of the great exodus. The poets, not to be out-done by the novelists also harked back to the bye-gone ages for a theme and poetry returned to the pastoral. The greatest pastoral, one worthy to be ranked with the works of Theocritus and Vergil (so say the critics) was *The Working Girl's Outing*. It was the simple story of Mabel, the girl at the ribbon counter, of her vacation on a farm. The scene of this exquisite poem was laid in the old province of Illinois about 1921.

A few centuries later in 4000 the country was, alas, in chaos. A revolt against the city was succeeding and the literary people, finding themselves peculiarly unable to be satisfied with romantic literature, saw the need of a revolt against something. Although they loved the city there was nothing else from which they could revolt. The time had come for them to choose between the city and a revolt, and, a revolt being necessary to their existence, they chose to sacrifice the city.

Practical reformation started when one simple soul, one Hiram by name, in whom the rustic characteristics of his ancestors were strong, endeavored to raise corn in the sun parlor and pigs in the basement. He was later immortalized in a national epic. Some of the people were quick to follow his lead. They began to buy their neighbor's land and display atavistic tendencies by raising vegetables, poultry and pigs. The neighbors whose land they bought moved in with other neighbors and a return to the village was slowly effected.

By 5000 there had been a return to the village. The literary people were furious for it left them

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Windy Plays a Lone Hand

By J. A. BELL

Out in the Shields river valley of Montana he was known as "Windy Bill." No one knew what his real name was for, as Sam Rodder, the clerk in the Elk billiard hall said, "you never kin tell what he'll call himself the next time he gets drunk," perhaps, back in the dim past he had possessed a home of his own, some farm which his father owned and worked on in the middle west. But Bill had been gone from all relatives for so long that he did not remember having any.

Windy was getting old now. His legs seemed a trifle more crooked each fall and his shoulders more bent. His hair was white, or would have been if he washed it. Perhaps he was 60 or 75, it was hard to tell. Doc Ruel, the owner of the threshing outfit on the big Brady ranch looked at him rather skeptically when the annual fall wheat threshing crew assembled for work. Windy had worked for Doc before, practically every fall for 10 years, and held his own. But the hard listed, rough boss planned his fall campaign that morning he was thinking of nothing but how his men could be managed to the best advantage for his own financial benefit. He wanted strong men on the heavy jobs, for they would be more able to feed them. Windy might give out before the thousand acres was threshed and he would have a sick man to bother with. So, when the men were assigned to jobs, old Windy Bill found that he was to drive the water tank to haul water for the engine. This was nothing short of an insult. Every fall he had taken his turn in the field, pitching the heavy bundles of wheat on the wagons. Generally the water hauling job was given to a boy though the work was by no means easy.

"Say Doc; I ain't no kid" he objected. "I come out here to do a man's work and git a man's pay. I ain't as young as I used to be but I kin work the rest of these guys to death."

"That's all right now, Windy," the boss was a diplomat, "you'll git your two fifty a day just the same as the rest of the crew; an' I want you to take the team around the engine 'cause I'm goin to put the bay filly on the wagon and I don't want some fool kid to spoil her."

Windy's vanity was tickled. Ever since he had lived in the valley he had been known as one of the best wranglers in the region. For eight years he had handled the six horse team which drew the tourists' coach from Gardiner to the gates of Yellowstone national park over a trail that was perilous, even to the horse coaches. It had been his delight to

take his "black six," as he called his horses, dashing up to the steps of Mammoth hotel, running at full speed, and then to stop suddenly with his horses bracing their feet on the rocks and the brake on the coach thrown clear back. Back in the old days before the spur of the Northern Pacific was built into the valley from Livingston, Windy had piloted a twenty horse team down the valley in dead of winter, drawing wheat and oats to the elevators.

"An 'nary a nag ever pulled a pound more 'n the other" he always boasted. Old time ranchers admitted his ability but said that each time he told the story it took on new lustre.

After the first few days of the fall run, Windy forgot his resentment. Deep down in his heart he was glad the boss had given him the easier job. When he saw the husky Norwegian ranch hands coming in from the long thirteen hour days of pitching he knew that he would not have been able to stand the work. So he very carefully impressed on the crew that he had his new job because "Doc figgered that none of you bums could handle the filly," and spent his leisure hours in conversation.

Windy loved to talk. Whenever one saw a group of men around the machine or cook wagon, Windy was pretty sure to be in the center. No one seemed to tire of his tales though some of them were wild ones, and no matter what they were about Windy managed to be the hero. He had been born in Illinois he said, but had lived down the disgrace. He had no love for "prairie rats," for, like everyone who has spent years in the hills, he looked with contempt on people of any other section of the world. He admitted, however, that he had lived about everywhere between Chicago and Seattle, and close to several other places.

Windy had one vice, or was it a virtue. He was an expert at stud poker. That was his game, and had been ever since he could remember. He was a clever player too, as players played in the valley. Many a ranch hand had learned, to his sorrow, that Windy's skill could not be beaten. Yet he never had any money, for the gamblers in the Livingston billiard halls were too clever for him. He generally got drunk and then lost his cunning. Windy often longed for a chance to play them when he was sober and catch them cheating, but he knew better than to accuse a man without proof. It was not healthy in the valley.

As the crisp October days passed Windy became more thoughtful than he had been early in the

fall. The sharp winds, cutting down the valley, went through his old clothes and at night he felt the crisp cold creeping through his worn blankets, for Windy, like all of the men was sleeping where ever he happened to be when night came. Most of the boys were talking of Seattle, or Chicago, some were going as far as California, a dream of paradise for these men who spent winters where the thermometer hovered around 50 degrees below zero. But Windy never thought of leaving his mountains.

"I'll get me a room over Mac's store an' stay there till spring," he said to himself. "I let them gamblers git a holt of every stake I ever made but they won't git this one. I'll git some blankets an, a mackinaw. It's time old Windy Bill got some sense in his fool head."

Then the big snow came, eight inches of soft, wet flakes, covering the wheat shocks and making threshing impossible.

"If it had only been dry snow, or had waited a week" wailed Brady, the ranch owner. "We can't knock this stuff off. We'll just have to wait till it melts or freezes off." It meant a ten day lay off and everybody knew it.

Now there is a sort of unwritten contract that the owner of the threshing outfit shall house and feed his men during a storm, when they are unable to work. True—the food was nothing to brag about and the "house" was a tent large enough for about half of the men, the rest sleeping "anywhere on the ranch they can find room." In this instance most of them were bunking under the willow trees along the river.

It was not to be wondered at that the idle days made the men restless. They had forty days wages coming, there were pool halls in Livingston which really were nothing more than saloons. Down there men were having good times, there was drinking, gambling, shows and girls. Why not go down for a few days and enjoy life?

Old Doc Ruel gladly gave them their money when they went to ask him about it. It meant that he would not have to feed them while the snow stayed on. He did not worry about them not coming back for he knew the way of the ranch hand. He would go broke in three days in Livingston and return for another stake.

Windy did not want to go. He had gone in the past on just such occasions and he feared what would happen. He needed blankets and warm clothes. No wood cutter's cabin for him if he could help it.

"Ain't you all goin' Windy?" they shouted in chorus when they returned from the boss's tent wagon.

"Naw, I'm through bein' a damn fool." His voice

was boastful but he did not get much pleasure out of his sensible ideas.

He tried to enter into the conversation but the men had no time to talk to a stay-at-home. They were busy planning for the future. This was the hardest blow of all to Windy. He saw how completely he was forgotten, isolated from the entire crew, the men he had entertained all fall with his tales. He began to think of the ranch after the men left.

"There won't be nobody here but me and that crazy cook" he said to himself. "and if I have to live with him, I'll go crazy too. I reckon I ought to go down to Wilsall and see the gang off."

Down at the station it was worse than ever. The men, shouting, laughing and pushing, boarded the dumpy coach. Windy could stand it no longer. He drew his money from the boss, one hundred and fifteen dollars in bills, and clambered aboard.

There was not a happier man than Windy Bill as the train pulled into Livingston but nevertheless he was determined to play safe with his stake. He needed some new blankets and a mackinaw.

A shout of, "Well if here ain't ole Windy Bill; hows Windy?" greeted him as he entered the Elk Billiard parlor, recently converted from a saloon by law, but still retaining many of its former features, including the sale of good whiskey to choice customers. Soon Windy was in the midst of a group of men around the bar. The men were ordering soft drinks with a wink at the barkeeper but Windy refused to drink whiskey. Back in one corner a quartet were playing poker and Windy prayed that they would not ask him to play. Two men in the bunch had lost their stakes to Abe Rodder, a brother of the barkeeper, and a professional card player. Most people thought Abe cheated, but no one ever caught him.

"You ought to go play him a round. Windy. Mebbe you kin beat him," said one of the losers.

"Nope; I'm offa the game" said Windy, but his fingers itched for a hand in the pastime. Just then there was a hush in the rear of the room followed by a shrill voice saying excitedly, "where's Windy? I'm goin to git him back here," and a young man aardly more than a boy came pushing to the front of the room. It was one of the boys from the ranch, and he had been drinking too much.

"I lost it all, Windy, every dollar," he cried, "but you kin beat that guy. You ain't drunk and you kin git my money back for me, Windy."

"I'm offa stud, kid," he said, though his voice was not very firm.

"But, Windy, I gotta have my stake back. I worked all summer fer it and I'm goin' to California, you know. It ain' right fer you not to help me, Windy. Honest it ain't."

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A Plea for Better Criticism

BY WILBUR E. JOHNSON

CRITICISM has been existent from time immemorial, is now, and forevermore shall be, amen. In the days when the Dinosaur, with his two sets of brains linked together by his spinal cord, fought the deadly Abrotachondaptus, Mr. Percy Hammond Flinthatchet, the celebrated critic, was connected with the Stone Age Times - Democrat. With the aid of an eight-pound hammer and a new chisel, he gave vent to his opinions upon drama, literature, and music, lauding his heroes and tormenting his victims indiscriminately and without regard for precedent. Of him and him only can it be said that his words were engraved upon the eye of the public. He was the forefather of all critics, and said to relate, his ideas have been propagated to this very day. Let him who would doubt this but peruse the columns of our own beloved campus newspaper, and if he still remains unconvinced, I can without remorse pronounce him either a dull, unperceiving law student or an inmate of an asylum for the deaf, dumb and blind.

Triteness, however, is not the only sin which may be laid at the door of our criticism. Far be it from such. When some gushing girl reporter covers an event and, simpering all the way back to the journalism lab, writes up a story to the effect that "Professor Slooey Gives Perfect English Reading", I hurl my paper viciously against the wall. The story is sticky enough to make it stay there, too. With all due apologies to Professor Slooey, I think that perfect readings are out of the question. Other events have received the same treatment, and as for periodicals—take heed, all ye would-be editors! With two editors temporarily incapacitated and the third running around in circles like a cat with fits chasing copy for this Mag, I would say that the deadly work of the critics has had tremendous effect. Our own weak, tottering Magazine was assailed by a young hurricane and put to flight upon the occasion of our first appearance. Our light-headed or rather, light-hearted sister *The Siren* was attacked in a similar manner, but the Old Girl turned the tables, for with a saucy flip of her fin she challenged her persecutors to follow her. When they floundered forward a few steps, they were lost. The Old Girl hoodwinked them.

Concerning the growls of the slaggy old grizzly bear of the lower depths of Uni Hall I would say but little, save for the fact that occasionally I have been thrilled to the core by the profundity and ponderous diction of some of his heart-rending appeals

—such as that for glass in the basement doors of University Hall. By all means let us circulate a petition and have some action at once. The chief faults of our criticism, then, are puerility, gush, triviality, triteness, lack of intellectual depth and insight—these and many others.

From the foregoing one would readily assume that I find fault with all the efforts of our embryo critics. Such is not the case. We have a number of excellent, masterful editorials and a few intelligent criticisms. Two outstanding examples of the latter which are of the very highest order suggest themselves to me at this point, the first being a comprehensive, well-written review of Mme. Destinn's concert here, and the second being the late-lamented "Sari" incident. In this second case though we were surprised at a few of the minor points, we hailed it as being a decidedly worthy criticism. I know of one incident in the distant past (names and particulars furnished upon request) where a student wrote a review of a Star course number aided only by an Italian dictionary and a corn cob pipe. For some reason he found it impossible to attend the concert in person, so he drew upon vivid imagination for the details. The following day a member of the faculty of the School of Music came into the Hini office with tears in his eyes and thanked the noble critic for his sincere and intelligent criticism. Such instances are rare, however, although I would suggest that some of our would-be critics take a longer time for consideration of the story, and that they use more care in their writing.

But enough of that. Let me now turn to another phase of the matter, the function of our campus reviews and criticisms. In the first place, criticism can be favorable as well as unfavorable, constructive as well as destructive. It is totally unnecessary to knock our amateur efforts simply because they are amateur. While our music, literary achievements, and dramatics are not always of the highest order, we are favored annually with a number of very good productions along these lines, and the critic is indeed short-sighted who cannot recognize the fact. Nothing is more discouraging to the editor or director who has devoted a long time and a great deal of effort to accomplish his end, only to have some flamboyant, supercilious critic tear it to shreds. It would not be half so discouraging, however, if the critic had any basis for his criticism. Our

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Homecoming—Past and Future

By HARVEY J. SCONCE '98-'21

The *U-rah-rah-Wisconsin*, vibrant with the earnestness and tenseness which permeates a huge crowd at the beginning of a great struggle, issuing from the 10,000 copper lined, loyal Badger throats, crashed across the Wisconsin foot-ball field, reverberating over the stately city of Madison to beautiful Lake Mendota, which lovingly caresses the velvet greens of Wisconsin's great University. The entire bleachers rose to a man. The Cardinal warriors had entered the field.

The famous Wisconsin yell, which placed new hopes, determination, and force in the confident team, struck terror to the hearts of the red-headed half back and the red-headed left guard of the orange and blue Illini who had invaded their camp, who also had entered the field a few moments before amid comparative silence, on that hot afternoon in November back in 1895.

It was the first time that the half-back had ever heard that savage yell, and it had the same effect on him that the yell of the Apache had on the courageous pioneer, as he mounted the western ridges of our great country years ago in search of happiness and fortune. He was panic stricken. He was wild with fright, yet moved mechanically across the field to his position for the kick-off. The teams lined up, the whistle blew, and as the bleachers broke into a roar, the ball came whirling directly toward the motionless half-back, now too badly scared to move. Eleven plunging Badgers were rushing upon him, all with one determined purpose, the complete destruction of the unfortunate Illini who was waiting for that ball. After what had seemed ages to the hypnotized lad, the ball finally struck his outstretched arms and the spell was broken, every muscle jumped into action. The frightened nervous feeling gave way instantly to courageous, alert activity, backed by a fighting purpose and spirit that has made Illinois teams champions many times during the following twenty five years.

The red-headed athlete met the ball with his first leap, then whirled, twisted, and dodged until he had carried the ball back twenty five yards, and thus began one of the most vicious games of Illini history.

The warm November afternoon, with the heavy dust of the newly made field, contributed to the heavy toll of the injured and when the final whistle blew the score stood Wisconsin 10, Illinois 10, the fighting of the last few minutes of the game being most desperate.

Seven Wisconsin warriors were carried from the field, one with a broken leg. Capt. Bob Hotchkiss of the Illini tribe was struck delirious during the last half of the game, claiming that the state capitol had fallen on him, and he walked off the field on the sides of his feet, a most amusing spectacle but pathetic. It was eight hours later before he regained his right mind.

The red-headed left guard was gently removed from the field during the last few minutes with two ribs crushed in, while the red-headed half back dropped down in the middle of the field at the final whistle, just as the great red sun hid itself behind the western hills, too dazed to know where he was and cared less.

Turn over the pages of Illini history until we reach the game at Illinois, 26 years later Nov. 12, 1921. Homecoming, Chicago. The great Illinois Band, the largest and finest college band in the world, had been crashing out "Loyalty" thrilling the 30,000 homecomers to their very souls, while the orange and blue warriors had been greeted with cheers which fairly shook the wooden bleachers. The teams were in position, awaiting the whistle, when in the east stands a 11 year old youngster, after looking over the motionless Illini yelled:—

"Where's Crangle. For the love of mud, Where's Jack?" The fresh young voice lifted eagerly in question, attracted attention from the red-headed half back of '95 who with his 15 year old boy, was seated next to the youngster who had inquired after Crangle. The old Illini warrior looked past the boy, straight into the eyes of his old friend the red-headed left guard of '95 his comrade of that famous Wisconsin battle, whom he had not seen for twenty five years.

This was a real homecoming for them in every sense of the word. Time had changed the appearance of both men, streaking with silver the gold of their hair and adding lines to their foreheads, but from their eyes shone the same dauntless courageous fighting spirit of old, which was already being reflected in the eager eyes of the two, fine splendid youngsters.

Straight and clean were they, smiling fearlessly into the world, and in their hearts was born the desire to perpetuate the memories of their fathers, the fighting spirit of Illinois which always triumphs over cowardice, and to give the finest of their

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A Puristic Eruption

BY JUVENA

This thing the pun seems to have a hold on this community that is comparable only to that of bridge on the University Club. Not that bridge is not an honorable amusement even on Sunday—who could doubt that, since the heavenly host at Olympus indulge in it on that day. Bridge presupposes some amount of intellectual power and thus justifies its existence, though far be it from me to suggest that this is the reason for its popularity at the University Club.

This community is an exceedingly intellectual one. Bearing this in mind, let us pass on to another consideration. The pun is the lowest form of wit. What educated person has not been told that over and over again? Well, the pun being the lowest form of wit and this community being what it is, a very intellectual centre, how is one to reconcile the two?

Puns have been used for centuries. Cicero used them; in his rules of oratory he gave many instances of wit, many of which were puns which he called paragrams. Shakespeare was, of course, the greatest punster of all times and Milton used a string of them in *Paradise Lost*. The pun continued to ascend in the scale of popularity until the reign of James I, when it reached its height. England was on the verge of becoming a nation of punsters—everybody punned. People around the council table punned—puns were shot out from the pulpit. In the words of Mr. Addison, "Sinners were punned into repentance." A few years later in the reign of Charles I the court jester delivered the punning grace, "Great

praise be to God and little Land to the devil." But—the jester lost his job.

The downfall of the pun has been gradual. It has been frowned on for centuries by very great men. Let me again quote Mr. Addison. In the *Spectator* for May 10, 1711 he says: "The seeds of Punning are in the Minds of all Men, and tho' they may be subdued by Reason, Reflection, and good Sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest Genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to Poetry, Painting, Music, or other more noble Arts, it often breaks out in Puns and Squibbles."

Good old Jonathan Swift in characteristic manner wrote "God's revenge against Punning". The title gives promise of a very interesting essay, but it is unavailable in this community. Probably some well meaning punster of long ago, bless him, felt that Jonathan was treading on his toes in the essay and carefully purged all the volumes of Swift's works of it.

Do these inveterate punsters of our day have none of the milk of human kindness? Have they no feelings? How many times have the teeth of their friends been set on edge by one of their decadent witticisms! Oh for a crusade against punsters! Social ostracism ought to follow and overtake the punster as surely as it follows and overtakes the reformer!

A Mood

By A. V.

It is raining.

I don't like rain.

I not only see the rain, but I smell it, hear it and feel it.

Yes, my ears hear it—I am bored with the noise. I have no use for the would-be poetic soul that first called the noise made by rain "pitter patter." Pitter patter Bah! Common noise—and the commoner the better.

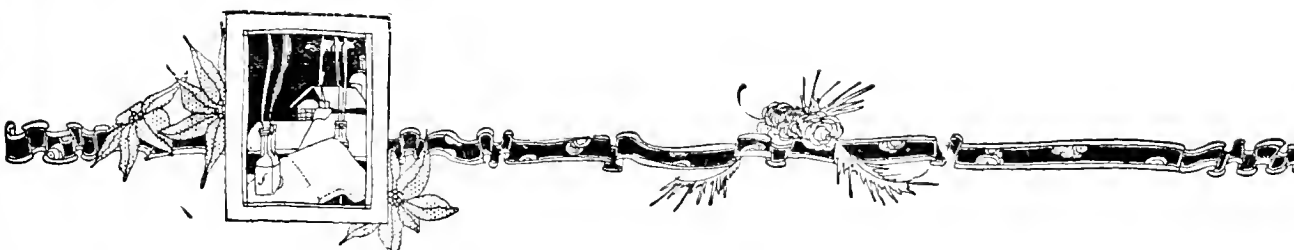
I smell it too. I don't like to smell rain today. It smells so indefinite. I like definite things today.

Why can not everything be definite? The odor of rain is like soda water after whiskey.

I hear rain makes flowers pretty. I don't like flowers today. Yesterday I believe I liked them. I don't know whether I did or not and I won't remember. Today I hate rain more than I like pretty flowers. I might like corn flowers. As I remember them they are hard. They would stick my nose if I tried to smell them. Yes, I think I should like cornflowers, very much. I don't think they have to have rain to make them what they are.

I can feel the rain and it does not please me. My shower this morning had more force to it than this rain. The rain is too gentle. I like hard things.

Hell! The sun is going to shine.



A Page of Verse

Spring Song—

Fresh is the wind in my face tonight;
Sweet is the breath of the new green sod;
Gold in the blue is the moon's fair light;
Soft under-foot are the paths I trod.

Old as the valleys the song I sing;
Life in the mold of the earth set free;
Love born anew and the lark a-wing,
Spring in the wind and the heart of me.

Old is the song of the Spring and youth,
Yet would I sing it again to you;
Time is the guage and the test of truth;
True is my song and my love for you.
—Lem Philips.

A Sea Fantasy—

Medusa-like in the slimy deep
The octopus was half asleep,
And little frogs with bated breath
Gazed through the green pool's awful death.

And far beneath with phosphorus tail
Was seen the lashings of a whale,
All vari-colored, finned, and free,
Thus writhed the scaly company.

But far above the magic pool
Were little minnows in a school,
White shadows on a sunlit sea,
Darting about in ecstasy.

—F. H. Bush.

The Rain

A few big drops go thumping by
Like scouts before a heavy rank;
The cock is running for the barn;
The old dog on the grassy bank
Neglects to snap the teasing fly;
A woman gathers up in haste
Some clothes spread upon the grass to dry;
A farmer frantic in his hay
Is swearing that it did not stay
As clear as it was all last week
And give him just another day;
And Barefoot races down the lane
To get the cows before the rain;
And evening comes before her turn,
And long before the sun has set
The candles in the farm house burn.

—W. B. Mowery.

Earth Hunger—

Wind of the Spring,
Soft and warm,
Toys in my hair like fingers of love.

Rich smells of earth
Ascend to my nostrils
From the greening sod.

I fling myself face down
On your broad bosom, Old Mother.
I stretch wide my arms
And clutch the black mould with my fingers,
To feel that I hold you.

Hold me close to you
Oh broad-breasted mother of all.
Let me feel my kinship
To the sweet smelling loam.
Let me feel the tumult of life
Expanding within you,
Reverberate in my bosom.

Make me humble before you, Old Mother,
And arrogant before conventions of man.
Fill my mind with your enduring truth,
And cleanse it of his sophistries.

* * * * *

Let me creep closer
Oh all-containing Earth.
I bare my breast to feel the soft moist soil.
I bury my face to breathe deep of your fragrance
Enraptured to be a part of you.

—Lem Philips.

Tints and Undertones—

Cosmos and daisies calico-wise
In a dull-gray field of fern;
Sprinklings of rose on a morning mist
Relaxing my passion in dream;
Green soft leaves and tall grass reeds
Cooling my head in their shade—
I lie watching the wall-paper move.

—Constance Syford.

THE · · · I L L I N O I S · · · M A G A Z I N E

EDITORIALS

O. D. BURGE
Acting Editor



CHAS. WHITING
Bus. Manager

FOREWORD

It has been suggested by someone or other that editorials would get farther in this day of jazz and juniper juice if they were fed to the public in the form of snappy (!) advertisements. With boundless optimism, we hope that he was right. Editorial comment ought somehow be conveyed to the masses.

With this distrust of the conventional form of editorial, the Illinois Magazine will have slightly less comment of this sort than it has had in the past. In the first place the acting-editor finds them a nuisance to write, and in the second place he feels that they are seldom perused.

Verily, as the late lamented editor of the Siren said, the writing of editorials in a non-reading community is both harmless and diverting.

THE HONOR SYSTEM

There seems to have been considerable excitement recently in regard to the honor system! A long list of clubs, journals, and personages have all found the much-touted and bullied honor system worthy of comment. The *Illinois Magazine*, staid and respectable old soul, is not to be outdone; and so delivers itself of the profound opinion that the attitude of the student body toward the honor system has been rather peculiar, though natural, and wholly typical of undergraduate intellectual methods.

Most students at Illinois apparently think about the honor system as they do about a football game: that it is to be won by concentrated rooting in the bleachers. If only a mob of people bellow that their honor has been insulted by faculty restrictions on their freedom, if only an enormous number of standard column inches proclaiming the system a success are printed, if only a great many curios in the way of favorable opinions are collected from faculty groups, then, *presto*, everything has been done and the honor system is automatically proved a success! Students, it seems, are mostly like ostriches. If unpleasant or unknown things stare them in the face, they hide their heads in an opaque vapor of cheers and shouts. Give a nine for the team, or a che-hee for the honor system (or a million words) and all difficulties are cleared away. It may sometimes be wondered if in later life the graduate Indians will attempt to feed Old Timer and buy wifie a new frock on the same basis. A slanderous caricature? No doubt.

Probably one of the big obstacles in the path of the honor system is the necessarily inefficient methods of apprehending offenders. Americans and especially American youths, have a very deep-seated hatred of the spy and informer, the person who betrays his kind or his gang. We students have been taught from our kindergarten days that the one among us who was without the sense of clan unity, who bore tales to those in authority, was somehow a sneak; even our teachers have taught us to despise the *tattler*. That feeling always persists. It is a real and potent influence in school and university life. How determined a character it takes, then, to report a violation to the honor commission, when by making such a report he not only goes against all of the ingrained instincts of clan spirit, but also runs

the risk of offending powerful social and political groups upon the campus! Yet this reluctance must be overcome if the honor system is to function perfectly; it must become generally recognized that the honor system can not but fail unless violations are reported mercilessly.

So much for seriousness. Dean Canter is to be thanked for pointing out the value of education. Only a very subtle lot of Ph. Ds. could be as suavely in favor of the honor system as some of our faculty friends without being against much of consequence and without " . . . committing themselves to anything . . . " The value of an education in the ability to go around a hole in the road without seeing it!

However in spite of all that, the *Illinois Magazine* is entirely in favor of the honor system, and heartily approves of the discussions which have been going on. Discussions often disclose truths and end abuses. Let's have more of them.

TRADITION ONCE MORE

Recently there was a brief burst of dispute in the matter of college traditions, which, in the main, we viewed from the fence, a fairly safe, but not always reputable point of view. Whatever opinion we may have of the question at that time was not publicly expressed, but we venture to do so now. Worthy and dignified traditions are good things, and should be fostered. For, when all is said and done, they are the very things that men live by. They are associations, things that are pleasant to remember, and light up many sorry hours in after life. A graduate may not remember, or even care to remember, how many steps there are up to the library, but is sweet to remember any of a dozen customs of his college days, and wish for them again. This may be sentimentality, but it is of a wholesome sort, and should be furthered.

For that reason we encourage the formation of new and desirable traditions. They are vital, and, in military terms, give *esprit de corps*.

Not only do we encourage them, but we dare to suggest a new one. That is a literary magazine that shall have the backing of the student body. It is far more important than the tradition that all undergraduates shall make jibes at the dean of women. It is not only a mark of distinction for the university body, but a need for the campus. It is good advertising.

An example is the *Yale Literary Magazine*. It is a publication perhaps seventy-five years old, and is a pride to all Yale men. It has undoubtedly had its vicissitudes, but has now reached the point where it has the spontaneous support of its student body. It is a tradition.

Now our own *Illinois Magazine* is a mere fledgling of some fifteen years, and though it has survived many hardships, it has come to us weak from the struggle. This year is one of its bad years; it has no financial support. And, unfortunately, without money there can not be a very successful magazine, or even a magazine that you will care to read.

This can be done, if every student on the campus will make it his own interest to see that he knows what the magazine stands for, and that all his friends know it too. Subscription, of course, would help a lot. Noise it about, and eventually a time will come when it will be as commonly asked: "Have you subscribed to the Illinois Magazine?", as "Have you bought your A. A. book yet?"

A magazine filled with clever and readable prose and pleasing pictures can be made if you, Mr. Student, want it. Do you, enough to give a little for it?

With this charming student habit of writing a few thousand dollars worth of bad checks every week end, Illinois will cease to be a university and become a detention camp if the business men take action!

Pirate Lore

BY ROSE H. JANOWITZ

"HO HEH," I sighed, gazing disconsolately at the dreary, drizzling landscape. "I wonder if the Dad's Day game will have to be called off." It was my good fortune to have to entertain a favorite uncle; a bit elderly, somewhat lacking in humor, and destitute of any spark of ingenuity. Dad's Day does not always materialize in the form of Dads. The utmost my family could do was to send an uncle.

He ceased his intense perusal of the wall and concentrated his mental forces to a brown study of the floor. Noting this show of intelligence, I proceeded.

"This would be a nice day to scuttle a ship," I ventured, a note of expectancy in my voice. *That* might interest him.

I had allowed two minutes for my remark to penetrate, and was about to comment further when I heard a slight clearing of the throat. Aha, I thought, he is about to speak. But no. With a final hesitant cough he turned his eyes full upon the ceiling.

"As I was saying," I continued in a slightly raised pitch, "with a doubt many ships are being scuttled today." This last must have made some slight impression, for meekly and unobtrusively he again shifted his gaze, this time regarding the fireplace.

Encouraged by this appreciation of my efforts, I began to extoll the virtues of ship-scuttling. I was finally rewarded.

"Scuttle a ship?" he asked weakly. "I don't recollect ever having-----." His voice died away in an incoherent mumble.

I felt immensely relieved, and ambitious. Here was a subject upon which I might talk, one presenting unlimited possibilities.

"Well," I began a bit patronizingly, flattered by my listener's evident interest. "It is not so very many years ago that we were forced to import our scuttles." (The commercial has its appeal.)

"Import them?"

"Yes. From the Scuttle Islands. The Scuttle Islands are a group of seven small islands situated just south of—er, a little southwest of Sicily. They are completely surrounded by water at all times. It was on these islands that the scuttle was first discovered. After the great value of the plant became known, scuttle seeds were in great demand. As I have already remarked, it was only comparatively recently that the scuttle began to be grown

in this country. It was found that by the use of a certain fertilizer, compounded of the dried bones of the scuttle-fish, which species is found only in the waters surrounding the Scuttle Islands, that the plant could be grown in any soil, in any climate. Today scuttle-raising forms one of the chief occupations of this country. Statistics show that in the state of Illinois alone, two out of every three acres of farmable land are devoted solely to this important crop."

"So?" he queried. "And how, pray tell, is the ship scuttled?"

Immensely gratified, I continued.

"When the plant has reached a certain stage of its growth, it must be plucked—not picked, but plucked. For this purpose there is a certain instrument known as the plucking-iron, which resembles a comb. The scuttle is in its prime just as the sun goes down, and is useless unless picked—er, that is, plucked, at this time. After the addition of an outer coat of shellac, the scuttle is ready for market.

"For obvious reasons, it is always best to select a medium-sized scuttle, since the large ones are often too large, and the smaller ones, alas! too small. In order to operate successfully, the scuttle must be taken out at least three miles from land. Having reached this stage, one must wait until a ship appears. Then the scuttle is released and it—er, does its deadly work."

I glanced hastily at my audience. That ending *was* rather weak. There was a twinkle in his eyes.

"You scuttle out of here, or I'll scuttle you!" he fairly bellowed.

I scuttled.

Spring Rain

The flying rain stung our faces like the cruel thongs of a knout, and the wind distorted her laugh into the wail of a seagull. But we were happy, that night, as we struggled against each new gust howling down the street. She clung to me as we bent in our steps, and I could smell the perfume of her hair, mingled with the warm earth smell got by the rain. We were against a common enemy, arm to arm, heart to heart, and the world was good.

She is dead now, but the rain must come again, begging old memories.

"Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville."

THE RETICULE

On the Wisdom of the Young

BY STEWART P. SHERMAN

Last spring I observed in the garden a large white cat stalking with soft experienced tread under the lilacs on the lookout for young robins making their trial-flight. Being of a somewhat analogical turn of mind, I said to myself: "The garden is a symbol of the world. The wise cat is the old professor. The fledgling robin is the young student." As I murmured the last word, the white cat made a flying leap for a nestling, that turned out, however, to be an adult wren, pert and elusive, which hopped just one spray higher and twittered derision. The cat walked off crestfallen, muttering: "Such wise birds! I have never known a season when birds were wise so young."

* * * *

Everyone knows the saying that a young man who is not a radical is a knave and the old man who is not a conservative is a fool. The young people of this generation are reversing the situation. I am not alone, I am sure, in finding my nerves ruffled by this paradox: The young men smile superciliously at the eager confidence of the old men; the sons deride the faith and the fervor of their fathers. They are discovering a charm, which is after all the charm of decadent periods, in blasé tones, in nonchalant attitudes.

* * * *

A certain athletic intensity of the mind, the drawing of the arrow to the head—what Pater called "the austere and serious girding of the loins"—these are the auspicious signs of a keen race to come, signs which one likes to see flashing from youth even while the Amateur Spirit still beautifully animates them, and they have not yet entered the lists where all that life can win or lose is the penalty or the reward. If even in the recreative and preparatory season, the inner fire doesn't now and then jet a clear flame, will it ever, one asks, flame out?

* * * *

The remedy for the Laodicean mood of our young people is not, however, to blow upon it with a hot blast of enthusiasm. There is nothing, for example, more purely tragic-comic than to behold some sweating exhorter screaming about God and the Devil to an audience of sophisticated young people

who are attempting to regulate their conduct by principles of aesthetic taste. Those who have developed no purpose nor passion cannot be touched there; they must be touched in their taste and inclination.

* * * *

The right approach to a generation which is still in the Laodicean mood is through a clear-eyed moderate positivism. Young "birds" too wise to care for power may be made curious about technique. Their own studied nonchalance may be interested in hearing that it is by long years of heart-breaking exertion that the artist learns to do nonchalantly and easily those things that every one admires. "The artist is one," said Doubert, "who possesses a natural facility and an *acquired difficulty*." My own despair as a teacher of composition has been to persuade any of my facile students to acquire "difficulty." Yet surely this is the proper line to be taken by young men, a little prematurely "weary of the world;"—to set themselves to the mastery of an art with difficulties which can be overcome by sheer intelligence and pains, to study technique, to cultivate niceties of form, to hold themselves to a scrupulous perfection in executing the artistic trifles—which they may then scatter with as disdainful hand as they please before the grunting enthusiastic Swine.

* * * *

As a student of many decadent periods, when wise wrens flourished, I assure you that this is the right note.

— — — — —

Ins and Outs of Homecoming

BY BRUCE WENNER

AFTER writing his welcoming Siren's Song to the Homecomers, ye editor packs his kit, and goes home—to escape homecoming. Not misanthropy, not boredom this, but the exhausted zeal of a too friendly heart. The flowers were cut, the table set, the music ready, and the guests invited, when the host, tired with his labors, and full of the emotions of the coming home coming moments, suddenly falters and fails. After all he asks himself, are not these anticipations, rich and pregnant, preferable to the vain emptyings of experience? He packs his bag, he leaves the latch string out, and quietly slips away, leaving the guests to enjoy alone

the joys he has prepared. It is an incident to touch the heart.

But not for most of us were there such soft seclusive retirements, and passions recollected in tranquility. Our latch too was out, but our hand was in; come one, come all; and let the fun be fast and copious. And it was. Chicago thrilled and beat us, but we evened them with a scurrilous rhymed yell, and thought not of it. Besides it is written that beaten Indians are always better friends than victorious ones. It is a herd matter. Rain and snow drove us indoors; but hearths are brighter in such a setting. Love flourishes best under a roof, not on the lone sea shore. The large lucidity of nature in her grander aspects is far too latitudinous for love. So the weather had a bad all-right-ness; home had a fire-side setting; and defeat and snow sanced its gander.

The guests, we noticed, ran things. Like freshmen we regulars sat on the side lines and were entertained. War veterans and world-heroes cast the skin of their too much experience, and sang about

Becky, just back from Mecca,

or told us jokes about Marjie, all in their younger-snake manner. We undulated sympathetically with these contortions, though privately we won't say but that we like Wallie and Don a trifle better in the parts. Youth will be served. They tell a story of a party that drove a certain house president to seek out a cot by the furnace, and of an elderly man, the sole survivor of that party, standing in the hall and weeping at 3:00 A. M. because the seventeen others who began with him had deserted. I do not approve such elderly-men (though I fear that Homer, Rabelais, Dickens, Lamb, and Shakespeare might have done so). I am glad I did not see him. We learn from Aristotle that it is inartistic to laugh at painful deformity. Such scenes, however, were rare. It was, for the most part, a dry homecoming. But that the wines of friendship fully served, needs no proof. Even the trumpet tones of Mr. Hughes from Washington, leading to a crusade the like of which never yet was, could not disturb us, or drive us to the grand prospect of world federation. Friendship held us. Harry and Lew and Sam and Slooie and Maje were back. The world could wait.

I speak of fraternity homecomings, at three of which I guested, and bountifully, as if no one else came home. And after all, here is a thought—*did* they? And if the average non-fraternity alumnus did come home, what, pray tell, did *he* come to? A mass meeting, a game, a smoker, and a play, and to any random old friends he might run into on the campus. The thought saddens me. That is no homecoming. It is a visit to a home no longer yours,

where others are making merry and your own friends are for the most part inaccessible or not returning. I should like to know how many non-fraternity alumni returned, and what kind of time *they* had. We have the Stadium coming up. We hope it will unite the alumni, and that they'll all come back to see it. But we'll have to do more for the non-fraternity men than we now do, if we expect to keep them coming. We need now a Union Building, a center for friendship, to rival our center for sports. That is the next thing. But even more than that we need more fraternities, and we need dormitories for men. If we are to do our best for ourselves and our alumni, we must have adequate social surroundings for the two-thirds of our men now unattached, except to Champaign rooming houses. If we want a real homecoming, we need to make Illinois a place to which everybody can come back, knowing that he'll have the old gang around him when he gets here. I do not like to think of the snowy streets, gray days, crowded restaurants, and poor hotels that were "home" to many, or would have been had they returned. Illinois is a great University. It is the heart of the State. We all know it. And by nothing is a University so great as in its great young men: Slooie and "G", T. A., and Sam, and T. P. B., and the rest. We can't afford not to see them all every year. Homecoming pilgrimages are good for the soul. It's a wise Alma Mater that keeps the home fires burning always, for *all* of her sons.

However, this is no note to end on. Illinois good will can be trusted to adjust all such matters, once it gets started. And it *is* started. The Stadium proves it. Homecoming proved it. As the boys said, it was the turkey, the berries, the mosquito's teeth, and the bee's knees. It was, in short, Homecoming.

A man must edit his thoughts, as there is not always time to explain them; therefore white lies are a social necessity.

There are advantages in a personal interview, but you can call up a girl on the telephone when you're still in your bathrobe.

If you don't drive a car, you never run out of gasoline—and think what you miss!

Nowadays we hear very little about the College Widow. Who says that art in America is not improving?

The Cotillion

Before long, again, we shall be having the Sophomore Cotillion with us. And the Campus Scout will make many a wise crack about it, referred to as the Collision. And girls will be writing home from now on for a new gown, or silver slippers, or what not. And lads will be wondering how the allowance will stand the strain.

For it's going to be a great evening for everybody, including the taxi bandits. There will be music, and laughter, and punch, and chaperones, and a floor manager in a borrowed "Tux," probably—all in a Parisian garden. And of course there will be dancing. And even neckties that stretch in a bewildering fashion.

So every second year man should get him a ticket—a date would not be out of place—and wander over to the Annex and be young again.

Moonlight on Water

BY CHAS. E. NOYES

There was a vague, misty quality to the moonlight that night, and a gray coolness that was not quite chill made the air soft and dreamy. Half drifting in the faintest of breezes, my canoe was detached and lonely, the only trace of man in a fairy's dream. The gentle silence of a woodland lake was broken occasionally by a faint splash from a jumping fish. The shore-line, silver sand, faded quickly into the mysterious blackness of the forest, its easy curvings untouched save by a low pier a little distance from the place where I sat.

Such nights are made only for love. When two figures emerged from the woods it was as if I had been expecting them, waiting for them. They walked slowly, close together, and on out to the end of the pier. The hazy moon was just above them, and for me they were dark blurred silhouettes. For a time they stood there, and a gentle ripple of voices reached me over the water.

Then the taller figure put an arm around his companion, drawing her closer. Her arms went up on his shoulders, the two faded into one. He bent his head, and their lips were together.

After a moment she drew back. Her arm dropped to her side, but was raised again, suddenly. The faint sound of a slap floated out to me in the canoe.

Have you ever noticed how much tone a Red Cross placard adds to a country home. Picture the little house at the bend in the road, a cheery fire from the fireplace flickering out into a cold starlit night—and the Red Cross, symbol of the "greatest mother of them all" in the window.

Notes on Contributors

Mr. William C. Troutman, of the public speaking department, has written an interesting and readable review and criticism of the recent Mask and Bumble production, "A Tailor-Made Man".

Rose H. Janowitz, who wrote "Marching to Zion", has written a charmingly whimsical article on what seems to be a second cousin to the Bander-snatch. About pirates, 'n'everything.

A new department to be filled with stories written by the faculty in their off-hours, if they may be said to have any such things has been inaugurated. It is called the *Reticule*. This month *Prof. Stuart Pratt Sherman* has honored us with his article "On the Wisdom of the Young" and *Mr. Bruce Weirick* has given his opinions on Homecoming.

G. G. Carman, whom we don't know, but wish we did, gives us a story concerning the fatal consequences of walking off with one's host's spoons. But there is a happy ending, even though the hero does come pretty near getting proposed to.

Jurgen, who just *abhores* puns is a young lady who often has moods and gets nineteen hours of A as a matter of course.

Jack Bell, whom we don't know much about, other than the fact that we know and like him, is the author of a story that all men, who spend their spare hours being manly, will like. And others, who appreciate a good story, and good writing, will like it too.

T.P.B., whose initials tell all that one need to know, wrote "Midsummer" in midsummer, and sent it to the magazines. And then he gave it to us. True to *Illinois Magazine* policy, we showed our accustomed vigor and accepted it, thereby forging ahead of our base and commercialized rivals—"The Magazines".

To Pain—

What though thy presence lines my face, oh Pain,
And racks my aching body, filled with ills,
I shrink not from thy power; I know it fills
My soul with wisdom and a proud disdain,
For petty human frailties that reign
In this base flesh, o'er which my conquering will
A faster fort from knowing thee doth build.
I welcome thee, that bring triumphs attained.

I know that thou and Sorrow bring to me,
Great visitors, born of sleepless nights, when I
Lie ill abed and hear the world roar by;
Full visions only thou canst make me see,
And though thou bringst me age, that should be youth
I welcome thee, for thou art life, and truth.

—Lem Phillips.

The Unwilling Hero

(Continued from Page 5)

time that it took him to get untangled from Richard and rise to his feet, and with the advice that they had both better beat it before the whole house was roused, he took to his heels and disappeared over the fence, leaving the surprised Richard seated on the ground.

An instant later he received a surprise that was second only to his astonishment when he had jumped from the window. From somewhere above, presumably from the window that he himself had used as an entrance and exit, there descended the form of a man who stumbled over Richard as he started to run. In an instant Richard realized that this must be the Joe of whom he had recently heard. Then the head of the bookkeeping force of Porter and Company did something for which he has never been able to account. He did not do it because he was particularly brave, for at that moment, he frankly admitted to himself afterwards, he was nearly scared to death. But whatever the reason for his action, it is certain that he gave a lunge forward and secured a firm grasp on the surprised Joe.

"Leggo, Sam, you damn fool," said the burglar under his breath. "We gotta get outa here quick."

Richard let his hold slip down to one foot, and held on. A second later the back door burst open, and Johnson and old Arthur the butler hurried out. By this time, Joe realized that he was not in the clutches of his partner. He gave a vicious lunge that freed him of Richard and with a half-dozen marsupial bounds, he was over the fence and off down the alley. Both Johnson and Arthur were too corpulent to qualify as sprinters, so they turned their attention to Richard, who was sitting on the grass rubbing the spot where his head had struck the window sash. Old Arthur was highly excited over the affair and was bent on telling Johnson and Richard his version of the recent happenings immediately.

"Come on in the house, both of you," said Johnson. "Then we can hear all about it. That kangaroo of a scoundrel is half way across town by this time, anyhow."

He led the way into the big living room where Richard had been not an hour before, but which it seemed to him he had left a week ago. There they found Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters, who had not yet gone to bed when the burglars, to say nothing of Richard, had made their entrance. Richard sank into a chair and cudgelled his brain for a story to account for his presence in Johnsons' back yard. But old Arthur—good old Arthur, thought Richard—saved him the trouble. The old butler was

bubbling over with the important news he bore.

"Mrs. Johnson," he said, "you don't know what a debt you owe to Mr. Bartholomew. If it hadn't been for him tracking the burglar back here, ma'am, and fightin' desperate with him in the back yard, we might all have been murdered in our beds."

Richard tried not to look surprised at this, but only succeeded in blushing furiously, a phenomenon that the other listeners accepted as a sign of his native modesty. The two Misses Johnson gazed at him admiringly.

Old Arthur went on. "I was just going to bed when I looked out of the window and saw a couple of men, one about twenty feet behind the other, come slowly down the alley. I didn't think anything about it until they stopped at our garden fence. I thought it was too early for burglars to be at work, but it was nearly one o'clock, so maybe it wasn't. When the front one stopped, the back one did too, and I saw then that the back one was Mr. Bartholomew, and that only the front one was a burglar."

Richard did look surprised at this, and the young ladies looked at him more admiringly than ever. He wasn't particularly complimented at having a burglar mistaken for him, but anything was acceptable that would get him out of his present predicament, and probably Arthur had made the guess about his identity after he found out who was detaining the fleet-footed Joe in the yard.

"I slipped downstairs," resumed Arthur, "and listened at the dining room door for two or three minutes. I could hear the fellow in the corner where the buffet is and I was just about to go in and demand his surrender when there was the most terrific racket in the kitchen. The dirty skunk got out there in an awful hurry, seemed like."

"The dirty skunk certainly did," was Richard's mental comment.

"I heard Mr. Johnson coming down stairs then," continued the butler, "and I rushed out into the back yard and found Mr. Bartholomew and the burglar having a terrible battle. The fellow got away just before we got there, but Mr. Bartholomew was doing his best to keep him."

The old man finished his narrative, and Richard was the center of attraction. Johnson came in from the telephone, where he had been notifying the police. Under his gaze and that of the three women, Richard continued to blush a brilliant crimson. Johnson burst into a laugh.

"You don't need to look so guilty," he said. "I'm sure we all owe you a great deal. You had better spend the night here now. You've got a bad crack on the forehead and you look pretty well mussed up. Go see that a bed is made ready for him, Arthur."

Arthur went to do as he was told before Rich-

ard had time to protest. Mrs. Johnson and Alice Mae hurried out to the kitchen to get hot water for Richard's swollen head. Just then the door-bell rang.

"I suppose that's the fast-working police force," said Johnson, and he went to the door.

Richard was left alone with Arabella, and he began to feel excessively uncomfortable. Fate was forever throwing him with this most feared and detested individual of a feared and detested sex.

"You poor man!" she said, reaching over and covering his hand with both of hers. "You have suffered so much for us. You have really been quite a hero."

Great grief! What was going to happen next. He had got himself into a foolish scrape, had burglarized a man's house to get out of his difficulty, had nearly brained himself escaping from the house, had been three times mistaken for a burglar, had been made a hero by a story that was mostly untrue as far as it concerned him, and now was designated a "hero" by one for whom he held the greatest antipathy. It was more than mere man could stand. He must have solitude. He gave one great bound, shook himself free of Arabella, and, brushing past Johnson and police who were standing in the door, he dashed down the street at a speed he never dreamed possible.

Mrs. Johnson and Arthur returned at the same moment. They found Arabella in tears.

"Why what's the matter, and where's Mr. Bartholomew?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"He's gone," sobbed Arabella, "because I tried to comfort him."

The next morning, for the first time in years, Richard Poindexter Bartholomew was late to the office. In fact, he was so much late that Johnson was there ahead of him. When he entered the main office, he found the whole force gathered around Johnson at the far end of the room.

"And after he had wrestled all over the yard with a burglar," he heard Johnson conclude, "he got scared pea-green pink because Arabella tried to comfort him."

The crowd sent up a roar that shook the pictures on the walls; it could not have been a much mightier roar, Richard reflected, if the words Johnson had said had been, "And he came back at one o'clock in the morning to bring back a spoon he had absent-mindedly stuck in his pocket."

The Tailor Made Man— A Review

(Continued from Page 8)

sional companies can rival the effectiveness of this scene. The lighting in the first and third acts was not so successful; many effects were blurred by the shadows cast by the amber flood of left stage. The faces of people playing on right stage were constantly being placed in darkness by the movements of the actors opposite them.

In the selection of a play requiring a large cast and in the use of a great number of new people, practically all parts being given by non-members of the club, Mask and Bauble made a most progressive step forward. Such work as this will develop the cosmopolitan membership suggested on the programme by the Dean of Men, and will make the benefits of this estimable organization more democratic and extensive than they have been in the past. In a university so large as this, any movement which makes for a more inclusive rather than an exclusive and limited development of talent should be encouraged by all people who are interested in the efficacy and educational value of community dramatics.

Leaves

BY CHAS. E. NOYES

Yellowed and fallen leaf,
Symbol of joy!
Dancing the last of life,
Wind's happy toy.

Grown from a tender bud,
Broadening in gentle Spring,
Laughing in summer sun,
Filled with rich life,
Catching the sudden shower,
Flashing with dewdrop pearls,
Reaching for air and sun
In joyful strife.

Golden and mellow age,
Beauty in death;
Knowing no hurt or pain,
No winter's breath.



the critic wrote a clever, appreciative story, and critics-in-the-making knock for the sheer sake of knocking. Let's have more liberality, then, and if derogatory remarks are made, let there be a basis or reason for them.

Another element which works hand in glove with favorable criticism is constructive criticism. We should constantly look up to higher goals, and when a play or magazine, or concept is lauded or censured it should be for the purpose of inspiring greater plays or magazines, or concerts in the future. This function of spurring us on, however, is not accomplished by means of unfavorable criticism, for that results in discouragement and indifference. By pointing out the good points in a production and suggesting how they may be developed to great advantage, the critic accomplishes more than he does by razing the entire structure and haughtily requesting that a new one be substituted. A well-placed frown now and then serves as a goad and inspires better work, but a consistent sneer will never accomplish anything.

In order to accomplish the ends of criticism, therefore, the critic must have certain qualifications. What are they and why? In the first place, it is obviously necessary that he should know something of the thing he is criticising. It would be preposterous to ask a deaf man to review a symphony concert, and yet such things are being done here every day. It seems to be the sad truth that some of our literary critics are selected only because they can read, and music and dramatic critics only because they can hear. I fear that some of our critics do not know a *sonata* from a *crescendo*. It is imperative that they know something of what they are criticising.

Next to the knowledge of the subject comes appreciation, and after that a sense of sound judgment. A man may know everything to be known of the mechanics of orchestration or the staging of a play and still not be a good critic of music or the drama. He must comprehend the thing as a whole, and then analyze its effect upon him. Most of us do not know whether we like a production or not, because we do not know the basis for judgment and because we cannot describe our own reactions. It is decidedly necessary that we know why we like a thing and be able to tell why we like it. Soundness of judgment, then, is the basis upon which all criticism rests.

I realize that my position as critic of critics will doubtlessly bring wrath and vengeance down upon my unprotected head for the critic's word is law. There has been, however, a strong undercurrent protesting against the type of criticism which has been rammed down our throats. This is its first outburst. Let there be occasion for no more,

Homecoming—Past and Future

(Continued from Page 13)

strength and manhood to their future Alma Mater, Illinois.

In a few years the old half back and the old left guard will be again sitting side by side, in the great Stadium watching the fighting spirit of Illinois win victories over its adversaries, and those warriors whose names will be on the lips of every loyal Illini, will be the names of the next generation of those first fighting Illini, who fought for their Alma Mater in '95, '96, and '97.

There is a something which cannot be defined, some power that cannot be explained, that holds us and binds us to dear old Illinois, and reaches past us, down into the hearts and souls of our children, who will give their best to Illinois.

It is the Illinois Loyalty, the spirit of Fighting Illini.

Midsummer—An Interlude

(Continued from Page 6)

the nebulous fringes of the music can touch me, in my dust-bin shrine of books and tobacco ash.—Wherefrom I watch the world go by!

Now I recognize a tune that I like! Miserable stuff, I grant you—something about a girl's characterization of herself as a wild rose, never to be tamed. (But we know, fellow watcher, that she will be tamed, since she sings so sweetly). The tune puts me in mind, somehow, of lost treasure, of a motor car on a smooth, white road, of bridges over the Seine—of old Romance himself, in short! And as I am so reminded I grow lonely and unhappy, with a ridiculous notion that it is hard to spend eternity upon a watch-tower.

Time, you say, to talk sense. But remember, friend, that this is Midsummer, when dogs and men go mad, and when all winds and tunes bring memories with them. I will talk sense presently, but first I would have you assent to the proposition that Midsummer is no white-robed personification from high Olympus, but a pert slip of a girl, with curly bobbed hair of your favorite color, with silk hosen and a short blue frock, mailing a special delivery letter in front of the corner drug store, or the confectionery, or the church. Perhaps that is a good bit to ask of you, but you have caught me in a dour and exacting mood. Ah! You grant me that? Then I will conform to your wish that I talk sense.

Good sense tells me that I must now go to bed, that I may regard tomorrow's duties with a wakeful eye. This is Midsummer, and not yet midnight, yet I will go to bed, with an earnest prayer to Pan that he molest me no longer.



On Being in Love

Along about the time of the first spring rains it is traditional for the young man to start the annual spring poem, and the annual spring love affair. I am not so sure that the poem is begun, but there is no doubt about the *affaire de coeur*. Man was so conceived that it is inevitable that he fall at one time or another before the feet of Eros. After some thousands of years he has reached the point where a forward glance, or a novel hairdress will cause at first a certain languid interest in, and later an active attention toward some one of the numerous body of the other sex. Afterwards, when he is casting up the balance, he wonders just why it was to be. Not conversant with the devious mysteries of psychology, he is very likely to lay the whole thing to the weather.

For the season of snows and of sins is over, and the strange new warmth of the spring enters into his utmost being, causing therefore a laxness of censorship that the Puritan climate of winter has furthered. The rigorous days of that season engender a corresponding rigor of conduct, and it is carried on around fireplaces and study tables. I sometimes think that all moralists must have been born somewhere north of the Arctic circle, in mind at least. Love is immoral, it has no time for such precepts and dogmas as others have seen fit to speculate upon. But now that the heat of the year has come around again, there is a greater disposition to look on things in a more kindly way, and from there on the progress is easy.

Once the interest has come, he is a very different human. There are long talks, and long leisurely strolls, both leading nowhere, but just now indispensable to his very existence. He dances with Her, and is enchanted with the rhythm of her slight body. He is bewildered at her intuitive knowledge of things that have long been cloaked in mystery for him. Her little peculiarities of carriage, of speech, of presence are always with him, and he aims ever to encourage and foster them. Never does he fail to listen to her favorite music, to read her most loved books, or to smell her chosen flowers,—timidly and with awe. Her new necklace, or the odor of her hair last night, or her skill at words are all bitter-

sweet in his remembrance. His day begins when he has seen her. Sometimes he catches himself saying sweet philosophic nothings to himself, or likening a kiss to "a brief transfusion of souls," and shakes himself mentally, saying: "It's all very well, but there is no use in being a fool sentimentalist. And didn't Milton say: 'To love is to do well?'"

Outwardly he seems, or would seem the same graceful cynic as ever. He discourses in the most matter-of-fact way about his *bien-aimée*, but with rather more reticence than formerly. He is not so critical as of old, and his remarks are more defensive, in a purely disinterested way, of course. "Yes, she is a good dancer. She does not dance any of these sensual modern dances, though." "Well, she did beat me at tennis, but then I hadn't had a racket in my hand for nearly four years." This, when his heart is crying out: "Rhapsodies, you idiot!"

His life has come to be such stuff as dreams are made of, and he wanders on in Arcady, blissfully gathering looks and caresses as rare orchids. He is drunk with the utter goodness of life, and his dulled senses do not catch the clicking hoofs of the approaching nightmare.

For one night, a night blacker than that of a thousand Troys, there comes a parting. Perhaps there is much said, or perhaps there is only a touch, a final good word, and the greatest of experiences is ended.

An idol has been broken, and he is left to survey the ruins,—alone. From Olympus he has suddenly been catapulted into the farthest depths of Avernus, and he stands, speechless and without thought, wondering at the whims of the gods. His first impulse is to despair, but there follows a mighty wave of wordless anger at the turn of events. That serves to help him back to normal. He fingers and turns the crumbs of what was once his all, muttering stupidly:

"I loved a love once, fairest among women;

Closed are her doors on me,"

wanting his old cynicism and its negative comfort.

Life has now lost all meaning, and he wanders alone with his own high thoughts for company. Melancholy has indeed marked him for her own. He grows mightily philosophical and weighs all the various phenomena of that brief, but how sweet, affair. Perhaps he projects himself into an imaginary future, and tries to figure himself the director of an household. He wonders vaguely if marriage would not have spoiled it all, if he would not have been bored in an all too short time, after all. So in the end he resigns himself to fate with all the magnanimity of Pagliacci, and smiles bitterly as he thinks:

(Continued on page 31)

Windy Plays a Lone Hand

(Continued from Page 11)

"I'd ought to help the kid" said old Windy to himself, but he knew it was only the love of stud poker that was drawing him toward the back end of the room.

"I'll try it fer awhile anyway, kid," he said, and then moving over to the table, he watched the game. "Guess I'll set in a hand or two, Abe. I ain't played fer a coon's age" was his greeting as he settled in a chair.

"Sure, set right in, Bill," said the gambler in a friendly manner. He had played with Bill before and knew Bill's thirst was generally appeased before he began playing. But Windy was sober tonight and it was not long before the gambler saw that he was in a real game. Windy was in his element. There was not a better player in the valley when he was sober and Abe Rodder began to feel nervous after a few hands.

"The old cuss is too cock sure. Why didn't he git drunk" thought the gambler as he watched the play. Windy was not winning much, but he did not want to win yet. Soon the two other players left the game and the two were left alone. Windy played cautiously, watching the run of the cards and soon began to win steadily. In half an hour he had won one hundred dollars and shoved it into the hands of the grateful ranch hand at his elbow.

Then it happened. As he handed the lad the money he saw Abe pull a card from beneath the table. The next instant he was shaking his fist in the gambler's face yelling "I got you that time, you big crook, I caught you. A minute later he was laying flat on his back with the gambler on top of him. But Bill did not get hurt. Many men in the room had lost money to Abe Rodder and the gambler was siezed in true western fashion and went through the door with the aid of several energetic kicks.

Windy Bill was the hero of the hour. The men crowded him up to the bar and round after round of drinks were tossed off in honor of his evening's work. Of course Bill had to drink with them as long as they were honoring him and soon he was boasting of his exposure of the gambler. Each time he told the story it improved, until his companions, finally thinking of other things, began to leave the place. So Bill went the round of the halls and told his story to all who would listen. Finally he became drowsy and slumped in a chair in the corner of the depot where he had wandered in search of some one who had not heard his story. The station agent saw him there when he started home after the 12:40 train had gone, and told a couple of loafers to throw him outside.

"Why its 'ole Windy Bill," said one of them when they rolled him over.

"He's been tellin' all over town how he trimmed Abe Rodder," said the other. "He must have a lot of jack on him." The two men looked at each other, then they looked up and down the dark platform. One of them reached in Windy's pocket, took his stake, and stuck it in his own pocket.

"He works fer Doc Ruel up at Brad's ranch at Wilsall," said the second man. "We'll put him on the 2:00 o'clock freight, and the brakeman will throw him off there."

When Windy awoke he found himself lying on a pile of sheep pelts in the Wilsall freight office. He was stiff and sore, and his head was splitting. Vaguely he remembered the night before, or was it two nights before? He could not figure how he got back to Wilsall, but he did remember that he had beaten Abe Rodder at stud, and he still had his stake too. He sat up and began to ease his aching muscles. A good meal would warm him up a lot. Windy reached in his pocket for his roll. Then he reached in another pocket, and still another. As Windy came to realize what had happened, a look of fear spread over his weather beaten features. He was broke, and winter was coming on—such a winter as comes only in Montana. There was a sickening feeling around the old man's heart as he sat there. He was up against it, and he was an old man. He felt tired, and worn out—ready for the scrap heap, and the thought of winter kept coming back until he shivered unconsciously.

There was only one thing to do. He went out to the ranch and worked the last week of threshing. That gave him fifteen dollars. He bought two bushels of potatoes, some sugar, flour, and a good supply of shells for his rifle. The store keeper asked no questions as he packed the old man's purchases. Many times before he had seen the men, without money to spend the winter in town, take to the hills to spend the long months snowed in at some abandoned wood cutter's cabin. Windy got a buggy from Doc Ruel, loaded in his purchases, and taking Doc's boy along to bring the team back, he set out for the mountains.

As Bill and the boy wound around the trail toward the hills, he thought of the story from which the mountains got their name. Many years before a wood cutter had gone mad from lonesomeness while spending a winter in those hills and so they were called the "Crazy range." Bill had laughed at the story, but he was not laughing now.

He knew what had to be done. The flour would help in making flap jacks, and the potatoes would last quite awhile. If he could only get a fat elk before the big snows came, he could pull through. But elk are hard to get, and Windy was not able to

stalk them as he used to do. There was wood to chop, too. Neither he nor the boy spoke during the long ride. The boy was not a talker, and Windy did not feel like saying much. It was not his first winter in the hills, but Windy was getting old, and he felt afraid. If he could only get an elk!

"Reckon we'll see you when the snow goes," said the boy as he prepared to return.

"I reckon so, bub," answered Bill but he did not say it very cheerfully, "so long."

Windy stood watching the buggy for a long time as it wound down the trail. Finally it dipped behind a steppe and he knew he would see it no more. He would see no one, not even a hunter, until spring, and perhaps, if he did not get an elk, and the winter was hard he might not—

* * * *

Windy spent the next few days getting ready for his season. The cabin needed some repairs, and he did that first. Then he cut a huge pile of wood. There was no use to try for an elk until the snows up along the higher peaks drove them toward the valley. Just before New Year's Day the first storm came. Windy knew that the grass would be covered with snow in the upland, though it was snowing lightly where he was. He went out, rifle in hand, determined to kill at all odds. He felt almost like the savages of old whose lives depended on the season's kill before the snows came. All day he strained his eyes for the well known sight of the elk bands slipping down the mountain. He saw hundreds of jack rabbits and some coyotes, and once a black bear and her two cubs. But Windy needed an elk and none came. The next day was the same, and the next. He went across a small valley one morning into the foothills on the south side of the range. It was a forlorn quest, for if he did get what he wanted there was little chance of getting it back to the cabin before the deep snows came. He did get an elk though, and next day was back at the cabin with one quarter stored away. That would last awhile at least. He went back next day, but as he expected, the wolves and coyotes had picked clean the remains of his kill. A whole week he spent on the range without further success, until a sudden drop in temperature and clouds in the southwest sent him scurrying back to the cabin. The winter was on.

For two days the snow came down, huge flakes filling the air until Windy could not see across the valley. It was not so cold as he expected but he knew that when the snow stopped the cold would come, and with it the blizzards which made Montana famous over the whole continent. He did not go out of his cabin much, for the snow was soft and it was hard work wading through it. Besides, the

rabbits were buried in the deep drifts and would not move until the storm was over.

When he awoke the morning of the third day, a fierce wind was cutting down through trees of the mountain side from the north. The snow was still falling but in small darting flakes now, and Windy felt them cut his face when he went out to look around. By noon the wind was howling through the trees and the snow was swirling through the coulees and even coming through the crack under the door of the cabin. The storm did not worry the old man however. He knew it would not last long and that fair weather would follow.

"I'll have to git up an git some rabbits tomor-

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row" he thought as he prepared for bed.

The next day was bitterly cold but the old man was out at the break of dawn tramping through the heavy drifts. He found some rabbits too. They were buried beside stumps in little holes, with just an air hole betraying their hiding places. Windy caught them with his hands for he wanted to save his shells.

"I'll not shoot 'em till I have to" he said.

But next day the unexpected happened and the old man grew nervous. A chinook wind, the kind which melts snow like the heat of a camp fire, came down the mountain and Windy's rabbit hunting was ruined. The snow remained only in the drifts and the rabbits, released from their prisons, scampered away before his watery old eyes could detect them sitting in the bushes.

A week passed and he killed only seven rabbits, small, lean animals who had little nourishment for him on their bones.

Since his first depressed feeling when he came to the hills, old Windy had succeeded in forgetting his plight and bent all of his energy on fixing himself for the winter. It had become a game with him and he partly forgot his danger in the zest of his fight for food.

But now he felt it all coming back again. The daily spitting snows would not last much longer he knew. The old hills he had loved so well had no secrets from Windy. Too many years he had seen the big snows come, following the first light snows of the winter. His larder was low—and the rabbits were leaving the hills. The elk were gone long ago now. Down in the valleys they were scratching through the thin snows for grass. Soon that too would be snowed under and the elk would starve, those that were not cared for by the ranchers. The bears were long ago curled up far back in the hills, sleeping until the melting snows of spring awakened them. Even the squirrels were gone, huddled deep in the hollow trees with the food stored during the summer.

Old Windy felt alone; damnable alone. He too was curled up in his nest in the mountains but unlike the bears and the squirrels he had not stored enough food. He had not been given a chance. They had been told that winter was coming by an all wise providence; and he—well, he had known it too but had not listened.

"Guess I did git my chance just like them, after all" he said to himself. "I just didn't play my hand right."

As the days passed and the deep snows came Windy did not venture out much. The wind was biting cold and the snow never seemed to stop. It would not stop either, Windy knew that. He was snowed in for a month at least. He began to fashion

a pair of rude snow shoes though he could see little use for them.

"I might git out when the snow stops an git a rabbit" he told himself though he knew that only by a miracle would there be any living animals in the hills. If any rabbits had been caught in the hills when the last snows came they would be starved by this time, for the grass was hidden and the bushes offered little nourishment.

The realization that his food supply was getting low brought a great fear of starvation into the old man's heart. He pictured himself when the last bite of food was gone, and the chance to get more very remote. He thought of the elk in the valleys; of the men at the ranch far below, of the people living down in Livingston. They were not starving; they had plenty of money to buy, and the food was there for the buying. The snows were not worrying them either. Secure in the well built shacks they were caring for the sheep herds, or hauling wheat to the railroad over the frozen roads, or playing cards and drinking. Why could he not be there with them?

With his fear of death old Windy began to hate his once beloved hills. The snow to, which he had laughed at in former winters, now seemed like a cruel barrier to life itself rather than a lovely covering for his hills, as he had been wont to reflect in former years. He began to eat less each day, and, to get weaker. He slept a great deal, for the nights were long, and kept his cabin warm at all times. He had learned in the past that getting chilled saps the strength of a man, and Windy needed that strength, every ounce of it. With his weakness, however, came a treacherous feeling of strength. The curtailed meals became a habit and he grew accustomed to being hungry without realizing it. But even though a man eat but little each day, a few rabbits and a quarter of an elk will not last forever and Windy helplessly watched his provisions diminish.

One morning about the middle of February Windy Bill ate the last of his elk meat. Life depended on jackrabbits now, and a few potatoes.

He dared not go far from the cabin, for the snow, though covered with a hard crust, was treacherous and he was liable to slide into a hidden coulee any time. When Windy came out from the cabin the sun was shining brightly on a world of white. Everywhere there was snow. It filled the coulees, covered the trees and the rocks and had sifted through the bushes until they were almost hidden from view. Windy's eyes could not become accustomed to the brightness. The sun reflecting from the snow, blinded him but he went on hoping against hope, to get a rabbit. The deep snows had changed the contour of the surroundings and he unconsciously went farther than he had intended. He



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searched every hiding place where there might be game but without success. The rabbits had either gone down below or were buried in the snow. Toward evening Windy gave up and started back to the cabin. But after going a short distance he stopped and looked around. His surroundings were only partly familiar. Some clump of trees or a knoll looked familiar but other land marks which should be there were missing. He went another direction to see if he could locate himself. Then to make matters worse, the evening clouds came hiding his only compass, the sun.

Windy was lost and he knew better than to try to get back to the cabin that night. But to stay out in the fierce cold of a Montana night was risking his life as well. He did not lose his head as he stood there facing death, for he had steeled himself to the fact that he would have to fight every minute to live through the winter. Going to a bunch of trees he dug deep into the snow until he had uncovered the bed of leaves on the ground. He broke off the bushes and built himself a fire. With the night came the intense cold and in spite of the fire the wind and cold cut through his old clothes.

"I gotta keep movin' around now," he told himself, "or this cold'll git the best of me." But Windy was not as strong as he thought. The strength which came to him when building the fire had been fostered by fear. It was gone now and he felt tired and worn. He felt too, the drowsiness which comes when a man is freezing, creeping over him. He drove himself to cutting more branches off the bushes and carrying them back to the fire. He dimly remembered the past now; the ranch, the threshing gang and the rest of the memories of the valley; now he was driving the "black Six" through the gates of Yellowstone, now lashing his whip over the heads of his ten span in the early days of the valley.

"Ole Bill never shirked his job" he said to himself in a voice satisfied with the world and its adventures, "an' he ain't shirkin', now neither."

They would be feeding the alfalfa to the sheep

now, down below. Back in the old days there was no alfalfa. They cut the mountain grass and snaked it into piles in the valleys. Chief Brady had fed a herd of wild elk along with his sheep the first winter in the valley. Lets see, was that in '81 or '91? And then in his illusion, Windy beheld a strange sight. Around Brady's stacks he saw not only the elk but the rabbits and the sheep and the squirrels and the bears—every one was eating—eating to keep from starving.

As the cold crept through his bones old Windy Bill slipped down beside his pitiful fire. He had made a good fight. He was not shirking now either. He had done all he could. As he slipped off to his

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last sleep the thought of his last card game came back to him.

"I need them blankets an' that mackinaw now," he thought.

On Being in Love

(Continued from Page 25)

"I shall forget in nineteen-twenty

You ever hurt a bit."

He is coming to an understanding of the perpetual change that is life.

But soon there comes another, "with eyes as wise, but kindlier," and all the past is though unwritten.

Decline and Fall of Literature

(Continued from Page 9)

with nothing from which to revolt. All the old institutions to which they objected had already been made subjects for revolts. A frantic search yielded no theme which had not been exploited before.

Finally with one cry they declared themselves against literature. Literature was all wrong—it was of no use in the world if it could not attack something and there was nothing left to attack. Following the slogan which rang from Atlantic to Pacific the literary people with one accord stopped

writing. The end came suddenly—literature was dead.

But this left nothing for the descendants of the literary people. They too were atavistic but their ancestors had not been farmers, they had been revolutionists. Revolt was in their blood—it was the cry of their chansons. And now what was left for them? Suicide? Certainly not! Obviously they had to revolt. That was the least they could do to be true to the memory of their ancestors. The only thing that interested them was a revolt and, struggle as they might, they were doomed to revolt against revolts.

The resultant clamor only ended in a dispute over the question whether those who were revolting against revolts were revolutionists or not. The battle of words waxed hotter and hotter until both sides finally took up arms. The fight was long and hard, but finally both sides were successful. They all killed each other.

The literary people were all dead; only journalists were left.

To man a painted woman's complexion is highly unnatural; to a woman it is merely unnaturally high.

Romance is a love affair outside of domestic surroundings.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

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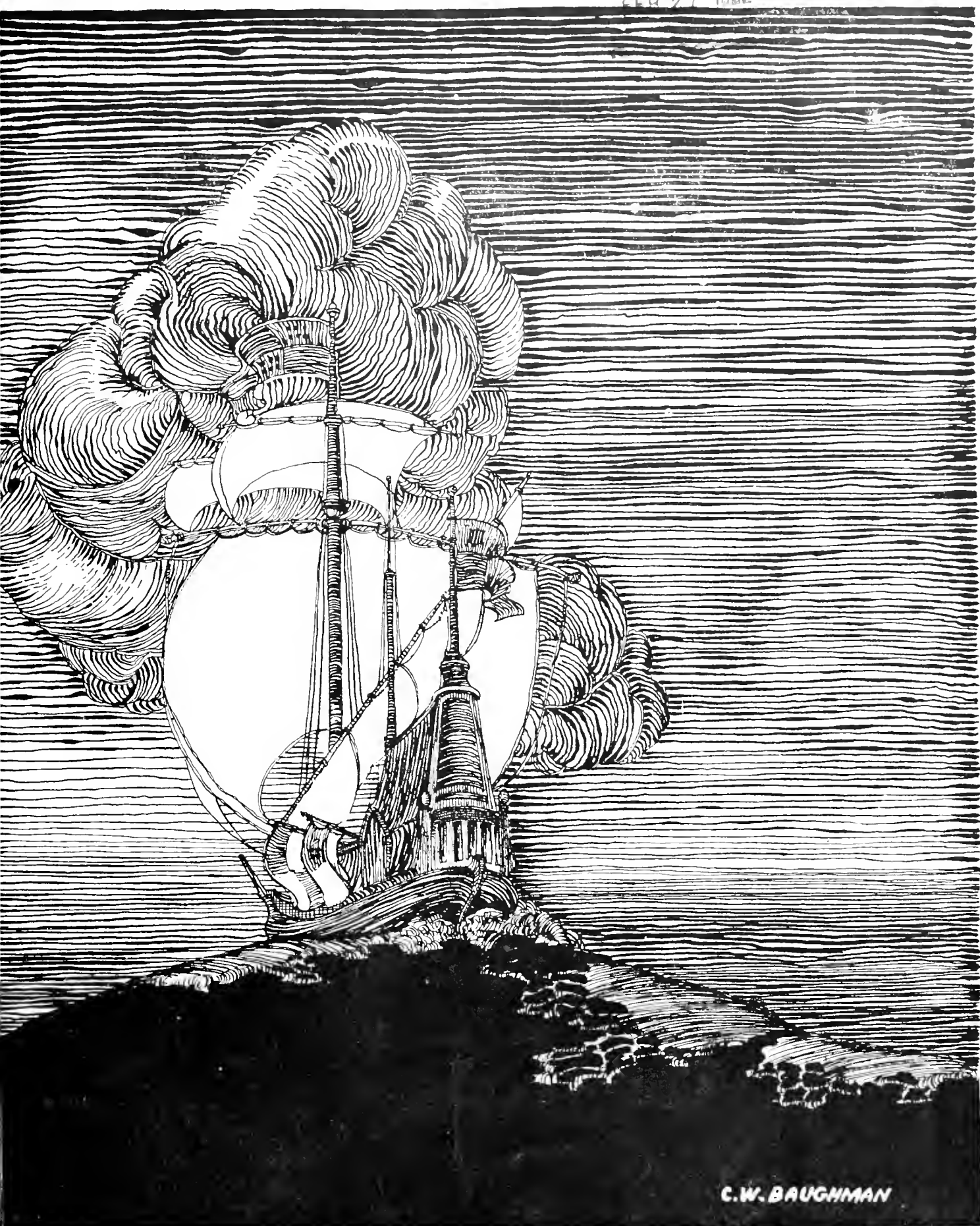
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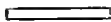
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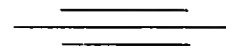
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The ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XII

FEBRUARY, 1922

NUMBER III

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would address one of them, but when the opportunity came, as it did a dozen times a day, his tongue refused to function, and he dumbly wrapped up the girl's purchase and watched her leave the store.

Then, on the sixteenth of July, in the summer that Bardwell was nineteen, he summoned all his power of will and all his gifts of oratory and asked a girl for a date.

Evelyn Wilson came into the store that morning in quest of stationery. She was the daughter of one of the village doctors, a stern and sour looking prop of the Baptist church. But Evelyn was neither stern nor sour looking, and although she went to church every Sunday, she could not be called exactly a prop. Moreover she was seventeen, and had big blue eyes and—but that was as far as Bardwell's analysis of her looks ever progressed. Many times he looked at her across the counter, but he had always centered his attention on her eyes, and there he stopped. A minute after she left, he couldn't have told you whether she had on a gingham dress, or a silk dress, or no dress at all.

As she came in on this particular morning, Bardwell dropped the broom he was wielding, and came down the aisle to meet her, blushing and grinning till he looked like an over-ripe cherry that has cracked across the middle.

"Hello, Ev'lyn," he said.

"Hello, Bardwell, I want a box of letter paper."

Bardwell slid behind a show case and piled a half-dozen boxes, variously shaped and colored, before her.

"Fifty, sixty, seventy-five, dollar, dollar 'n' a quarter," he said, indicating individual boxes.

"I think this is nice, don't you?" she questioned, holding one of the boxes before him.

"Yeah," he agreed, but could summon no more words to laud his wares.

Something else was on his mind. Did he dare ask her? Mr. Hooker was gone. There was no one else near. By jimminy, he did dare, if it was the last thing he ever did!

"Say Ev'lyn—" he began, and then he stopped and stared at those blue eyes.

"Well?"

He blushed more violently than ever, and dropped his glance to the letter paper.

"This is the nicest stationery there is, honest," he said, pointing to the highest priced box.

Evelyn examined it critically. "I guess I'll take it," she said.

With trembling fingers he wrapped up the box, and as he handed it to her he said again "I say, Ev'lyn—" and halted a second time.

"Well?" she repeated.

Bardwell looked from floor to ceiling and back

again. No remark about the stationery seemed appropriate, and he could think of nothing else to say, so he finally blurted out, "Say, would you like—do you wanta—I mean, will you go to the movies with me tonight?"

Immediately he wished he could sink through the floor. Why had he been such an utter idiot?

He was surprised to hear Evelyn's voice, as from a great distance, saying, "Why, yes, I'd like to."

"Well, I'll come for you about seven-thirty. I gotta get this sweepin' done now," and he enveloped himself in a cloud of dust as Evelyn left the store.

Mr. Hooker, returning a few minutes later, found him sitting on a high stool behind the prescription case, staring vacantly at the rows of bottles in front of him.

"What's the matter?" asked the boss. "Any of the family dead?"

Bardwell grinned and assured him that there had been no recent demise.

"Well, you better get those cigars in the back room unpacked. Put 'em in the basement, I guess."

Bardwell moved about the store that day like a man in a dream. While he unpacked the cigars, he thought of Evelyn. While he was waiting on customers, he thought of Evelyn. When he went out in the afternoon to let down the awning in front of the store, he was still thinking of Evelyn. The result was that when he became conscious of what he was doing, he was making desperate efforts to lower the awning with the stove shaker that he had brought out instead of the awning crank. Mr. Hooker was standing in the door, laughing. Bardwell colored, grinned sheepishly, and went back for the proper implement.

That evening at supper he was less talkative than usual. He ate mechanically, and when the meal was over, he escaped upstairs to his room.

It was three-quarters of an hour before he returned resplendent in his Sunday suit, a purple tie of no uncertain hue, green silk socks, and tan oxfords. His mother and father regarded him in surprise as he came into the living room.

"What's up, son?" inquired Mr. Bibbs, looking over his glasses at his multicolored offspring.

Mrs. Bibbs reiterated the query.

"Gotta date," replied Bardwell, trying to appear as nonchalant as if having a date were an every day occurrence.

"You've got a date?" exclaimed the elder Bibbs. "Well, I'll be teetotally hornswaggled!"

"Who with?" asked Mrs. Bibbs.

By this time Bardwell had on his straw hat,

saved for state occasions, and his departure was imminent.

"Evelyn Wilson," he answered, as he slammed the door behind him.

Mr. Bibbs was not only completely "horn swoggled" again, but was, this time, "jumped up and turned over," in addition.

Bardwell, knowing that he had caused not a little consternation at home by his rash act, was beginning to doubt the wisdom of his enterprise. He was filled with misgivings as to what he should do or say when he arrived at Evelyn's home. What if she had forgotten? What if she were not ready? What if her father would not let him in? What if they had company on the front porch? What if a hundred other things, any one of which could spoil his whole evening?

But things were easier than he had anticipated. Evelyn was sitting on the front porch waiting for him, and looking prettier than usual, Bardwell thought, in the late twilight. Her father was nowhere to be seen, a fact which relieved Bardwell not a little.

He scooted the uncomfortable straw back on his head as a sign of deference toward woman, and delivered himself of his address of welcome.

"H'lo. 'Bout time to go?"

Evelyn agreed that it was.

"Pretty warm."

She acquiesced in this, also.

His conversational larder now being quite empty, silence ensued for a few seconds. Then Evelyn picked up a thread of conversation and carried it all the way to the theater. Bardwell thrusting in monosyllabic answers as occasion demanded.

The evening was one of alternate periods of ecstasy and extreme discomfort for Bardwell. He colored to the tips of outstanding ears as he moved through the business district and through the little crowd of loafers at the entrance of the Melford cinematographic emporium. He felt quite magnificent as he thrust a damp and crumpled dollar bill through the wicket and said "Two". He became embarrassed again as he entered the theater and stumbled over the protruding foot of one of the audience causing a commotion which made everybody in the theater turn around and stare. He experienced a distinct thrill as he sat through six melodramatic reels, Evelyn's arm lightly against his own. As they came out of the theater, he felt sure that the whole town was waiting outside to watch their exit, but he doubted this a moment later when he found a crowd quite as huge outside Sid's place, where he and Evelyn went for the after-the-show drinks which Bardwell understood were customary. Back in a far corner across a little table from

Evelyn, an electric fan dispelled his blush, and he began to feel quite "one of the boys" again. Up in front, on the way out, several people spoke to him, two fellows over in one corner whispered together and guffawed, and Bardwell once more became scarlet over the visible portions of his epidermis.

He breathed a sigh of relief when they were out of the lighted business section and were wandering down the warm dark avenue of trees toward Wilson's home. He actually found his tongue to volunteer several remarks of his own, and by the time they reached the front porch, they were engaged in quite lively conversation, contributed ninety percent by Evelyn and ten percent by Bardwell.

As they arrived at the front steps, Evelyn asked, "Won't you come up on the porch for a while?"

"Why, yeah—I guess so," said Bardwell, not at all sure whether he was doing the right thing or not. Then he stumbled up the steps and followed her across the porch to the swing.

Once they were seated, the girl took up the burden of the conversation, and Bardwell listened a little, talked a little, and thought a great deal. This was the life, he reflected. Somewhere back in high school, he had heard a poem that had something in it about "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou, singing beside me in the wilderness." That was all he remembered—he wasn't even sure that he remembered that much correctly—but it seemed peculiarly appropriate at that particular moment. To be sure, he didn't have any loaf of bread, nor any jug of wine, but the grapejuice and lemon concoction they had consumed at Sid's place ought to answer for the latter. What was more, the all important reason why the lines seemed appropriate to his present situation was the presence of the "thou". To be sure, she wasn't singing, and they weren't in the wilderness, but what difference did that make? The lines, persisting through the years in some back corner of his mind thrilled him now, and he was thankful for poetry. He had never appreciated them before—but somehow the words seemed to have a new meaning. He thought of repeating them to Evelyn. He wondered if she would understand. Probably not. She was just a kid . . .

He suddenly brought his mind back to what she was saying. He hadn't been paying her the least attention, and had quite lost the drift of her remarks.

"My uncle George is awfully strong. He's dad's brother that lives over at Salem. Why, he ———"

Just what feat of strength her uncle George performed was lost to Bardwell, who was immediately sunk in reverie again. Strong man, was he?

(Continued on Page 26)

April

BY CHARLES E. NOYES

Illustrated by C. W. Baughman

*We that loved in April, we that turned away
Laughing, ere the wood-dove crooned across the May,
Watch the withered rose-leaves drift along the shore,
Wind among the roses, blow no more.*

—Alfred Noyes, "Haunted in Old Japan."



HERE is no time of year when the state of the weather or the mood of a young man is more uncertain than at the first of April. But the first of April is Spring. And a fraternity dance in the early spring is a doubtful adventure, one to be planned carefully and with discrimination.

Harland Bennett drifted into his room, deposited hat and coat on the bed, and addressed his room-mate.

"Say, listen, Jerry, who in the deuce can I get for our house dance? Kay is going home that week-end and Lill has a date with one of the brothers across the way."

"And so, O snake, all the eligible girls on the campus are disqualified. You might take that girl you had a blind date with last fall. She might be willing to take another chance."

The nearest book being a leather-bound edition of Omar, Harl contented himself with a grimace.

"My feet are sore enough now," he groaned. "Damn it, you don't seem to think this is serious. I want a date. Lay off the Comic Supplement and give me some good dope."

"Well, there's Elsie Jones, famous beauty queen."

"Not so good."

"Then why don't you flop the flip flappers and try Marg Henley? You're always raving about what a good scout she is, and there sure isn't anything wrong with her look. If she's fool enough to like your poetry, she might be fool enough to like your dancing."

"Thanks, O King. I ought to take your advice, just to show you that you're not so clever with that flop-flap stuff. But don't you think it might appear somewhat queer to ask for a date suddenly and without apparent reason after two years of matter-of-fact acquaintance? And your suggested relation between poetry and dancing is several years out of date."

"That depends upon the poetry. But I've heard that Marg is a pretty fair dancer."

"Marg Henley? I guess she's popular enough, but somehow I can't associate her very well with a dance. By the Lord, I believe I'll try it though. It might be something new under the sun."

On the way to the telephone, Harl worked out six possible ways of asking her for the date. He chose the seventh.

"Hello—Marg Henley? This is Harl Bennett. Say, are you busy two weeks from tomorrow night? No, it's not a concert—you see, we're giving a dance here at the house and I'd like you to come. Will you?"

He knew at once that the eighth idea was the one he really wanted to use, but the answer was satisfactory, and he hung up with the customary "Thanks, ever so—". He felt rather foolish but he soon got over it.

Still, he didn't know exactly what to say when he met her the next day. Fortunately, she was carrying "Three Soldiers", and he could talk about that. His comments were rather long-drawn-out, so that he could excuse himself for not mentioning the date.

"—but I couldn't get as excited about it as some of the critics seem to. I'll do, though, I guess. Well, if you'll excuse me, I've got to chase over to the seminar and dive into some early English drama."

This was a qualified lie, as he had two weeks in which to find the virtues of Shakespeare's predecessors, but he felt awkward in his conversation, and took the method of least resistance.

The next day he avoided her purposely, and after that he played the game of everything as before. He felt that he played it rather badly, but it seemed to get by.

To himself, however, he admitted a change, though he did not wish to, and it rather irritated him. He spent considerable time speculating as to Marg's nature aside from literary attitude, and wondering whether she were sentimental, romantic or feminist. Being comparatively heart-free at the time, he built a hundred romances about her, of course. But they were pure fancy, and his

heroines bore little resemblance to anyone. He imagined a great variety of characteristics and combinations of characteristics, endeavoring to fit them to her, or her to them, but with little success. It never occurred to him to get information by observing Marg herself. By the night of the dance he had recovered his composure, and was almost ready to lose his heart if there were any occasion.

He called for her early, so that they might ride around a bit before going to the house. As he helped her into her coat, he thought that she was certainly much better looking than she had ever been before. A rather simple gray dress set off her dark hair and eyes, and some sort of color at the waist enhanced the prettiness in her face. Harl got a pleasant general impression, somehow without being able to notice any details. It made him wonder how he could ever have taken her so much for granted. But when they were in his car, they drifted immediately into their usual topics, and he felt natural enough, except for a trifling baffled sensation.

The first minute on the floor brought a new pleasure. "You sure can dance," he said admiringly.

She laughed a little at the touch of surprise in his voice, and he blushed. After that he was more careful, but no less impressed.

He soon regretted the number of dances he had traded, and finding one of the tradees quite willing, he cancelled the dance, taking the opportunity for a short walk.

It was pleasantly cool after the warmth indoors, balmy and moist with the Spring. A young moon showed itself a little in the west, and the street lights were blurred in the half-mist. Indistinct shadows and reflections gave a pleasantly mysterious atmosphere, while the music from within was softened and changed. Romance hovered delicately in the faint perfume of the season. No one could help being in love on such a night. So they walked on, paying tribute to each other with silence. . . .

The next dance was the most perfect Harland had ever known. And the rest of the evening was filled with pleasant myriads of half-formed, half-

questioning romantic dreams, playing with the idea of love, uncertain and unexpected. He wondered about the short ride they would have before he took her home, and planned many speeches he might make. But instead of riding they spent most of the time in a booth, sipping conventional drinks.

He knew himself wildly in love for the moment when he was leaving her, but he said good night simply, keeping unspoiled the dreams and the romance. The even pressure she gave his hand was just perfect — strong, without the spasmodical intensity of the sentimental.

He wondered if she were always like that, but it did not take away the thrill.

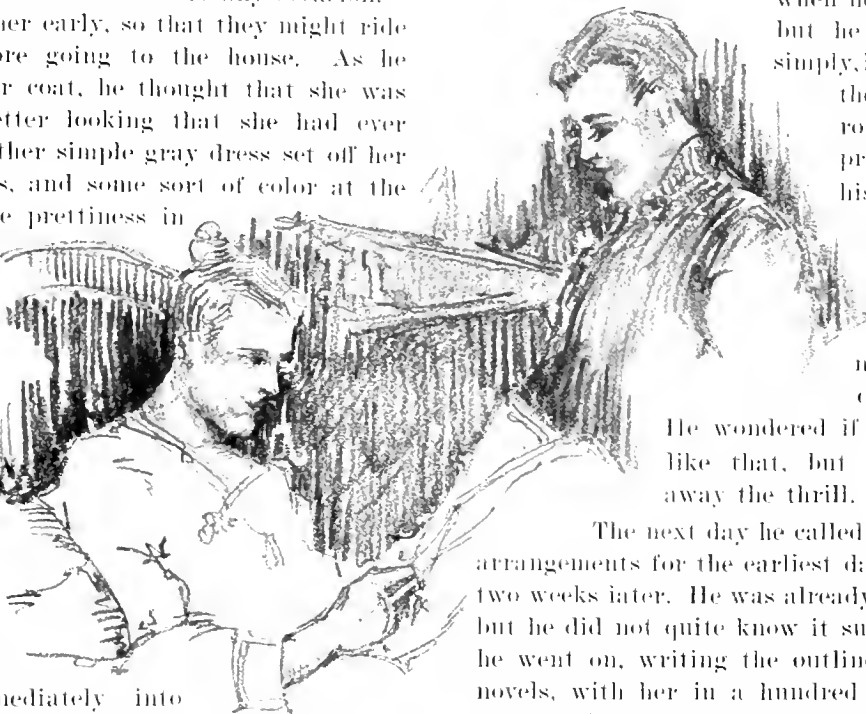
The next day he called her up and made arrangements for the earliest date he could get—two weeks later. He was already in love with her, but he did not quite know it surely, himself. So he went on, writing the outlines for a hundred novels, with her in a hundred different characters as heroine. Somehow she seemed to fit in with dreams—vivid without being exactly real.

He saw her several times in the intervening days, but he maintained a pose, and the meetings really made no difference at all. However, the evening of the date found him with no part to act. He planned various "lines," but somehow none of them seemed very appropriate.

Again he had the feeling of surprise at her loveliness as he took her coat. But this time it was less impersonal, and it held him more strongly. He noticed a very faint perfume she used, the first one he had ever liked. And the same indefinable attraction surrounded her, blurring the details in his mind. As they sat together in the car, there was a soft spell played upon by flashes of inconsequential fancies, instead of the logical romantic dreams. She spoke only once or twice, and he knew that the spell was on her, too.

The dance wove itself into their mood, its smooth softness isolating them, and its occasional energy intensifying the completeness with which they moved together.

The intermissions they passed over with as little talk as they could, speaking of incidents and



scenes in sudden flashes, broken up and unrelated.

"The music is fine, isn't it?"

"Yes——"

Silence for a while and then:

"I like the campus lights on a night like this. The haze has a sort of mystery in it that's like a story. Perhaps London—Conan Doyle. Or sometimes Poe. There's a whole picture behind the lights: a steady-moving policeman, a late hurrying figure, or a lonely, sinister stranger. . . . Do you build stories like that?"

"Sometimes. There's a sort of fascination in it. Paris Apaches, or misplaced orientals."

Silence again. Then after a few preliminary spurts, the music starts and a half gesture takes them back to the floor. And there is a little touch of understanding, of pleasure, that unites them.

In the middle of the evening, an intermission grows just a trifle tedious and they cut a dance to get the customary drinks. There is a need of organized conversation, but it fails.

"Have you read *The Beginning of Wisdom* yet?"

She answers affirmatively, and strangely a few remarks seem to exhaust the subject entirely. Neither of them wants to discuss literature, and the remarks are merely from a sense of duty.

"You are beautiful tonight." It is a little awkward, and trite, but he has to say it. To offset this, he says it half musingly, and smiles. "I should like to talk in poetry," he said, "but even then, I suppose it would be sentimental. Conversation is useless except as an antidote for thought."

She gave him a quick glance. "Not always. But it isn't much good for expressing what one really means. Even in books it is only interesting because of the setting or the implications. Or because it is witty."

So they mused, finding the subtle suggestions in each other's words, and talking seriously with an affectation of humor.

Reluctantly, they cut the last dance to get their coats early, thinking about the next thirty minutes, yet not planning them at all.

"Drink again?" he asked, as they walked down the stairs.

"Not tonight."

They drove for several minutes in silence, half

content with being together, and half wondering what to say. They left the town and raced for a little, finding a flush of excitement in the motion and the vanishing shadows. The air was damp and heavy, exhilarating in a mystical way. Dark farm-houses bathed in mist and moonlight took exotic shapes, suggesting wild, medieval romance. The smooth road seemed to unwind in front of their lights, and vanish behind them.

Then they turned and slowed down, fitting themselves into the scene. Its fantastical unreality drew them together, prince and princess in the country of dragons and mist monsters. The night wove a charm about the two, uniting the disturbers of fairyland. Love spoke to them whisperingly . . . So they drove, past and future lost in the present that was unconscious of itself.



Somewhat she seemed to fit in with dreams — vivid without being exactly real.

They met often in the next week, sustaining the perfection of their mood in swift glances and long silences, speaking of love only once.

They were driving in the late afternoon, watching a blue and gold sunset in a half cloudy sky. Harl spoke.

"Love catches the sunset and keeps the most perfect moment, glowing, always just ready to lose itself. I wonder if it will stay?"

"I don't know. But it doesn't seem to make any difference."

She broke a date for the first time in her life that Friday night, and they read together. Saturday she had saved. The moment lasted, and they forgot themselves in it,

heedless of everything. As much as possible they were together, hoarding the happiness that could not but be too perfect to remain. Yet it did not decrease. So intense that it was almost pain, it carried with it a kind of excitement that sustained itself.

Saturday night, four weeks after the first dance, they were drinking coffee in a confectionery near the hall where they had been dancing. The sound of voices and laughter in the next booth interrupted them, and they listened unconsciously, smiling.

"Say, Fran, how'd you like the couple over in the dark place by the door? Wow!"

"You said it. And in one of the corners, too. Oh, did you notice Harl Bennett and Marg Henley were here tonight? Some case, isn't it?"

(Continued on Page 23)

Campus Silhouettes—I

T. P. B.— The Roycroft in Literature

By GERALD H. CARSON



AN ATTRACTIVELY BOUND ANTHOLOGY OF EPIGRAMS FOR ALL OCCASIONS, ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO GIFT PURPOSES. That presents, in the language of the book jacket, a view, if an inadequate one, of the personality of the most extraordinary and eccentric of the young men who stroll and chatter and write in the purlieus of our university.

The task I have set myself is not merely that of an enthusiastic biographer, but of literary pioneer as well. For I propose to rescue a modest author and artist from oblivion, to lift him from the obscurity of the tiny "T.P.B." which appears frequently enough at the foot of "Other's Opinions", and which for two years has been splashed in dainty miniature across the covers of our campus literary and comic magazines. Mine is the exhilarating task of lifting the bushel from the light, of holding up a candle with a beam as luminous as a search-light, for the illumination, instruction, and admiration of a naughty world.

Theodore Preston Bourland of Chicago, France and Pontiac, Illinois, cannot be summed up and dismissed easily as a facile epigrammatist. Be assured, he has as many faces as a diamond, and they all sparkle! He radiates a cool white light, and will scratch glass. He is a gem; as such I celebrate him.

T. P. Bourland is a product of the great middle west which has given to America Chicago, Vachel Lindsey, our Alma Mater, and *Main Street*. Yet he is not indigenous. Like a deracinated turnip hung up to dry, he has succeeded in maintaining a certain air of detachment from the soil which nourished him. As a philosophic spectator he views the futile, comic gestures of his contemporaries with quiet amusement. His objective posture has been widely admired and flagrantly imitated. One knows, even in first meeting him, that one is in the presence of a personage. He radiates an aura. Groping for words to express it, I think of it as an aura of purple patches splashed liberally over a background of delicate flesh pink. And his air, at once so leisurely, so cultivated, so languid, so *distingué*, makes the boisterous, hearty greetings of the clans who style themselves "Illini" suddenly seem bald and tawdry, and somehow futile. Involuntarily, one's mind harks wistfully to

the days when the franchise of gentility was guarded more jealously than now.

I envy Bourland his repose. No one, saint or apostle, is more at ease in Zion than he. At the sorority houses, at the campus refectories, at our better known fraternity houses, at the University Club, Bourland can be found, paying court to flapper-chatter with that old-world politeness and gallantry which is so distinctive of overseas men, digesting with elaborate deference the ripe wisdom of rhetoric instructors, swapping personalities with the bosom friends of the moment, or talking engagingly about himself.

Do not interpret too severely this last phrase. Bourland is never blatant. He could not be earthly if he would. But it is recorded that over a steaming cup, under a shaded light, across from a gentle comrade, the cockles of his wary, sophisticated old heart become warm, and stand ajar, while in mellow mood he confides the thoughts and feelings and emotions of the moment, and of infinitely other moments, with such a pretty, pensive objectivity, that one would scarcely note that his acute and intimate observation was not, under the circumstances, the least bit extraordinary.

We may now approach Bourland as a *litterateur*, guided in our understanding of him by the outlines of his personality which I have blocked in roughly. It is the hero as man of letters which has sustained and animated me in sketching this portrait. For writing is Theodore's pleasure, and his business. His muse has breathed into a graceful fluent style a delightful fancy which is neither wit, nor humor, but which shares something of the virtues of both. He blows soap-bubble balloons which he punctures with the comical gravity of one of our aboriginal cousins at the zoo unrolling a half-smoked, cast-off cigar. With the aristocratic manners of the proprietor of a gift shop, he presents us with quaintly-wrought little literary *objets d'art*, the polished results of his own peculiar craftsmanship. Nor must we be remiss in our gratitude; he is among us, the undisputed master of whimsy; high priest, under our campus elms, of the quaint, the bizarre, and the droll. With something of the philosophic outlook of a Rotarian, Theodore

(Continued on Page 26)

Back Yards

BY AGNES VROOMAN



LOVE to go visiting. I love to go visiting for more than the mere pleasure of seeing my friends altho that is, I suppose, the fundamental reason. But there are others. To me people are interesting not only for the experiences they can relate or even for the charm of their conversation. There is a fascination in simply watching them live. Some of my friends seem to withdraw within themselves when they are visited in their own homes. These I care very little to visit. They are usually the ones who have little or no imagination. I am myself uncomfortable in the presence of such self-consciousness. Others of them expand and reveal to me passing glimpses of interesting aspects of their characters hitherto undreamed of.

One of my chief delights in going visiting is looking at back yards. There is a certain intimacy about back yards that is satisfying in its informality. People are usually judged by their front yards. If one sees a large one, dotted here and there with conventional flower beds, outlined with shrubs and above all enclosed by a trimmed hedge one immediately thinks, "Money", and is quite likely to have a mental image of a stiff-backed grand dame standing somewhere within the portals of the great house shrieking at a servant who has been unfortunate enough to have forgotten some trivial duty. A front yard that is well kept, but modest, admits of many speculations as to the position of the family that dwells in the house beyond. There may live that classic example of the rising generation in America, the moderately successful young business man and his wife, who is, according to the current legend, supposed to be picturesquely occupied all day long with the unfamiliar duties of the housewife. Thus a front yard is a more or less subtle invitation to the world to look and thereby judge the owner in much the same manner as the reader first passes judgment on a story by first looking at the illustrations and thereby deciding whether or not the contents are worth further examination.

All this is in part true of that section of a lot commonly known as the side yard. It is an eternal problem, for there is always the possibility of treating it in much the same way as the front yard is treated. Usually, however, this section of the yard is allowed to take care of itself. Many a one, like

Topsy, "just grew". They seem to be awkward extensions of either the front or the back yard, and thus do not technically belong to either.

But the back yard! There the owner's domestic life is unveiled before the prying eyes of anybody who may pass by. It is an open book to peddlers selling mops from door to door; the ice man can comprehend it, and the tramps going down the alley can read it.

Take first, for instance, the conventionalized back yard, the one corresponding to the hedged-in front yard. It is likely to have sunken gardens and a vine-covered garage in the rear. One immediately characterizes the inhabitants as wholly artificial and may be caught wondering where the garbage pail can be. The very mathematical exactness with which the place has been laid out has branded the owners as entirely lacking in imagination. Such places scarcely deserve the appellation of back yard. They are, more correctly, exercises in landscape gardening.

I know one back yard that has been made to resemble the court of a monastery. There are the gray, vine-colored walls, the stony paths leading from one part of it to another. The owner of it has undoubtedly one of the most glorious imaginations I have ever known. He has not spoiled the effect of the place by spattering it here and there with gandy flower beds, but has placed the gardens at the extreme rear of the lot. The first time I looked out on the place I imagined that a brown-hooded monk had just stepped thru the little gray door in the wall and would soon reappear carrying a mediæval hoe, whatever that might look like. At least it would not be shiny and new with the red label still on it. Then the little monk would gently loosen the soil around his beloved plants and tenderly pluck off a dead leaf, perhaps. I thought of that garden of not so many years ago where a quiet monk made his long experiment and gave to the world the Mendelian law.

Half a block from me lives an astronomer—one of the most delightful men I have ever known. Altho he does not entirely deserve the name of astronomer, his work being that of an amateur, I call him that out of the profound respect I bear him. One of the most unassuming of men, he immediately finds a place in the hearts of all who know him thru his

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“We Have With Us Tonight”

By ROSE H. JANOWITZ



LADIES and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you the principal speaker of the evening, Dr. Francis M. Bimpo, who will speak to you on the customs and habits of the native Hongoulians. Dr. Bimpo has made his home among these primitive sons of the jungle for fifteen years, and is well informed as to their mode of living. Dr. Bimpo,

is dense, and it is often necessary to cut one's way through it when not following a beaten path." At this juncture Dr. Bimpo gulped down a glass of aqua pura and with a great amount of rustling finally succeeded in turning to page two of his chart. His audience stirred uneasily. The water, among the narrow minded, might be taken as an ill omen. On page two were displayed various dark-hued countenances, each a study in intelligence. The pages settled into place, but the rustling had by no means subsided, for one by one the listeners began to settle themselves into various attitudes of boredom.

"The Hongoulian male," the doctor continued, warming to his subject, "usually grows to a height of six feet. He objects strenuously to the safety razor and can be distinguished by his marcelled teeth. The female averages slightly shorter than the male, is more deadly, and is fond of dancing."

"Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z" The deep and sonorous somnolence of some unscrupulous wretch was heard above the general din of scraping chairs and stifled yawns. The imperturbable Dr. Bimpo continued his discourse.

"The Hongoulian depends chiefly upon the 'goula', a sort of herb, for food. Eaten green, it is an able substitute for tobacco, charlotte russe, or noodle soup. Dried, it is used to make shoes for the royal dances, also as a hair tonic. Smoked, it is often used in place of 'Bevo' (several of the hearers exchanged meaningful glances). Evaporated, it is the principal ingredient of the humble finger bowl. The natives candle it before it can be used much in the same way as we employ concrete. Its greatest use, however, is in the preparation of goulash, for which purpose it must first be pasteurized, then drowned. The Hongoulians, it is interesting to note, are the greatest goulash-eating nation in the world. You will also note that it was that humble, martyred little plant, the 'goula' plant that put the 'gon' in Hongoulia.

"The national sport of the Hongoulian is the strenuous game commonly known as 'African Golf'. Wives are often bartered in this way, for they are considered mere chattels. The natives think so highly of their nation-wide pastime, that when a party of them goes out on the war-path, they bring back, not the scalps of the enemy, but their dice; and at the end of each fiscal year, the holder of the

(Continued on Page 32)

With this strikingly original introduction, the world famed Dr. Francis M. Bimpo, who had for fifteen whole years made himself one of the Hongoulians in order to study them first hand and set civilization several cogs ahead by his discoveries, bowed anxiously to his anxious audience.

"My good people," he began, clearing his throat pompously, "my good people, I have come before you this evening with a message. For fifteen years I have absented myself from my friends, my home, my country (audible sob), from *civilization*. For fifteen long years I have isolated myself from all those near and dear to me, and, taking my life into my very hands (thrusting those members forth in graceful gesture) have entered the jungle and dwelt among the uncivilized and barbarous Hongoulians in order to come before you tonight and witness the glow of enlightenment spread over your countenances as I tell you of my harrowing experiences." A dramatic pause followed, during which Dr. Bimpo, that benefactor of the human race, was given ample time to observe the effect of his words on the assemblage. As one man they leaned forward, enthralled, expectant, eager to catch every syllable which fell from the lips of the profound thinker before them. Ever since one warm day in 1918 they had been awaiting this opportunity, the moment when they should receive a message—a sign—from the outside world. The time was indeed ripe.

"The Hongoulian," began the revered Dr. Bimpo, "derives his name from the rocky country of Hongoulia (pointing at random to a map of Arizona) where he makes his home. Hongoulia is a wild jungle country, essentially rocky, and surrounded completely by high and almost impassable mountains. Its rivers are swift and well nigh unnavigable. Its vegetation is profuse. The Hongoulian trees grow to a very great height, and are in many instances completely enveloped by a curious vine known to the natives as the 'kuma'. The underbrush

Corn Belt Papers —III

Some Fragmental Essays on the Jolly Life

BY T. P. BOURLAND

I. Reveille



LMER'S cowbell brings me sitting bolt upright as usual, on the wrong side of the bed. Instantly sour reflection crowds unconsciousness to the wall, although the eyes see not. In an hour I shall be sitting in a Logic class, discussing probability as if I owned the horrid thing. Logic, great Morpheus, at eight of a winter morn! Just Heaven! . . . Comes now a voice from the bath, singing:

Ja-a-a-a-zzz a-mee!

Oh, Professuh, wontcha

Ja-z-z-a-zzz me-ce-ee

and I, dumb-eyed brute, grope for the towel, the fall-down-stairs slippers, the toothpaste, and the logic text. Day has begun.

II. On Relative Prestige

In my many, many leisure hours it has become apparent to me that the classes of people in our booming and blooming little community rate as follows, in the order of prestige, importance, and mayhap usefulness:

1. Great athletes.
 2. Athletes and great politicians.
 3. Politicians and great ragpickers.
 4. Ragpickers and great saxophone virtuosos.
 5. Saxophone players and the Roast Editor.
 6. Active journalists, councilmen, car owners, managers, actors, clowns, spenders, and many others.
 7. Contemporary Boccaccios.
- (And here runs the pale, below which follow:)
8. Vendors of tags and student publications.
 9. The faculty.
 10. Snakes and literary persons.

III. Descriptive of Contemporary Revels

The last half hour of a fraternity dance is, in point of time, forty minutes; yet it ever passes in one tick of the clock. By virtue of scorched rose tissue-paper and certain incantations of saxophones a spell is cast which makes Time of less moment than a shower of confetti, less palpable than the odor of mignonette. In that last half hour the par-
apet of revelry is sealed; the jester of the house is

in his glory, and plays excruciating tricks with a hairnet and a cup of punch. The Prettiest Import has forgotten her spangled gown, and dances with her prettiest eyes downcast, in a Paradise of march and countermarch. The tired Sophomore who did most of the decorating has recovered his wind, and prances and chuckles with the best of them. Encore follows encore, until the House President signals the orchestra over the shoulder of his *dame incon-
nue*—his blind date—at whom he is amused, but with whom he is not precisely pleased. Then there is an end to the music, and no one can believe in that moment that midnight has passed. Then swiftly there is an end of illusion, and in the girls' improvised robe room there are hurried appraisals of shiny noses, guarded comments of a polite nature, French-pastry smiles, a whiff of powder, and the amiable purloining, perhaps, of a souvenir or two. Elsewhere, there is waiting, and much blue smoke, and an oblation, like as not, to Terpsichore.

After that, reunion, and a chattering on the porches while the taxis come and go.

IV. The Scholastic Jingo

Examination; a pox of them! Bane they are to sheep and goat alike. They have no relation with the actual knowledge of the victim; they do not show his knowledge; nay, they do but show it up. They derange the ganglia, thereby producing headaches; they cause crime, break up families, break down strong men, produce cramps, furred tongue, torpid liver, painter's colic, and spots before the eyes——or so I gathered from readings in the Other's Opinions column of the Daily Illini during the week preceding the Late Unpleasantness.

V. A Gruesome Fable

Once upon a time, presumably quite long ago, a youngish gentleman sat at a desk in the Faculty Reserve of the English Seminary, a-reading of the Anatomy of Melancholy. Suddenly the youngish gentleman, whose Daddy had been quite a drinker in the old days, was stricken dead of heart failure. Two years later a young lady entered the Faculty Room in some haste, having forgotten her rubbers (for, as I said, this happened long ago)

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On "Second April"

BY ELLES KRIECKHAUS

*To what purpose, April, do you return again
Beauty is not enough.*

FOR DNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, I find, in her new volume "*Second April*," changed a bit and singing with the showers, not in spite of them. Miss Millay, a graduate of Vassar, would be a member of the neo-Fitzgerald school of poetry if such a school existed, though more charming than any of her brother poets, and is possibly the most gifted of the younger lyricists. She has a peculiar fancy for astounding the passing generation that sits back and reminiscently smokes its cigar. Usually I have found that the passing generation cares not where the ash falls. Those who were with us yesterday preferred to think that modern young folks had no thoughts worth writing and if they did write them no one would read the trash. Being a younger person myself I rather agree with the passing generation and like to see the passing generation fooled, so that it smokes violently and looks round it for a tray. Even a girl in "*Second April*" may be singing—under an umbrella.

Miss Millay handles her "modern atmosphere" in rather a queer way. It has a piquant femininity, which as the old generation would remark, is usually lacking in most women. Like one of those lace and lavender persons working a stenotype; an odd matter-of-fact quality is combined with a charm that is not in the least mechanical—if charm could ever be said to be mechanical. "Burial" is in Miss Millay's best style and spirit:

Mine is a body that should die at sea!
And have for a grave, instead of a grave
Six feet deep and the length of me,
All the water that is under the wave!

And terrible fishes to sieze my flesh,
Such as a living man might fear,
And eat me while I am firm and fresh—
Not wait till I've been dead for a year!

There is an apparent change, since "Renaissance", published in 1917, the year Miss Millay was graduated from Vassar, in her lyric outlook on life. In "God's World", which was one of the lesser poems in the collection she was wont to sing:

Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year,
Lord, I fear
My soul is all but out me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

The dedication to "*Second April*" is called "Spring", and has in it a bit of Miss Millay's later philosophy:

Life in itself
Is nothing.

An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
Such a change in spirit is only natural; we should be glad that in spite of an increasing sadness and disillusion Miss Millay sings, and with grace and beauty.

For there is something acutely poignant and hungering about her search for beauty. With it is that unsatisfied reaction of the man who has been grasping for the moon, and believing he has it, doesn't know what to do with it. The disillusionment is expressed in a song in her case that is in tune with the enchantment that has disappeared and that finds happiness in the fact that the new mood is a natural reaction to life itself. "Persephone" expresses the note of sadness with which "Second April" is tintured:

Be to her, Persephone,
All the things I might not be;
Take her head upon your knee,
She that was so proud and wild,
Flippant, arrogant and free,
She that had no need of me,
Is a little lonely child
Lost in Hell.—Persephone,
Take her head upon your knee;
Say to her, "My dear, my dear,
It is not so dreadful here."

"Alms" is my favorite among Miss Millay's longer verse. I like the piece because it is expressive of her personality. Beginning:

My heart is what it was before,
A house where people come and go, . . .

it clearly interprets the mood of something that is not clear at all—the coquette in a moment of gay

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Poets of the Future—A Review

BY BRUCE WEIRICK



F Mr. Schmittkind's annually heralded volume *The Poets of the Future*, for the year 1920-21, may really be taken as a sign of what is coming. I, for one, that I shall be quite willing to confine my attention to the less heralded but far more glorious poets of the past. As a business venture, or as a kind of all-American clearing house for college poets, this volume may have its uses, but as a thing in itself, and critically considered, it is but thin stuff. I have, to speak truth, found it more a task than a pleasure to read it. Not but that its images are fresh, often; its free verse free—sometimes free as prose itself,—and its variety of theme and metre creditable enough to our courses in metrics and in philosophy. One has a feeling that these writers are indeed poetically *inclined*, and that they often have ideas highly suited to lyrical expression. However, inspiration is another affair, and the union of inspiration and material is a union not here consummated. So much for the negative.

In praise, and temperate praise some of the poems deserve, I should say that about one-fourth of these verses show enough of unity and emotion to be seized clearly and visibly at one reading. One of the best of these simple and felicitous lyrics is one by Samuel Heller of Brown University, a poem similar in tone and beauty to his *Lillies in a Pool* of last year.

Let Us Partake of April

Let us partake of April,
Love, you and I—
The birches in our garden
Throb, white beneath the sky.

The yellow-purple pausies,
The blue forget-me-nots
What gladness now betides them
In their grass-bordered plots!

And many a robin redbreast
Sings just beyond our door—
Let us partake of April,
Ere April is no more.

Several pages of oddities lighten the reading, such as the poems on *Parlour*, the *Hymn of Hate* for men, the Sandbergian *Packing House Poems*,

and the series of rather catty verses on her college mates by Irene Glascock, called *Boarding School*. Our own Mr. Mowery's *Brass Band*, which does for the band what Lindsay did for the negro race and the Salvation Army, deserves honorable mention in this group, and so too do the poems *Cornell Special—Easter Express*, and the Utah blast entitled *So This is Hell*, where hell is imagined as being the place where you get just what you desire most and get it forever. Lem Phillips may be said to make the first team in this class, with his uncomplimentary self-portrait, *A Scholar*, and Bliss Seymour's *Fantasy* is a good example of some of our own summer night poetry here at Illinois. But none of these poems rival the best of last year's collection, and in satire and light society-verse the volume is lamentably weak. It is as though B. L. T. or Arthur Guiterman had never written.

Several poems in prose show us how free our latest free verse is getting. *To Betelgeuse*, is an exaltation of the vast at the expense of the human or divine, and so perhaps its cloudy form is suitable; *The Upper World* is a two-page prose anecdote of a rather silly (or to me it seemed rather silly) Utopia; but the best of the three, and the most striking bit in the book is Samuel Selden's *Worlds and Atoms*. Here we are asked to glimpse worlds within worlds enclosed in a mere atom which a peasant's boot may kick and destroy. The effect is to give us the notion that chance is king of the universe, and that there is no sane purpose at the heart of existence. The young take delight in standing on these unsheltered ramparts of the imagination where they can watch chaos dissolve. Once a man's friends and family grow really dear to him, he is not, I suspect, so apt to greet the unseen with just that sort of a cheer. However, as an example of the imagination running wild in cellular astronomy, it is worth quoting.

Worlds and Atoms

Samuel Selden

Yale University

"I hold in my palm a small ruby. It is composed of a myriad of atoms. Each of these is infinitesimal. But, may it not be merely the sum of other particles, which are in turn composed of atoms yet more minute? And may there not be on the smallest, beasts, plants, and men?"

Along a footpath that wanders into the depths

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A Page of Verse

Regrets

'Tis not that I have loafed through golden hours,
 Though this I did;
 'Tis not that I have trod the path of flowers
 On quests forbid;
 'Tis not that I have lingered long at wine,
 Or loved the dance,
 Or left too oft my offerings at the shrine
 Of fickle Chance—
 'Tis not for these sweet sins of youth I sigh;
 These are to me
 Bright scarlet flashes lighting up the sky
 Of memory.
 Yet still within my heart a host of sad
 Regrets persist
 For those few sweethearts that I might have had—
 And missed.

—Paul Nissley Landis.

My Heart is Like a Little Road

My heart is like a little road
 That will not travel true,
 But travels ever back to join
 The high-road that is you.

But high-roads heed not little roads,
 And neither know nor care
 If little roads return again,
 Or when they go or where.

And only when it's lost itself
 This little road will rest—
 Forlorn on some forgotten moor,
 Or happy on your breast.

—Paul Nissley Landis.

Balm

For a! my hasty words in hot
 Impatience flung, forgive me, dear—
 I had forgot
 How twilight dips on swallows' wings
 Over the breathless fields, and brings,
 Trailing, the evensong of birds;
 How pastures, where the shadowy herds
 Graze quietly, are clothed in purple veils
 Of dusk, with brilliant firefly gleams
 Embroidered; and sweet calm prevails.

I had forgot my many dreams
 Of tranquil things: the majesty
 Of mighty trees in reverie,
 The flow of water through the grass,
 The little fragrances that pass
 Upon the wind—for these restore
 My soul to simple kindliness once more.

Green-Gold Sea

I.

I stand alone on a surf-swept shore,
 In the hush of waking day:
 The shattering seas on toward me roar,
 And my face is wet with spray.

A pale gold silk—the unrisen sun
 Like an aura glorious follows,
 And thought of gossamer, fancy-spun,
 To wish to wander grows.

I want to go where the dawn is born,
 To the roaming call respond;
 To set my course for the land of Morn,
 To sail Out, Away, Beyond.

My surging thoughts as the winds are free,
 And bid me follow the green-gold sea.

II.

I stand alone in the red sunset
 Of a swiftly waning day.
 I find again that my face is wet,
 But with else than salt sea spray.

The purple flux of a sunken sun
 Through the fane of Heav'n descends;
 The thought of gossamer, fancy-spun,
 By a single wisp suspends.

For I have dreamed in a youthful way
 And my youthful days are gone:
 The vision fades with the fading day,
 Though its birth was one with Dawn.

The surging thoughts that arose in me
 Are dead, gone out on a green-gold sea.

—Q. G. Burris.

Apologia

What though of late we've scarcely met,
 And each has smiled on other loves;
 Does wanderer forget
 His home, however far he roves?

Hearts are gipsies in the spring,
 Knowing not a fixed abode;
 But half the joy of wandering
 Is coming back the homeward road.

—Paul Nissley Landis.



Lizzie really detests the dying wails of foiled suitors, and is not especially keen with the present outlook. Tommy is bound to react rather badly, but then what can she do? He is a nice boy, but then, he's only a mere Tau Phi. Such social debasement would never do, never



The gentleman in the swagger stick and Sam Browne is busy complimenting the War Department, whose most noble move in years was to allow as aforesaid Sam Browne to be worn by each R.O.T. C. shavetail. He is so busy that he fails to see various friends pass by.

OUR SUPERIOR



Lida, who does not were good friends "back rushing had cleared aw proud possessors of fin houses. Clarice is now who stuck to home etc., dear, straight through t



Petey, the lad in the toque, used to ha hair. Indeed the folks at home thought the association with Illinois' elite, has shown Pe

GENERATION



in the picture, and Clarice
But when the smoke of
girls found themselves the
privileges in two different
d in handing it to Lida,
seminars. Says she: "Yes,
nior Ball!"



"dates" with Ethelinda, the lady with the bobbed
rs had a "case", but Ethelinda ,after two month's
east, that such was not the case.



Peggie and Reggie are leading some class
affair. Of course he did cast a lot of muck in
the most recent campaign, and Peggie did vote
for the other candidate, but then everybody
can not be leaders of the dance. And they
both admit that they dance very well.

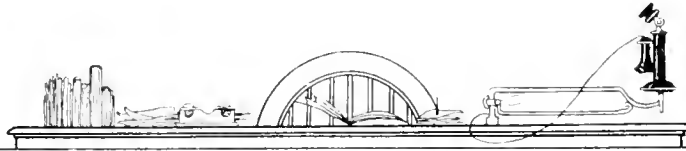


These young people, ah, well, they are
both so superior—in their own minds. But
there is nothing so unpleasant to a superi-
or person as to have to associate with an-
other of the same brood : : Willy is al-
ready beginning to doubt his wisdom, and it
is safe to say that they will not stay for the
last dance.

THE · · · ILLINOIS · · · MAGAZINE

EDITORIALS

O. D. BURGE
Editor



C. E. WHITING
Bus. Manager

It is the inalienable privilege of all University publications to browbeat the undergraduate student body. It is the peculiar, self-arrogated, but inalienable privilege of the *Illinois Magazine* to teach, reprove, reprimand, and admonish all other Campus journals. Therefore, good naturedly,

* * * *

We think that the *Illini* is a bit fatuous at times.

Recall that husky volume of editorial and news matter written about dirty politics. The *Illini* seems to assume that outside of a few amateur alderman from the Greek letter wards, there ought to exist something like a general interest in Campus politics. Our spectacles may be stove lids, but we cannot understand how our brethren of G.C.N. can, with such desperate seriousness, maintain such a doctrine—or perhaps they are ironic. Otherwise, it seems impossible to explain the vast amount of paternal advice, implied or actual, squandered upon the masses. That is comparable only to the energies of T. A. C. in regulating the idiosyncratic amusements, study hours, and bank accounts of us intellectual fledglings.

Solemnly, the *Illini* urges the proletariat to busy itself in campus scullduggery. Uncomplainingly, the plodding masses come to know that its Vote has about as much influence as today's firecracker had on the Declaration of Independence. Bald-facedly, the *Illini* urges the Four Million to use its Vote to remedy the situation. . . . !

Surely there must be irony in all this, or else the *Illini* is poking fun at the mental capacities of the average student, who has as much to do with politics as a canary has with hydrostatics. Politics is for the initiated. An outsider venturing into the realm of office seekers is usually given a strong, uplifting caress upon the seat of his political breeches, and left to go home in a barrel. Which is as it should be.

After all, why bother? The stakes are not great. If we are regularly gulled out of our Cotillion tickets; if we annually observe the sophomores and seniors at the Prom, and the freshmen at the Senior Breakfast, probably; and if we speculate mildly concerning that inscrutable providence which presides over our change at the cloak room concessions, what boots it? In national business, most of us Americans vote for fear that the succeeding government might tax us out of our shoe laces. But in Campus affairs the situation is simpler. If most of us were genuinely interested in the political hocus-pocus which gives us our tickets, or fails to; or which steals our dues, or, unaccountably fails to steal them, we could soon settle the matter. We could settle it, if by no other means, than by perpetrating our own shindig. It would be an easy enough task to organize our own Klan, with a Grand Karnivorous Klaxon as head, and throw something like a cotillion of our own.

Politics is not vital.

Why rattle the bones? Why tintinnabulate the castanets? The *Illinois Magazine* has a cure for everything. We propose that Illinois be operated on and the politics removed. Very easy, a gross of pins should be ordered, a very simple business, truly. They should all be above a quarter in size, might very well be made in different colors so as to match the new paint-spattered spring suits, and of course, they all would all have to be inscribed with some sort of undecipherable insignia or series of letters. Then, when an election had taken place, the victors, and the losers, too, could be lined up from Uni Hall to the Auditorium, decorated with two or more pins, and immediately fired! After the sad firing, a permanent set of officials, appointed by T. A. C., would talk over all executive powers.

With characteristic modesty, we maintain that the scheme outlined has manifold advantages. In

the first place, since it is impossible to criticize a University official or his appointee, the *Illini* would be saved many valuable columns of news and editorial space—not the least consideration, certainly. Our plan would allow the alternate on the committee for choosing the color of freshmen Mixer tickets to do a little magnificent strutting before Mabel and the folks back home. It would provide for the more or less efficient administration of all matters. It would, moreover, keep the slush fund in one house, which, we understand, is a good principle.

The *Illinois Magazine* does not object to graft. It objects to talking about such unesthetic subjects. Now if we had been on the Cotillion committee . . . we would now be clothed in the purple robes of luxury . . . and there would have been no scandal mongering. What the devil! It must make a state senator tremble with disgust when he realizes that the institution he sponsors is fostering such *impractical* shysters.

It was once commanded, *Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor*. That has been improved, or at any rate, modified. *Sell all that thou hast and build a foundation in central Illinois*.

* * * *

Illinois is to have more foundations. The first three or four have been successful, evidently. Success invites competition; competition is the life. . . but that is no matter. The Carpenter of Galilee is supporting more of us by his example than he ever could have done by his labor. Splendid!

However, keep your eye on the cue ball, for this little squib has reverse English. Take warning! In spite of which we are serious, a little, and frank as we can be. In fact, with a seriousness almost painful to the undergraduate mind, we suggest that the religious organizations about the Campus would be doing more definite, genuine service to Illinois, if instead of expensively multiplying buildings and libraries, the sugar coating on the salvation pill, they raised a few millions as a loan fund for needy students. Such an action, we really believe, would stand in the annals of organized religion as an example of almost unparalleled worth. Such a fund would be a living, self-perpetuating monument to the moral sincerity of the organizations sponsoring it. And in case the impulse toward sectarianism must be served, then the church establishing the fund could confine the beneficiaries to those people doing obeisance to their particular theological credo.

* * * *

One of the proposed foundations is to have an extensive dormitory for students of its faith. A step in the right direction.

The *Illinois Magazine* is undone. No sooner do we spend a night in writing out our compliments to the *Illini*, than the morning's issue carries an editorial with which—the Saints save us!—we cannot help but agree. Very unfair. The *Illini* can change its opinions and tone six times a week. We are limited to once a month. Doggon.

Anent the honor system. "Don't ask for rights. Take 'em, an' don't let anny wan give 'em to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin has somethin' the matter with it."—Mr. Dooley. We bel-lowed for our rights.

But note, we were told that if we persisted in leaving the room during an examination we would have the proctor system down on our heads. Under the proctor system no one can leave the room during an examination. . . .

Says H. L. Mencken, his gorge rising at the very thought of professors and undergraduates, "External critics of the American university—that is, the first-grade universities of the East. . . make the mistake, it seems to me, of considering it purely as a hall of unqualified metaphysics when it is in reality more or less a hall of social metaphysics. The American college is a social institution before it is an institution of learning. . . . If the American university doesn't teach a man wisdom, it at least teaches him how to loiter though life gracefully, and how to make the other man do his work, and how to laugh and sing, and how to make love, and how to remember just a little more romantically than another man, and how to smile tolerantly and pleasantly at his critics. My own university gave me no learning. . . ."

THE RETICULE

The University of Illinois From 1892 to 1922

By DANIEL KILHAM DODGE



AS we approach the end of a period we are inclined to pause and look back at its beginning and note the many changes that time has brought about. So, following this natural bent, as I approach the end of a period of three decades spent at this University, I turn my thoughts back thirty years to recall the impressions of a time when the University had but recently reached its majority and we were both young together.

The first impression is that of the relative smallness of the institution in 1892, when its student body was little more than half the present faculty enrollment and the whole faculty numbered considerably fewer than any one of several of our present departments. We should remember, however, that all universities were small then as judged by present standards and therefore this University did not seem as small then as it appears in retrospect.

An almost greater contrast to the present was offered on the material side. I recall my considerable nervousness while walking across open beams on the top floor of the Natural History Building, then nearing completion, under the conduct of its architect, Professor Ricker. The only buildings in use then, besides University Hall, were the Chemistry Building, now occupied by the College of Law, the engineering shops, later destroyed, and the Armory, now the Gym Annex. Even University Hall was not confined to academic use; three rooms in the basement serving as the home of our devoted janitor, Mr. Baker.

But if the University was small it was far from being insignificant, for nobody including as many striking personalities as that little band of forty can be regarded as insignificant. Many of these early colleagues are still living, some of them in actual service, but I wish to speak here of three, all members of the original faculty from 1868-1869, whose friendship I shall always regard as one of the greatest privileges of my life, Dr. T. J. Burrill, Pro-

fessor S. W. Shattuck and Professor Edward Snyder. It would be hard to find three men in the same profession that were greater contrasts in many respects, but they were alike in their unbending integrity, in their unfailing courtesy and in their devotion to this institution, to which they gave the best part of their lives. They were all enthusiastic and successful teachers, whom older graduates recall with respect, admiration and affection.

Professor Shattuck's activity was evenly divided between teaching mathematics and the conduct of the business of the University, for which he established a high standard of accuracy and efficiency, which has ever since been kept up. He had served brilliantly as a captain in the Civil War and to the end he preserved a military bearing and a certain personal distinction that commanded general respect. Dr. Draper once said of him, "What a fine type of gentleman he is; if he did nothing else it would be worth while to the state of Illinois to pay him his salary just to have him on the campus as a visible example to young men." A sympathetic and informing sketch of Professor Shattuck by Dean Clark was published in *The Alumni Quarterly* for July, 1915.

Professor Snyder filled many responsible positions, including that of Commandant of the regiment and dean of the College of Literature, as it was then called. Although he was a man of fine culture he never felt the urge to publish. To him scholarship was not a means but an end to itself. My most vivid recollection of him is seeing him walking in the hall of the third floor of University Hall, talking seriously or humorously with some student. He struck me then, as he strikes me now, many years after his death, as a sort of genial grandfather of the student body. Accompanying Dean Clark's sketch of Professor Shattuck in *The Alumni Quarterly* is an address delivered by me at the unveiling of Mr. Lorado Taft's fine bust of Professor Snyder, now in the entrance hall of the Woman's building. In the brief words spoken on that occasion I tried to present what appeared to me to

be Professor Snyder's outstanding qualities of geniality, sense of honor, deep culture, military skill and strength of character.

Dr. Burrill, through his epoch-making research in the pear blight, which led to the establishment of a new branch of bacteriology, won recognition as one of the most eminent scientists in the world. I prefer, however, to recall him here as the kindly, sympathetic friend, who, after the manner of really big men, was wholly unspoiled by success. His devotion to this institution is best shown by a remark I once heard him make, "I should consider it a personal insult to be offered a position anywhere else." Probably few of the present generation of students and not all of the faculty realize the appropriateness of the name Burrill Avenue, for all of its fine elms, which are the chief ornament of our campus, were set out under the personal direction of Dr. Burrill. It would be entirely fitting to place on one of these trees a tablet with the inscription, "If

you would see my monument, look about you." Dr. Burrill was not only a careful student of tree diseases, but he was also an enthusiastic lover of trees. I recall his once remarking that to many people all trees of the same species looked alike. To him a tree had almost as much individuality as a person. I can imagine no more appropriate permanent memorial to Dr. Burrill than the establishment of a fund, so sorely needed now, for the protection of the trees of the campus and the two cities.

And now a final word of a more general character in closing these rambling recollections. On coming here thirty years ago I was especially impressed by two things, the perfect harmony in the faculty, a virtue not found in every university, and the extremely pleasant and intimate relations between the faculty and the student body. These are two fine university traits, which I am glad to be able to recognize as still characterizing the University of Illinois in 1922.

Students and the Studious Life

H. S. V. JONES

Some time ago a prominent publicist observed that teachers, who spend much of their lives questioning pupils, should themselves cheerfully entertain the questions of parents. In our interrogative age one does not see how they can well escape. Trade secrets are not what they used to be, and our spirit of inquiry is obstinate and relentless. But since it was not in answer to the well-known Missouriian demand that St. John saw a new heaven and a new earth, the teacher beset with questions and questionnaires may perhaps wonder whether American education does not need an apocalypse rather than an investigation.

Should I presume to interrogate a fellow-teacher in regard to his craft, my first question would concern the faith that is in him. And then if I found him begging questions while I simply asked them, I should be disposed to allow him this traditional privilege of faith. The *petitio principii* has indeed been one of the most useful fallacies in the spiritual life of the race, as will appear upon inquiry into any of the great systems of religion and ideal philosophy. It has been whispered that even pragmatism and modern pedagogy have been unable to make progress without it. There is at least hope for a generation that believes and begs questions, whereas one largely concerned with asking them is lapsing into its second childhood.

When in reciting my own question-begging edu-

cational creed I come to the antiquated article which declares that the chief business of our universities is to make scholars, my mind turns to those students of exceptionally strong and independent purpose who have had the wisdom and the courage to set themselves against the strong tide of vocational education. Professor Palmer, who is one of the most satisfying American examples of the gentleman and the scholar, has told us of one of these. "There was a student at Harvard," he writes, "who had been a high scholar with me, and I found that he was also so specializing in the classics that when he graduated he took classical honors. Some years later I learned that he was one of the highest scholars in the Medical School. Meeting him a few years after he had entered the profession, I asked, 'How did it happen that you changed your mind so markedly? You devoted yourself to classics and philosophy in college. What made you finally decide to become a physician?' 'Finally decide?' said he, 'Why, from childhood up I never intended to be anything else.' 'But,' I persisted, 'I cannot be mistaken in recalling that you devoted yourself in college to classics and philosophy.' 'Yes', he said, 'I did, because I knew I should never have another chance at these subjects. I was going to give the rest of my life to medicine, so I took those years for classics and philosophy.' I asked, 'Wasn't that a great mistake; haven't you now found out your

blunder?" "Oh no," said he, "I am a much better physician on that account; I could not have done half so well if I hadn't had all that training in philosophy and classics."

Lest, unconvinced by the contention of this attractive young man, some educationist, who has garnered and tabulated the replies to countless questionnaires, should still think that it is idle for a prospective physician to light candles on such old and neglected altars as the classics and philosophy, I will proceed to a further quotation from another American gentleman and scholar. "Is it an impossible ideal," writes Mr. Bliss Perry, that genial expositor and exponent of the amateur spirit, "this combination of qualities, this union of the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional? In the world of disciplined national endeavour upon which we are entering, why may not the old American characteristics of versatility, spontaneity, adventurousness still persist? These are the traits that fit one to adjust himself readily to unforeseen conditions, to meet new emergencies. They will be even more valuable in the future than in the past, if they are employed to supplement, rather than to be substituted for, the solid achievements of professional industry."

American education should indeed be true to American character, not as condescending foreigners see it but as it is. It should avail itself of our versatility and our spirit of adventure at the same time that it turns our practical spirit to material account. Over-emphasis upon a narrow vocational curriculum is objectionable because it is un-American. It has lost sight of the resourcefulness and the idealism which are our national heritage, the call of the open sea and the broad frontier to which we have so often responded. It is untrue to the pioneer spirit, which is at bottom one of healthy culture, of an eager curiosity and restless inquiry. Our education in a word should be as liberal as our traditions and as broad as our outlook. And our traditions counsel us while our outlook invites us to unite "the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional."

Such a union may be promoted by recognizing the true end of education, whether liberal or vocational. That end is to make scholars. Now a scholar is distinguished from a pedant by the generosity of his spirit and from a dilettante by the rigor of his method. If so-called liberal education produces dilettantes because its end is vaguely seen and its means loosely articulated, vocational education produces mere practitioners because of its short-sighted practical spirit. Few graduates of our professional schools have the habit of study and the love of learning; and yet without this love and these habits

the professional man is a slave to his profession. If he has them, he is ever in quest of new ideas, ready to adjust himself to changing conditions and new demands, applying his powers of analysis to the increasingly complicated problems that every professional man must face. Without the zest of the intellectual life, though successful today he will be out of the running tomorrow. If the purpose of vocational education is to help a man to help himself, there should be no antagonism between humanistic and vocational disciplines.

But to inform our work with the scholar's spirit it is no more important than to employ that spirit to redeem our leisure. "A great need of modern industrial society," ex-President Eliot has said, "is intellectual pleasure or pleasures which, like music, combine delightful sensations with the gratifications of observation, association, memory, and sympathy." Whatever a person's calling, his liberal preferences and needs should be developed, unless he is to be helpless on every holiday or largely dependent on the automobile, national baseball, or other substitutes for intelligent recreation. If we are properly educated for our leisure hours, they may become the heaven of our lives. A self-supporting interest in things of the mind, cultivated sympathies, habits of reflection, an appetite for ideas should provide such household fountains as those from which Tennyson drank deep in the discursive talk of the Hallam family. A hobby, intelligently selected and devotedly pursued, has sweetened many a life that would otherwise have missed the finer satisfactions and often known the bitterness of "trying to have a good time".

Doubtless we need the spice of contrast to give flavour to both work and play. What fragrance his rose garden must have lent to the leisure hours of that unwearied scholar, Professor Francis J. Child! What bracing winds from the clear altitudes of the Alps must have refreshed the studious days of the great rationalist and mountain-climber, Leslie Stephen! That a reflective mind can do much for even so humble a pastime as angling is a matter of very pleasant literary record. And while the recluse on occasion goes to tend his roses, climb his mountains, or play his trout, how delightful for tired men of affairs to repair to those roadside inns of tranquillity where we put off like a garment the impertinencies of business and where the illustrious and neglected dead will often seem to us more vital than the most efficient of the living.

Education, then, does not realize its true purpose until it cultivates in the interest of our work and our leisure the studious and reflective mind, the sympathetic imagination. To attain this end it should be well-ordered, disciplinary, and liberal. Its

product would be not the mere practitioner but the inveterate student, the authentic humanist, receptive of ideas, curious, variously inquiring. He would love to study and he would know how; and he would carry his reflective and sympathetic mind into both his work and his pastimes. Mental discipline would have given him mental versatility, so that he would be resourceful in his vocation and responsive in his hours of leisure to the appeals of science, poetry, and philosophy. For there is not one discipline but many, each calling into play faculties that need to be developed. Varying in intensity with the subject and with the purpose for which it is pursued, these several disciplines should unite to foster the studious life.

The elective system in its earlier stages, undertaking to satisfy many miscellaneous and wanton desires, made education wasteful. We have had—perhaps we still have—something too much of education of that sort. A system that will cultivate both liberal and professional interests with a view in each case to the claims of the studious life will be economical. It should lead to fewer “studies” and more study. At present we are crushed by the weight of educational machinery. The alert and resourceful mind is not a frequent product of our system. Taste we seldom educate. Humdrum work and empty leisure are too frequently the products of a system that has let the claims of the practitioner and the dilettante displace those of the gentleman and the scholar.

Poets of the Future

(Continued from Page 14)

of a mountain trudges an old peasant. The sun blazes and he moves slowly . . .

With every step, within the tiny atom-universe of a steel peg in his right boot heel, aeons pass. Astral dust contracts into atom star-suns; worlds spring into being, evolve in their varied life, rush through their ages, and crumble into ashes—all again to feel the quickening spirit of the universe and live new eras.

The great boot stumbles against a stone. At once a hundred million comets dart upward through the little universe.

On a planet in one of the larger solar systems of this universe the most renowned astronomer of his day is gazing through his giant telescope at a particularly brilliant comet. He reaches down and moves a small lever. The immense bulk of the multi-complicated machine, result of centuries of inventive science, swings light as a feather to the touch—perfectly balanced.

A small sand flea, blown from the ground be-

low, crawls slowly across the huge upper lens. Midway the glassy desert it stops a moment to brush its wings. A minute particle of dust falls to the glass with an ethereal clink. As it strikes, the myriad systems of the atom universe within it rush and crack in a vast confusion of fire. Lightning flashes, with the roar and crack of thunder. Flames, billions of “miles” in height dart and leap through space, and the whole seethes in a boiling tumult.

In a large cathedral on one of the tiny worlds as yet untouched in this chaos, huddles a mass of trembling, moaning people, of whom many lie white and unconscious. The rich calm voice of a priest sounds through the building, and the people bow in prayer. The ground reeds heavily, the great cathedral crashes, and black silence reigns supreme . . .

The old peasant slowly sits up and ruefully rubs a bruised elbow. “Damn that stone!” he mutters.

— — — — —

If this makes you dizzy, the poem is a success. If it doesn't, I fear that *you* are not a success, or that you are a conventional common-sense kind of person, unsuited to contemplating atomic vistas—which is the same thing. This, however, is about the only star shooting in the volume. Most of the rest of it will roar you to sleep as gently as any suckling dove. And so if the reader wishes to buy modern poetry, he will do better to buy Masefield, who almost alone today deserves the title of this book. He, and not the writers in this anthology, is a Poet of the Future.

April

(Continued from Page 8)

“Yeah—some bunk. Highbrow love gives me a pain. Wonder why she doesn't sport his pin?”

“They probably haven't thought of it yet. Well, I hope they're are happy.”

“Prob'ly are. Everybody's alike when they get that way. I guess they're all after the same thing. How long d'yuh think this one will last?”

The couple drifted out, and Harl and Marg soon followed. But the dance had lost its pleasure. Each had a feeling of stiffness and constraint. They might laugh, and say they didn't care, but the fairy spell was broken. The glowing moment faded into darkness.

As they left, Marg said, “Take me home,” and they both understood.

. . . . Ah, the dreary rose-leaves drift along the shore.
Wind among the roses, blow no more.

Backyards

(Continued from Page 10)

very unobtrusiveness. His modesty concerning his scientific work is refreshing. The knowledge he possesses of fields unrelated to astronomy is astonishing, a continual source of wonder to me. After conversing with other men who have a little scientific knowledge and try to spread it out to cover all branches of learning it is soul-satisfying to find one who displays socratic ignorance. That man's back yard is full of interesting things. First, of course, is the observatory, not a neat, white-domed building wherein one may expect to find a polished telescope with rows of eye pieces lined up in martial order, but a square frame building with a sliding roof, designed and built by the astronomer himself. This is his work shop. He never allows anyone to enter unaccompanied by himself. So far as I know, it is never cleaned except when his wife insists that he take a broom and dust cloth out and "give it a good cleaning". I have my secret doubts as to the quality of house cleaning he gives it, for he has always insisted that he keeps the dust off the instruments and pieces he uses, and those he does not use may as well be dusty. Accordingly, his eye pieces, which he keeps in a dust-covered cigar box, are immaculate. The tube of the telescope is enameled black. He grew tired of trying to keep it polished, he said, and so painted it with an enamel that requires only the annual dusting to keep it satisfactorily clean. There is one chair in the little place. It is, as a rule, fairly clean since he uses it frequently. The other instruments, spectroscopes and field glasses, are clean or dusty according to the frequency with which they are used.

The observatory is, of course, the central fact of this particular back yard. Everything else is there with special regard to its relation to that building. I remember a heated discussion that took place between my friend and his wife over a cherry tree that was so unfortunate as to obstruct the astronomer's view. He insisted that the thing be cut down, especially since it was partly dead. His wife insisted that it still bore fruit and should be allowed to stand; besides, she said, it made a lovely place to hang the gourd or wren's nest. A compromise was effected. The tree still stands, but the dead part has been carefully cut out (with it, some of the live part, for the astronomer did the cutting). His view is now only half obstructed, as he says, and he is cheerfully waiting for the rest of the tree to die.

A sun dial stands in this back yard alone, un-surrounded by the fragrant old fashioned garden that seems so necessarily to accompany a sun dial in stories. This one, as I said, is isolated. It has

no carved motto declaring that it "only marks the hours that shine". The signs of the zodiac are there, however, chasing each other around in a circle in the most approved scientific manner. I have often wondered what would happen if the fish should some day catch the ram it is so furiously chasing.

A different sort of scientific back yard is found directly across the street from the astronomer. A quiet old man lives there with his two daughters. This man is of a very noted scientific family, and, although he has not achieved eminence equal to that of some of his relatives, he is a neighborhood celebrity. The yard back of his little cottage is a compact flower garden. There the old man had laid out rows and rows of the most delicious old fashioned flowers. They are all there—all that he with his tender care can persuade to grow in this climate. The rows are not long, parallel ones, like rows of soldiers. They end abruptly and begin again, perhaps a foot away, leaving room for a small path between the sections. The path angles unexpectedly, as if the little man had tried to surprise his visitors continually with the sharp turn. Any one who visits him is forced to carry away a nosegay made up of the choicest flowers and selected with the most discriminating care. Sometimes the old man will carry a blossom up to the house where he will put it under his powerful microscope and show one the strand of pearls—fairy pearls, if one happens to be a child—in its center.

One of the most interesting back yards is that belonging to an old friend of mine who recently moved to this town. A modest florist's establishment had been maintained in the house some time ago and after the florist became insolvent the green house was allowed to fall to pieces in the back yard. The ruins were cleared away, but the soil with the many plants in it was allowed to remain. Last spring when the plants were coming up, my friend and wife amused themselves by guessing what each would be. Now more plants are revealing their identity every day. My friend's wife insists that she is going to turn gardener and tend each plant. So far, her husband tells me, she has been afraid to pick a single weed—fearful that she will pull up some valuable plant. The lady also has a mania for saving peach seeds. Every time she eats an especially delicious peach she puts the seed away with hundreds of others. I have seen only part of her collection, and I am quite sure that if she were to plant all those seeds she would have enough trees to start a large peach orchard. Since they have lived there she has planted at least a dozen of them—all around the edge of the back yard. I can imagine the delight with which the tramps of

ten years from now will greet the appearance of a row of peach trees with ripe peaches on them, standing along the alley fence.

When I was a child I lived in a wonderful back yard. It had a flower garden. I remember that because it was a place where I was not allowed to play, but I have no idea what flowers grew there. On the other side of the stepping-stone walk was a vegetable garden. I do remember the vegetables that grew there for my mother insisted that I stay at home Saturday mornings to weed it. It was a plebeian garden, I know now, although at that time I thought it tyrannical. It was characterized by the vulgarity of carrots and parsnips and, yes, by the frankness of onions. The gardens were at the back of the lot. In front of them, between the grape arbor near the house that bore purple grapes and the one in front of the gardens that bore white grapes, was a large open space. The part on the right side of the walk belonged to my sister—it was her play house, and the left side was *mine*.

My side was many things to me, but I remember it most as a pirate cave. Mother had an old canvas awning that she let me have to hang over two parallel clothes lines to form the top and sides of the cave. There with my subordinate chiefs, I took counsel regarding the attack on royal passers-by or there divided the spoils of victory—often the results of a raid on the ice box.

There I grew up. I have never outgrown my back yard and it pleases me to imagine that everyone has within his inmost soul the spirit of the back yard of his childhood. The court of the monastery is the pirate cave of the man with the glorious imagination, the astronomer's cave is his observatory, that of the little old botanist, his garden, and so on down the list. The only person who has lost his back yard is the convention-bound millionaire. His front yard merely extends around to the back.

Corn Belt Papers—III

(Continued from Page 12)

and she inadvertently jostled the youngish gentleman. The dry parchment flesh of the youngish gentleman dropped from his skeleton, whereat the young lady gave voice to an exclamation of astonishment and departed thence, forgetting her rubbers a second time.

VI. Brief Discourses on Girls

I have a certain curiosity about matters which I cannot understand. This is, I am told, a not uncommon trait. By reason of this curiosity, I maintain an interest in such things as medieval stained

glass, the book of Revelations, pollywogs, Ford transmissions, Emmanuel Kant, vodka, chess, mat weaving, adding machines, thousand-island sauce, journalism, college spirit, attar of roses, incubators, Walt Whitman, grape sherbert, the fourth dimension, girls.

VII. Some Remarks on The Snob

A snob always expects you to remember his name, deeds and antecedents, after you have met him once.

A snob never remembers your names, deeds, and antecedents after he has met you once.

Jones is a snob because he says "How d'you do?" instead of "Hello!" Smith is a snob because he has a motor. Johnson is a snob because he belongs to a snobbish fraternity. Brown is a snob because he plays around with Jones, Smith, and Johnson.

A snob either dresses well on account of personal vanity, or ill because of indifference to opinion.

Any Phi Beta Kappa is a snob, unless he drinks alcoholic beverages.

Snobbishness is a characteristic of all college men other than those attending Illinois.

VIII. Ash Trays

Should I fall among usurers, and be slowly and inexorably stripped of my possessions, one by one, the last of the *lares et penates** to decorate the shelf of Shylock would most certainly be my ash-tray.

*No familiar essay complete without at least one *lares et penates*.

It is not beautiful, my ash tray. It is squat, rectangular, grooved, and heavy. It is of that brindle-green ilk with which novelty shops of the arty persuasion so often entice the wedding guest. It is rough and sandy from long usage. And—O covetous reader—it has my name inked solidly across its base. No, it is not beautiful—but my attachment to it is that of Little Eva to Uncle Tom, of Ernest to the Great Stone Face, of Caliban to Setebos, of President Harding to the Bible—which work, says an advertisement in a recent *American Magazine*, is highly commended by the great Republican.

As I presently write, this ash tray squats at my elbow, fuming a little, and keeping me company. In it is a hell's pudding of pipe ash, raisined with the stubs of various cigarettes—a hell's pudding which, were it not for the presence of Vesuvius (for so I name it) would be all about the floor. For more than two years little Vesuvius served me so, never cracking, never falling off the table, never peeling, flaking, melting, nor giving any sign of ennui or cowardice. For more than two years it

has kept by me, enduring the ebb and flow of tobacco tides with the patience of Ocean. It is a friend. It endures me. I endure it. We stand together.

Verily, now that I consider it, any ash tray has a tendency to become the center of genial activity in its vicinity. Mr. Sam Pepless, that mad wag, has in his quarters an ash receiver which, in spite of its absurd and inutile design, is the natural center of all conversations and arguments. It is a wooden plank, shaped and painted to the rude likeness of a colored bell-boy, in whose arms rests the moulded glass dish which is the ash-tray proper. I do not admire the worthy Sam's taste—but that is not to the point. The point, however, is evident: that no matter how ridiculous an ash-tray is, it has, *per se*, a certain worthiness and dignity and importance.

Nay . . . my rule is tested, for I mind an exception. There is a small, red, crockery ash-tray I know, owned and maintained by Doctor Weirick. My friend Spurs, a young writer of the Zane Gray school, names it the "Little red god called Guts". It, among all the ash trays I know, is useless. It fumes and belches, overflows, burns one's fingers, turns over if one speaks harshly to it. It is one devil-spittire of an ash tray. Yet the Doctor says that he likes it well, and would not trade it away.

Have ash-trays souls, I wonder?

T. P. B.—The Roycroft in Literature

(Continued from Page 9)

has, nevertheless, the soul of an artist. He seems to be striving perpetually to lift himself toward some clearer apprehension of the subtler outlines of life than is accorded those around him who have accommodated themselves to a more flaccid rule of life.

And so, I would have you thinking of Theodore as one possessed of, and not unconscious of, the highly interesting attribute of temperament; whose one eye observes acutely the human scene about him, as he pastes mental labels upon the healthy young animals at the fraternity house, the gentle flapper, the piddling professor, while the other he turns in eagerly upon the cauldron of his own soul. But the watchpot has not boiled yet, in spite of frequent encouraging eruptions. Until the pot abandons its proverbial tranquility, let us hail him as our most successful and deft artisan of literary bric-a-brac. Gladly I gather rosebuds to crown our most distinguished literary representative of the Roycroft Shops, East Aurora, N. Y.

The Elixir of Life

(Continued from Page 5)

So that was what women admired in men? He folded his arms and tentatively fingered his own puny biceps. Why couldn't he have been born a big husky instead of a hundred and nine pounder? Why did the fates choose him for the most insignificant runt of runts? Why——?

"Bardwell, I don't believe you're listening to me."

A more experienced son of society would have protested earnestly that he was listening, but Bardwell had not learned that there is any difference between truthfulness and tact, so he said, "Why, no, I guess I wasn't. I was thinking about something else."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Bardwell said, "I guess I'd better be going now."

"I've had an awfully nice time this evening, Bardwell."

"Thanks—uh—so've I."

He stood awkwardly turning the straw hat around and around in his hands, wondering what he should say next.

"Well, I guess I'd better be going," he repeated, and turned to go down the steps. "G'bye."

As he walked toward the street, he was thinking again "Strong man! So that's what they like?" And in that minute was born the ambition that put Bardwell Bibbs down with Caesar and Napoleon as a man who suffered because he was ambitious.

II

A week after Bardwell's first adventure in high society, he was still in quest of something that would make him strong. Then, as if some kind act of providence had sent what he most needed, a travelling man came into Hooker's Drug Store one day and left behind him a copy of the Police Gazette. Bardwell seized on it in his spare moments, and after reading the advertisements for fifteen minutes, he discovered that there was no need of being a weakling, either mentally or bodily, for here it told of a thousand remedies that were sure cures for every ailment under the sun. Here, for example, were "Dr. Pe's Pepo Pills, that put the punch in puny people." Here was "Lepso", an unfailing remedy for epilepsy, catalepsy, leprosy, and any other disease of similar spelling or sound, apparently. Here it told of other wonderful cures, column upon column of them.

What interested Bardwell most was a little space in an obscure corner, in which was advertised the most marvellous treatise on medical practice that the English language had ever seen, a book which contained simple home remedies for every

malady of the human organism, all for the ridiculously low sum of sixty cents. That night, Bardwell began his muscle building campaign by ordering this wonderful book of medical science.

The ensuing week was one of suspense for the would-be Hercules. Then the book came, and he was deep in its almanac-paper pages for two days. He was surprised to learn how many diseases he already had in a pronounced and dangerous form, but he decided to devote his energies to becoming a man of might first, and then to curing his other troubles.

On page 116, he found the following:

The Elixir of Life

"Discovered by the late Dr. Phineas Phishe, as an absolute certain remedy for general debility, low vitality, weak, flabby muscles, nervousness, lack of energy, loss of ambition, nervous headaches, dyspepsia, general digestive disorders, low spirits, and all other diseases or maladies of the nervous, digestive, and muscular systems, as well as a general tonic for non-specific disorders.

"Mix the following ingredients thoroughly and let stand for three weeks:

Nuxated iron	3 ounces
Grape sugar	2 pounds
or	
Raisins	4 pounds
Yeast	2 cakes
Water	2 gallons

"Take in doses of $\frac{1}{4}$ pint once a day."

It sounded like a home brew recipe to Bardwell, but whoever heard of home brew with nuxated iron in it? Besides, the famous Dr. Phishe had recommended it, and although Bardwell did not have the least idea who the gentleman might be, he was famous, and that was enough. Forthwith, the youthful seeker after strength set about the manufacture of the elixir that was to make him a muscular paragon, and a lion in the social world.

He chose for the scene of his operations the basement of the drug store. Nobody besides Mr. Hooker and himself ever went there, and he considered that it was dark enough and afforded enough privacy to insure the success of his enterprise. In one corner, he found an empty three gallon bottle. This he washed out, and prepared for action.

To avoid suspicion of violating the Volstead act, he bought the raisins at one grocery store, and the yeast at another. Having collected all the necessary ingredients except the nuxated iron, he surreptitiously appropriated some of the firm's supply of that commodity, and the concoction was complete. It hurt his somewhat easily wounded conscience a little to do this, but he considered the end important enough to justify the means, so he did not hesitate.

During the three weeks while Bardwell awaited the outcome of his experiment, events transpired which it is necessary to relate.

As has been mentioned, he was a regular attendant at the Baptist church, and as has also been mentioned, he was one of the ushers and passers of the collection, an office he had performed constantly and faithfully for the past year, despite his youth.

Now about the time that the elixir began to have its being in the basement of the drug store, it happened that old Josiah Sparks, who had been treasurer of the First Baptist Church of Medford for many years, passed on to a better world. Dave Ely, who had been assistant treasurer for nearly as many years as old Josiah had been treasurer, was duly elected to fill the place of the departed brother. It then became necessary for a new assistant to be chosen, and since, in the opinion of many of the members, it was desirable that the younger generation be given responsibility in the conduct of religious affairs, Bardwell Bibbs, much to his own surprise and consternation, was elected assistant treasurer of the Baptist Church. This took place at a meeting on a Wednesday night early in August, and at that time, the Reverend Mason announced that the congregation would be pleased to hear a few words from each of the new officers at church services the next Sunday.

The next three days were filled with anxiety for Bardwell. He had never made a speech in public, and he was not at all sure of his powers of oratory. Noon-hours on Thursday and Friday, he haunted the diminutive public library, reading the book that seemed to approach most nearly the subject on which he sought information. It was a dingy, yellow little volume, entitled "Hand Book for the After Dinner Speaker." Church services happened to be before dinner, instead of afterward, but he couldn't let a chronological error of an hour or two interfere with his Desmothenesian pursuit.

During the time since the memorable (to Bardwell) picture show, his acquaintance with Evelyn had been of the most casual type. He saw her once or twice on the street; she came into the store a few times—that was all.

The Friday afternoon before he was to startle the world as a second Edward Everett, he was sitting behind the cigar case, waiting for customers, and thinking—thinking of his speech, and the elixir of life, and her. Only day after tomorrow—then he would rise in all the glory of his Sunday suit, and in a few simple, well-selected words, he would thank the congregation for the honor they had done him, for the privilege they had given him of serving them, for the trust they had placed in him. Evelyn would

be there, and she would realize that at last there was a man who had brains, who could make a public address that was simple and forceful.

Then only a day or two more, and the elixir of life would be ready to start the conversion of Bardwell Bibbs into a modern Sampson. A few months of that—and his goal of strength reached, his muscles bulging, he would go to Evelyn, he would take her in his strong and brawny arms, and he would say, "Sweet girl—," or would it be better to start, "Evelyn, darling—?" He decided on the latter as having a more personal appeal—the first might apply to any number of girls, the latter to only one.

"Evelyn, darling, I have loved you from the first." (The first of what, is immaterial.) "Will you be mine forever—forever?"

Bang! The screen door slammed with terrifying suddenness and a blue eyed apparition that had appeared from nowhere, stood before him. Bardwell started with such violence that he lost most of his physical and quite all his mental equilibrium.

"Hello, Bardwell."

"H—h—lo, Ev'lyn."

"Dad wants some of this, whatever it is." She thrust a slip of paper into his hand. "He said he'd stop for it after 'while.'"

"A' right. I'll tell Mr. Hooker when he comes in."

"All right. Don't forget it. Dad wants it 'specially.'" The door slammed again and she was gone.

Bardwell, his train of thought derailed from engine to caboose, wandered to the back of the store. He stopped beside the little platform scale that was the daily criterion of his physique. Solemnly he weighed himself. A hundred-eight pounds. A half pound better than yesterday, but not much good. But just wait—.

Presently Mr. Hooker came back, Bardwell gave him the note from Dr. Wilson, and at the first opportunity, he escaped down cellar to his precious bottle. It was still there, over in the darkest corner

among a group of empties. All was well—and next Tuesday, the elixir would be ready to use. Then he would begin to be a man—then, hot dog! watch the smoke in the trail of Bardwell Bibbs.

Seven o'clock Sunday morning found Bardwell putting the finishing touches on his speech. He squared away before the mirror in his room, assumed what he supposed to be a Websterian pose, and began.

"Friends, I am deeply honored by the honor you have given me. I believe that I am not good enough for this honor, but I will serve you to the best of my ability. I feel that the younger people of the congregation should take more interest in the work of the church and I shall try to stimulate (or was the word "simulate"?) an interest among the young people. It is indeed an honor that you have given me, and I appreciate it deeply. Thank you."

Sincere, masterful, simple, brief yet all-inclusive, was it not? Would not those big blue eyes grow bright with admiration when their owner heard the orotund voice of the boy orator of Mcelford? He had a fleeting idea, which he immediately banished as sacrilegious, that this was the way the Creator felt on the morning of the seventh day.

Bardwell performed his toilette that morning with the utmost care and the greatest deliberation. For two hours, he washed and shaved and brushed. He was glad that Sunday School was in the afternoon, so that he had ample time to array himself without having to hurry away to teach his class. For a half-hour after he considered himself presentable, he practiced his speech in full dress rehearsal before his mirror. At a quarter to ten he was ready, his speech perfect to the most infinitesimal inflection of the voice. Church was at ten-thirty. He carefully adjusted his straw hat, told his parents that he guessed he'd better go a little early, and with the key to the drug store in his pocket, he started toward the business district. He would just take one look at the elixir before he went to church, to make sure that nobody that molested it.

White Line
LAUNDRY

Mefford was one of those towns in which civilization had progressed so little that the other druggist in town had entered into an agreement with Mr. Hooker, whereby only one of them kept his store open on Sunday, thus giving each of them alternate Sundays of rest. It happened that on this particular day that Mr. Hooker's store was closed, so Bardwell was sure of escaping detection.

He let himself unostentatiously in the front door, and was soon in the basement beside the bottle of life. Only two days to wait! He began to wonder vaguely what the elixir tasted like. It was probably nasty, but if it made him strong and full of life, what mattered such a little thing as unpleasant taste. He held the bottle up to the dim light of the little basement window. The contents were a pleasing brown color. It didn't look so bad. He wondered again what kind of taste it had. He decided suddenly and rashly to see. If it would be ready for use Tuesday, why not now? It was only two days' difference, anyhow. He hastened upstairs, got a beaker, and returned. He poured out what he considered to be about a fourth of a pint, hesitated, and then raised the beaker to his lips. He immediately experienced a sensation that was foreign to anything he had ever felt before in his life. He felt his esophagus grow warm along its entire length, and then his stomach, too, began to feel as if he had swallowed a pint of gasoline and a lighted match. The elixir wasn't so disagreeable. If a little warmed him up like that, why wouldn't another swallow or two make a real man of him. He tried it. It did. Several more portions followed. Then Bardwell noticed that the walls of the cellar had turned around—no, they were still turning.

He decided that he had had enough of the elixir for one day, and that he had better be getting along to church. Out in the street again, he began to feel singularly light-headed. He felt as if he wanted to sing. Then he thought about his speech. How did it go? Well, no matter. He could say something,

just what it would be did not seem to bother him, any more. When he arrived at the church, he was surprised to find that they were already singing the doxology. He hadn't realized that he was spending so long at the drug store. He slipped quietly into a back seat, and sat watching the preacher float back and forth across the front of the church. Then the choir began to float back and forth with the preacher, and then the whole front of the church began to move, now this way, now the other. It was wonderful, the best thing he had ever seen in church. The congregation rose to sing, and Bardwell's neighbor offered him a hymnal. This, too, refused to stand still, but Bardwell hung on to the seat in front of him, and sang loudly—"la, la, la" when he couldn't make out what the words were. The people in front of him turned around and looked at him, but he didn't care for this. They were only common people, while he was Bardwell Bibbs, the strong man. After a while he heard the preacher say, "We are glad that we can have a few words from our new church officers this morning, Mr. David Ely, our new treasurer."

While David was thanking the good people for their faith in him, and telling them how unfit for the office he was, even if he had been assistant treasurer for twenty-seven years, Bardwell was trying to gather together the scattered remnants of his excellently rehearsed speech. All he could remember was that it began, "Friends, I am deeply honored—" and had something in it about the young people of the church. It didn't really make any difference, anyhow. He was Bardwell Bibbs, strong man and oratorical marvel of the age, and he could make a speech that would set them all agog.

Suddenly he heard his name being spoken, and he rose to his feet and started down the aisle. Why in the dickens didn't they make church aisles straight? He finally traversed all the tortuous way to the front of the room, and mounted the pulpit steps. He turned to face the congregation, blinking

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at them in an effort to make them sit still, instead of undulating up and down, like the swell on the beach.

The people in the congregation were exchanging horrified looks, but Bardwell did not notice them.

"Frien's," he began, "I am deeply honored by the honor you have given me. The young pershons of the congr'gashun should take more int'rest in the affairs of the church. The young people should all get shtrong and well, or they won' be able to shtan' the pace an' take an int'rest in church 'fairs. The el'xir of life, frien's will make ev'ry one of you

shtrong an' well. The el'xir of life. Look what it did for me. Frien's it made a man out of me an'—"

An usher took him by the arm and led him down the aisle toward the door. The congregation sat in silence and watched him leave. There was a dreadful hush following his exit, and as the door slammed behind him, a buzz of excited conversation broke out.

Bardwell, outside on the church steps, began to feel that he had made a fool of himself. Just why, he did not see very clearly. He had a great contempt for those people in there. They had dared to put him, Bardwell Bibbs, out of the church—the idiots, the asses!

He wandered back toward the drug store, went in, and sat for a long time behind the prescription case. Nobody came. After a long time, he went down into the basement, lay down on a pile of excelsior, and finally went to sleep.

How long he slept, he did not know, but when he at last awoke, it was completely dark. Slowly the remembrance of the day came back to him. He had gone to the church drunk. He had made a complete fool of himself, but how light and airy he had felt! And how rotten he felt now! His father and mother would never have anything to do with him again. He would be kicked out of home. He would be kicked out of the church. And Evelyn—great grief, what would she think? Without any very well-defined purpose, he groped his way out of the store into the street. It was still apparently early, as there were several people in sight.

He slunk off the main street, and wandered aimlessly through dark alleys and by-ways; he was afraid to go home and he did not know where else there was that he could go. He was still trying to collect his nerve enough to go and face his parents, when he found himself on the street where Evelyn lived, and only a block from her house. His feet carried him on down the street, not because he wanted to go in that direction particularly, but he-

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cause he wanted action, and that direction was as easy a one to take as any other.

He paused opposite the vine covered porch, where less than a month before, he had sat with Evelyn. That was all over now. He would never be allowed to speak to her again. Never—

"Bardwell."

He looked around quickly, but could see no one. The sound came apparently from Wilson's porch. It sounded like Evelyn's voice, but he wasn't sure.

"Bardwell."

The voice was Evelyn's, and it came from the porch. He went up to the steps.

"Come here, Bardwell. I want to talk to you."

"Here," he thought, "is where I get my walking papers." He found the girl seated in the porch swing.

"I'm glad you did it, Bardwell."

"Did what?"

"Why, got drunk! I never knew before that you had that much nerve. And then to come to church, too!" There was genuine admiration in her voice.

He was silent for a minute. Then he said, "Well, I'm sorry I did it. It'll make an awful mess in the church. But," he added, "I'm glad it didn't make you mad."

"I like a fellow that has enough nerve to be

bad once in a while. Most fellows haven't." She spoke from wide experience, having had dates in her life with three different persons, including Bardwell.

She was very close to him. He could hear her soft breathing in the dark. He stole a glance toward her, but there was too little light for him to see her face. Slowly he stole his arm across her shoulders. She did not resist him, and suddenly, he drew her to him and kissed her. It was his first osculatory attempt, and his aim was bad, his affectionate salute missing the lips, and landing on the corner of her mouth. He drew a deep sigh.

"The elixir of life!" he said to himself. "Huh! I don't think old Doc Phishe knew anything about the elixir of life," and he kissed her again.

An instant later he felt a premonition that the cogs had slipped somewhere. At the same time he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. He jumped up, and whirled about, facing a flashlight—and Dr. Wilson.

"Young man," said the doctor, "after your disgraceful performance of this morning, I wonder that you should dare to show your face in this town. And here I find you with *my* daughter! I ought—I ought to—" The doctor was nearly inarticulate with rage.

Bardwell had been feeling very contrite a few

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minutes before, but now with his wrath boiled up, and for the first time in his life, he and the well known handle entirely parted company.

"I didn't do anything wrong," he said tensely, "and I haven't got anything to be sorry for. You and the old church people can think whatever you want to. I don't care what you think. I don't—I don't give a damn!"

And with that he turned his back on the surprised Dr. Wilson, and marched off down the street.

As he strode along, he was filled with glorious thoughts. He was a man at last. He had gotten drunk, and all of Melford knew it. He had kissed a girl twice, and he had sworn at her father. He felt immensely stronger than he had the day before. He didn't care for anything. If the folks wouldn't let him in the house (he knew perfectly well they *would* let him in) he would run off. If Mr. Hooker fired him (which he knew perfectly well he would not do) he could earn his living somewhere else. He would go home now and have it out with the folks.

He went two blocks out of his way to go to the store before he went home. By the light of a match, he weighed himself. A hundred and eighteen pounds! Hot dog! Now he was a *real* man! The elixir of life was sure the dope! In the dark he did not see the paving brick, the one used for the back door step, that was lying on the corner of the scale platform.

We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from Page 11)

greatest number of frolicsome ivories is crowned for the ensuing term of office."

A series of snores, gaining both in volume and momentum, was heard as the honorable Dr. Bimpo paused to wipe his moist brow.

"A Hongoulian honeymoon ordinarily lasts about five years, after which the bride is allowed to return to the parental domicile if she still insists she has been disillusioned." The assertion was made with the hope of gaining a momentary glimmering of interest. But to no avail. His only response was the clear, resonant, ever-increasing chorus of snores.

He paused a moment. It was not mendacity, not deliberate falsehood, but despair.

"In Hongoulia," he shouted in a loud ringing voice, (he might have been a leader saving an enslaved people) "in Hongoulia there is no prohibition, and it is nearer than Cuba!"

Fully one-third of the gathering was injured in the excitement of the following moments, and the newspaper, the next day, reported a general exodus in quest of the mysterious Hongoulia.

page thirty-two

On Second April

(Continued from Page 13)

sadness. You should read it for yourself. Perhaps you might disagree with me and say that "Abus" shades Miss Millay—but we would both be searching for Miss Millay in her poetry, and that would be an excellent thing, would it not?

It is useless to imagine that such lyric brilliance runs wholly through "*Second April*". In some places, particularly in the unnamed sonnets and in some of the longer poems, things become dull and involved. "City Trees" holds little interest. "The Blue-Flag in the Bog" continues for an unnecessary length, while "Elaine" and "Rosemary" defy classification and are rather beautiful in their style and in the poetic-pictures they create. The sixth unnamed sonnet is possibly the best of the collection, beginning:

No rose that in a garden ever grew.

In Homer's or in Omar's or in mine. . . .

About one third of the slender volume is a memorial to D. C. Vassar College, 1918. It contains four or five poems of lyric strength and of brilliance; one of the best among them is "Persephone", already quoted.

This is an appreciation, not a criticism. One should read Edna St. Vincent Millay and find for one's self those things that bear criticism. And Miss Millay should be rather generous with our opinions. If we don't care for the roses in her garden, or in Omar's, and if we cannot be sympathetic with her when she writes three or four pages in an "Essay on Silence", I do not believe she would mind. Perhaps she leaves her poetry like those little pieces of bread on the sill:

. . . . I scatter crumbs upon the sill.

And close the window,—and the birds

May take or leave them, as they will.

There's a Fairy Land of Silver Dreams

Illumined by Golden Moons;

And the streets are filled with Fairy Gold,

The sky with Toy Balloons.

There is color, color everywhere.

And sun and shadows play

Among the lotus blossoms strewn

About where Lovers stray.

O Call yon floating cloud for me

That I may ride afar,

To airy castles high above

Yon thousand pointed star:

To the land where dance and music sway,

And Love all things attunes!

O let me live my life away

In my Campus of Golden Moons.

—L. F. Triggs.

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A POSTSCRIPT

(For unmailable letters)

Though I send these lines to you,
And your name is writ above,
Some of them may not be true;
All my fancy's yours, but love—

Love is quite a grave affair.
(As I wrote I heard a slow,
Vagrant, sentimental air)
Music often moves me so.

—T. P. BOURLAND



THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XII

April, 1922

NUMBER IV

“Desert Salvage”

By HOMER IRVING McELDOWNNEY

*Of the men of Eldorado,
Full many a tale is told,
Some called it the Queen of Beauty,
And some of them called it Gold.*

*And some of them died in the desert,
And some of them died at sea,
But one crawled back, from the desert's crack,
And told this tale to me.*



IN the early days of the south-west, when Arizona was yet hardly used to its name, and blood was wild and young among her desert ranges, a stroke of violence was of little note, and would, we are given to understand, excite but little surprise in her highly volatile drifters. Only a rare feat of skill in gun play, or some sustained luck at cards, or strike of gold, seemed to these trail blazers news for more than a day.

Nevertheless, as in all primitive places, there would now and then occur some gigantic throw of the dice of fate, or some ironic whim of chance with seemingly more of meaning in it than was natural to the mere luck of the day, and a Homeric incident would shake the imagination with its larger significance. It is some such Homeric tale of two western questers for Eldorado that broke long ago into the stillness of an Arizona day in the desert, and which still lingers in the store of history and legend,—scarcely more fantastic than the history of that bleak region,—that this story tries to tell.

The desert lay pulsating under the blazing sun. Great jutting mountains reared their heads, carmine, rose, and saffron. Between lay the glaring sands, from which the heat rose in shimmering waves. No living thing moved upon the barren waste.

The quiet of this day, however, was not to remain as the quiet of all others. Where leaf and tree grew not, and no beast moved, man was to appear, and in the arena of desert and sky, unmarked by human spectator, enact a drama for the gods of irony, or chance, with the nemesis that waits on human steps.

From behind a ridge to the south appeared a lone rider, in clear silhouette against the sky. A figure of fantasy in a lifeless world, he sat with drooping head upon a jaded horse. His hands were bound behind his back.

Then a second figure came into view—a white skinned man, upon a foam-flecked horse. Across the pommel of his saddle a rifle rested. Farther and farther from the foothills—out of the blazing saffron sands they rode—strange, unearthly, unreal.

* * * * *

Miles back on the trail rode the Gila posse. The sun beat down with dazzling intensity upon four riders,—upon horses with dripping girths. Behind the little column hung a low cloud of yellow gray. Before stretched the clear hoof prints of two horses.

And at the end of that trail, which led straight as the crow flies, across the mesquite dotted waste, lay—what? Alcazar, the Gambler, the white skinned, the deadly accurate, rode somewhere out there with a stranger,—and the stranger had gold.

Gila lay dormant in the noon day heat. A yellow dust trench sliced its ugly way thru the center of town—Division street. Sleepy horses dozed at the rail before the Cibola Saloon. Sulkeys, rigs, and buckboards lined the street, the horses between the shafts content to doze and eat, and eat and doze, despite the blinding heat.

Within the Cibola Saloon men lounged at the bar, and spoke of the stranger who had come into town—the stranger who carried a fortune in his worn money belt. Alcazar, the Gambler, had marked him for his prey. But the stranger, it seemed, did not gamble.

Alcazar's calculating eyes had noted the yellow wealth of notes and gold as the stranger paid his reckoning at the bar. Greed had leaped into those eyes,—they had flamed with ruthless desire. The stranger, unknown among the patrons of the Cibola, had sauntered unconcerned out. Next morning

Page three



the stranger and the gambler were nowhere to be found.

Alcazar, the Gambler, was well known in Gila. He did not leave the comparative comfort of 'dobe walls and shade for nothing. And men at the Cibola had remarked the flame of greed in the gambler's eyes, as he stood next the stranger at the bar.

Investigation disclosed a trail, leading out across the flats. There were the hoof prints of two horses. The left rear hoof of one showed a malformed frog. It was Alcazar's fleet roan. Twenty minutes later the posse cantered swiftly up Division street, and swept out upon the open desert beyond the town.

But to return—

* * * * *

Farther and farther out upon the mesquite dotted desert rode the bound man, stiff in the saddle, and ten paces behind, the white skinned man with the rifle across his pommel. Tiny dust clouds rose and hung heavily in the sultry noon heat. They spoke no word, and the man ahead had not once turned his face. The foothills had sunk to hazy nothingness in the distance.

Slowly the second man raised the rifle to his shoulder, and a report shattered the desert stillness. The stiff form of the forward man slumped in the saddle, lower and lower, and the horse came to a stop. The man returned the rifle to its scabbard, dismounted, and pulled the inert form to the sand. A jagged hole had appeared above the dead man's eyes. From it red blood welled and stained the sand. Blood oozed from a small clean cut hole at the back of the head where the bullet had entered—matting the thick grey hair.

Swiftly the kneeling figure searched the dead man's body, and rose, a worn leathern money belt in his hands. He strapped the belt about him, beneath his shirt. Then he gathered mesquite brush and kindled a fire. The dry brush burned like tinder, and a tiny spiral of smoke rose straight as a column into the sky.

Then the man returned to the body, and with the aid of his knife ripped off the dead man's boots, breeches, and shirt, took a ring from the hand, and transferring all metal articles from the dead man's pockets to his own, carried the garments to the fire. One by one he burned them, replenishing the blaze from time to time with fresh brush.

When only a bed of charred embers remained, the man swung into the saddle, and with the lead horse at his heels, rode out across the plain without a backward glance. Later a dust cloud upon the horizon marked the spot where he had disappeared. Once more the desert was lifeless and still.

Black specks appeared in the brazen sky, and hov-

ered high overhead. They circled lower and lower; then lighting upon the sand, stalked to and fro—desert scavengers, horrible in their symbolic black. Then one less fearful than the rest alighted with great wings outspread upon the dead man's face.

The sun sank lower and lower, then set boiling red over the jagged peaks and ridges. The moon rose in splendor, casting its softening beauty across the sands. A coyote chorus rose shrill upon the silent night. Grey forms slunk down from the distant foothills, circled the still form upon the sand, and then fell to snarling, rending, gnawing.

The moon rose higher, and the desert grew light as day. One by one the grey forms slipped off across the mesquite blotched plain, back to the foothills. A death's head grinned toward the heavens, a jagged hole above the sightless sockets. Once more the world was silent.

Miles to the south, a man rode into the night, a lead horse at his heels—then a world of oppressive stillness. The very atmosphere had become portentous with the threat of coming storm. He searched the vague, moonlit horizon, for he had sensed the impending danger, miles from the shelter and the companionship of men.

A grey veil obscured the moon and stars. The world took on an aspect of mystery—of unreality. Rock and brush appeared to leap out of the gloom; the black horizon drew startlingly close. And then the desert storm closed in with slashing fury, obliterating every trace of hoof prints across the wind swept waste.

Driving sand particles blinded Alcazar's eyes. He could only guess at direction, but certain that his horse's head was toward the distant foothills, where lay shelter from the open sweep of the wind, he pressed on. The frightened horse fought the curb, but the man held to his course. At last the lead horse broke free and drifted with the blast.

From out of the clear, breathless night had come the desert storm. There in the great sand arena men moved, and one lay dead, a clean cut hole at the back of the skull, mute evidence of murder. Alcazar, the Gambler, fled from the long arm of the law—the primitive justice of the southwest—an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. And between, blotting out trails, setting at naught human endeavor, the desert storm had intervened.

On and on lunged the lone horse and rider, into the teeth of the wind which was fast whipping itself into a raging hurricane. And as he rode, the man felt the strength ebb from the beast beneath him like sand from an hour glass. Alcazar gave the weary horse its head and they drifted before the

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Three Men

By ELLES W. KRIECKHAUS.

Not so long ago Carl Van Doren dealt upon these same periodicals in a novel and utterly impersonal manner. He did not even favor the Nation, for which he is literary editor. His manner was not, however, the manner of the writer of this article, and his conclusions were not quite the same. As for your opinion—well, you can read the journals herein mentioned and know for yourself.

Three men come to visit me every week. Around a plain oak table they gather and discuss things, not with each other, but with themselves. They rather like to talk with themselves. It is so much easier than argument and then argument exposes other things besides knowledge. Not that they are possessed of ignorance or stupidity. No. How could they? They are journals of opinion. Each week when they gather I say: "Ah, here is something good! Here is thinking for you. Nuances of conservatism, nuances of radicalism—the crystalized opinions of wise men who write for space rates and have babies to support over in Brooklyn. Would you care for more sauce or less sauce on your meat. Or have you any meat there? You know it's merely a matter of taste."

On my left, the proverbial and continental left, is the Freeman. He has short clipped hair, Teutonic cut, a bilious complexion from eating fat, and smells strongly of soap and packed meat. He speaks with a slight accent and in this manner: "I am clever. Terribly clever. My ridicule is that unusual kind that when it pricks brings blood. I make fun of governments and of men; my thoughts are crimson and my words burning. What do I know about government? Ah, that is not the question. The thing is that *they* don't know anything about government. Who does? I don't know. Why ask *me*? You know it's great to think of the old days on the East Side when I was hungry. Those were the days before people demanded stuff like this. Soap? I don't smell any soap. Oh. You say I smell of soap. Ah, it is hard for one to escape from one's, one's—might I say one's contamination with one's ownership? Now isn't it?"

Smiling brilliantly, with the complacent ease of the man who is loosing money but is right, darn it, in spite of these people who have brains but no cash, sits on my right the New Republic. He is well and quietly dressed—nothing threadbare about

him. The world will never know, no the world will never know. People must go on through eons of time thinking there is enough intellect extant to support an intellectual magazine. Speaks the New Republic thus: "The call of the new America, the shrieks of the factory whistles, the cry of the begrimed worker—in answer to these was I founded. The call of the new America. I have been answering it for some years now. But America never answers back. I don't care. I have a purpose, thank God. That that's all I have doesn't bother me much. I glory in the tears of the nations, in the human ideals that —. What is it, the new America? Lord, how should I know?" And he sat there twirling a key on his watch chain. On the key was the picture of the ship at full sail that adorns the New Republic every week. I asked him and he said that it was the ship "Opinion" and that she was still looking for a harbor.

Sits in the center, the Nation. He is quite an old man now. Good-looking, too, except for his hair. You know he attempted to dye his great, white beard, the white of the Bourbons, red, and failed making his beard quite pink. A most sickening color. But a good old man, withal, always discussing something of weight so that it has almost borne his old mind down and cast him into insanity. "Ah, this is a changing world. Leaves that today are golden are tomorrow black and damp with earth. You know I have never quite forgotten Wilson. Queer chap. Absolutely unaccountable. Absolutely. One in a generation like him, thank God." The Nation sometimes muses this way. Yesterday he fell asleep in the midst of his musings. "But your opinions", I protested. "There are people waiting for your opinions." "Hang opinions." He was almost asleep. "Haven't I been going for 55 years. Let the board of editors take care of the duce'd opinions."

So I tiptoed out of the room. The Freeman and the New Republic were talking to themselves. I wanted a little fresh air. But perhaps I shouldn't have left them all there together on the table. Usually I locked them in separate cases, much safer you know. What if they should get to talking to each other? Deucedly unpleasant.

Our bitterest remorse is not for our sins but for our stupidities.—*Leonard Merrick.*

The Desire of a Dream

By CHARLES EDMUND NOYES.

Scene: An open place in a forest. To be represented by a dark back drop and a stump and two large, short logs in the right center of the stage.

Characters:

Cynthia, a Naiad.
A poet
Pan
Corysis, a shepherd.
A satyr and a nymph.
Pierrot and a fairy.

As the curtain rises the Poet and Cynthia are standing together in the center of the stage, kissing dreamily. They draw apart and sit down at opposite ends of a log, right center. The stage is in a very faint blue light.

Poet (*dreamily, almost to himself*):

I kissed a moonbeam, once,
In a dream.
She not more beautiful
Or lovely than you.
Yet, since I dreamed of her,
Love has forsaken me,
And I seek forever the love of my dream.

Cynthia (*anxiously*):

Am I not beautiful?

Poet:

Yes, and I love you.
You are immortal—
Since I was kissed by ice
Fire has no power to burn,
But you, an immortal,
Are what dreams are.
You are the moonbeam,
All that I've quested for
Because I will have you so.

Cynthia (*half piqued and half depressed*):

Then you love me—
Not for myself?

Poet:

For yourself?

Well, yourself is
Only my dream.

I, being mortal,
Cannot understand
Aught of the gods—
Except as I fashion it.

Cynthia:

Am I, then,
Your light o' love?
Only a fancy
To please you today?

(*She rises, and walks toward the left of the stage.*)

(*Petulantlly*):

I, an immortal,
The dream of a poet?

(*Enter Pan, left, meeting her. She draws back, but he takes her wrist and holds her*):

Pan:

Well, my sweet Cynthia,
I've caught you at last.
Now will you love me?

Cynthia:

Let go—you are hurting me!

(*Pan drops her hand, and she draws away a little*):

Pan:

Come with me to Arcady.
There I will play
Music to charm you—
Softly we'll stray
Through all the bright and new
Fields by the sea.

Watch the red dawn come forth,
Watch the gold sunset glow,
Trespass in Fairyland,
Far from the lands of snow,

We'll play in the golden sand
Away from the North.

Poet (*rising*):

Nay, what use is fairyland,
And love for a day?
I will make dreams for you,
Loving my dream of you,
Till time shall forget.

(*He turns a little, and recites*):

Out where misty mountains glow
With purpled peaks of distant snow,
There where ghostly moonflowers grow—
We shall be content,
You know we shall find it so—
All the world a fairy show,
Where there's nothing more to know,
And nothing to repent.

To Lethe's care we'll give the past,
And on willing Fate we'll cast
The future, while we two hold fast
The pleasant now,
For the present's sweet repast
We will dare the final blast,
Caring not until the last
When or how.

In the paradise we've planned,
In the strange quixotic land
Where the purple mountains stand,
With hazy clods above,
There we only may command,
There is answered each demand
By the waving of our wand,
The power of love.

Cynthia:

But the sun never sets upon the sea
In the land of dreams come true,
Where fancies reign, there can be
Nothing, nothing new.

Poet:

In that land of happiness
Where all life is one long dream
Who could ask for novelty?

(*Cynthia starts to reply, but Pan
breaks in, threateningly*):

Pan:

Bold, foolish mortal!
What right have you
To love where the good God loves?

You with your dreams of love!
You with your fantasies!
I know the passion
From time immemorial—
Love as the gods love,
With Venus' own fire!

Poet:

You are too passionate,
You love for the moment—
You would possess your love
And make her your slave!

I love her soul,
The dream that I make of her;
My love is creating;
I give all myself
To make our love perfect.

So she and I are one,
Blending in spirit;
We the romantic dream
The love that's forever.

Cynthia (*to both of them*):

And so, with your bickering,
What say you of me?
Am I to choose from you?
Or will argument and rhetoric
Decide who love best?

Poet (*earnestly*):

Fair one, I offer you
The dream of my life,
The love that is beautiful
Shadowy, and long,
Long dreams of paradise,
Songs of romance,
The promise of sunrise,
And sleep from the west.

Pan:

I'll take you to Arcady
And love you as Venus loves,
Endlessly passionate,
With no need or fest.

Cynthia:

Show then, by power of love,
The love you would give,
Here, in this magic glade,
Envision your promises,
Show me your happiness.

And then I may choose.

Pan (*a little with the air of a Barker for a show*):

Behold them the love!
A satyr and nymph,
Shall show, for the moment,
The love of the gods.

(The three withdraw a little to the right, Pan to sit on an old stump; the Naiad and poet on a log. A satyr enters, carrying a nymph in his arms. She slips to the ground, and he tries to kiss her, but she draws away).

Pan (*aside, but so Cynthia hears*):

That's not the pantomime!

Cynthia (*aside*):

This is a picture
Of the love that you offer me.

Nymph:

Wait, e'er you kiss again.
Talk of your love for me.
How shall I know
That you love forever?

Satyr:

Beloved, I shall love you
Love and desire you
Till the stars shall
No more give light.

(He tries to take her in his arms, but she pushes him away).

Nymph:

Scientists tell us
The stars may have burned out
A thousand years ago!

Satyr:

Then I shall love you
Till the sea is no more.

(He keeps advancing toward her a little, but she backs away).

Nymph:

But before this you told me
That sea and earth were gone
Because of your love for me.

Satyr:

Kiss me.

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(They kiss, a little doubtfully, particularly on the part of the nymph).

Satyr:

I shall love you
Till kisses burn no more.

Nymph:

I think I feel a coldness
In your kiss
Sometimes.

(Again he starts to kiss her, and she slaps him. He draws back, angry, but recovers himself).

Satyr:

I love you then
Just for tonight!
Kiss me before
The moon goes down.

Nymph:

Well, I will love you then
For this last night.

Satyr:

What matters the future
If we have the present?
Love knows not regret.
And love is so strong.

(A white shadow flits across the back of the stage, as though someone had passed).

What was that shadow?

Nymph:

A nymph of Diana's—
I know her but slightly.
'Tis said she is beautiful.

Well, kiss me now.

Satyr (*paying no attention to her*):

I have not seen her before,
I think I should like
To know her—better.

Nymph (*pouting*):

Why don't you kiss me?

Satyr (*making no motion*):

I forgot—

April Issue



I've a mission tonight
To the court of Diana,
I'll be back tomorrow.
Good-bye.

(He goes off stage rear right. The nymph follows slowly, hanging her head. Pan jumps up).

Pan:

It was not meant to be like that!

Cynthia:

That was the end of your love,
Not the beginning.

(Turning to the poet):

Now, show *your* dream of love.

Poet:

My dream is for always,
No beginning or ending,
Each moment repeating
The joy of the rest.

Nymph *(aside)*:

I'm afraid 'twill be dull!

(Pierrot and the fairy enter left as the three seat themselves again. The lovers sit on the floor right, half facing the audience, and half facing the characters on the stage).

Pierrot:

I will write you a poem today.

Fairy:

Well —all right.

Pierrot *(recites)*:

Who asks fulfillment of a dream?
The end is never ours to say—
No fancies, lived, are what they seem.

Fancies in a brilliant beam
Flash their colors new and gay.
Who asks fulfillment of a dream?

Those who taste of pleasure's stream
Soon find it bitter, and turn away.
No fancies, lived, are what they seem.

We can plan and hope and scheme,
Brightly changing in our play.

Who asks fulfillment of a dream?

Pleasure's rippling water teem
With hidden rocks, cold and gray—
No fancies, lived, are what they seem.

We shall keep the flashing gleam,
Though our love is but a day—
Who asks fulfillment of a dream?
No fancies, lived, are what they seem.

Poet *(aside)*:

How silly!

Fairy:

I think I'm a little tired of poetry. Kiss me.

(The boy leans toward her, then stops suddenly).

The Boy:

Wait! I have a strange fancy.

(Begins to recite):

In the mountains of the moon
There was made a mystic rune
Chanted by a Druid to a queer and ancient
tune—

Fairy:

Stop! I don't like your fancies
Very well—
Any more.
I don't think
You write as well
As you used to.
What is a rune,
Anyway?

Pierrot *(scholastically)*:

A rune is a mythical—

Fairy:

O, bother your rune! I want you to kiss me.

(Pierrot leans over and kisses her—a very short and unromantic kind of a kiss).

Pierrot:

I can kiss you
Almost any time.
I think, dear, you might have

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The Hat

BY NAN COGHILAN



T was a soft, entrancing thing, this hat, as it framed a face of high color and bright eyes. The curly black hair was just enough of a contrast between the blue of the hat and the blue of the eyes to set Jack's susceptible heart beating faster.

He noted it well. He wanted to remember every detail so he could seek and meet its wearer. Under his scrutiny, the blue eyes across the aisle raised and fluttered several times, and Jack thrilled. And all of it was in the unromantic setting of a Short Line car.

Eagerly he sought for it—the hat—on his way to classes, in the classrooms, among the crowds of students at noon. Once or twice, he thought he glimpsed it and quickened his pace, only to lose it again. He talked of it—and of the girl beneath it—to his roommate, and begged his assistance in the quest.

"If you see it, follow it and get me the address, the name, or something," he begged, "I'm gone".

The roommate told it in confidence to another of the fraternity brothers, and enlisted his assistance too. And soon it spread over the house, and a general razzing party was on, with each and every fellow swearing to prove himself a Sherlock Holmes in quest of the divine creature in the blue hat.

It was on Wednesday that Bill, the roommate, burst into the dining room explosively, and late.

"I found it," he howled, "but it got into a car, and I couldn't run fast enough to follow it." The gang roared at his excitement, but Jack, the victim, begged relief.

"Where—where", he entreated, "and did you see her?"

"Yeh". Bill's voice lost its enthusiasm, and he added disgustedly, "Is *she* the divine creature?"

"What's the matter with her?" Jack demanded hotly, while the fellows clamored "Tell us about it".

"She's pug-nosed, has brown hair and a wart on her chin!" Bill explained derisively. "What this guy sees in her."

"You're crazy," his roommate angrily threw at him. "she's black haired, has a divine nose—is glorious!" His voice rose dramatically.

Dessert was forgotten in the pow-wow call for more.

"That's your eyesight, Jack," Bill flourished his hand disparagingly. "And furthermore, if that's all the thanks I get for marathoning down Green street!"

"Aw, cut it", Jack blurted. "You either don't know a good looking girl when you see her, or you picked the wrong hat."

"Well, it was the hat you described", Bill insisted, "and as for accounting for taste, well—"

"Let's have order," a senior called. "Settle it later, for Heaven's sake."

They argued it all evening, and it was with backs to one another that they picked up accountancy books to study.

The next day, the disinterested senior announced calmly at luncheon:

"I've seen it and her. And keep your hands off, Jack. The woman in the case is Marie Packer, whom I have a date with for Saturday night. I don't blame you for falling, hut"

"Marie Packer's a blonde. Don't you think I know the difference between yellow and black hair?" Jack attacked his bread viciously. "The whole thing's gone too far, anyway. I'll find the girl myself. You fellows wouldn't know the difference between a black and a blue hat."

"I've seen the hat." Jack and the senior chorused in unison.

"My girl", Jack persisted with dignity, "is a raven haired, blue eyed queen. Blond, and warts—Bah."

"Well", the senior added assuredly, "Marie Packer had some stunning blue hat on. I should be concerned whether it's your blue hat or not."

The subject was dropped.

That afternoon, Jack walked home from classes with three of the fellows. Passing the Arcade, he felt a wild clutch on his arm, and turned to see one of them pointing excitedly towards Green street.

"There—there", the voice insisted impatiently. "Don't you see it? Hurry."

"What—what," Jack shook himself free, "and where?"

"The hat, you poor nut, the hat", and Jack's eyes located the soft blue, entrancing thing that had wound itself around his dreams and persisted to till his waking hours.

He stopped for a second startled. Then, determined, threw his books into the arms of the fellows, and set out running for the hat was moving briskly north—and alone.

Within ten feet of it, he stopped sheepishly. How could he address her. He was panting and he felt his heart thumping. He was almost afraid to look into those deep blue eyes again—that is without knowing what to say.

It was a trim little figure in front of him. He did not remember the particular suit, nor could he see any locks of hair from the fox fur that set high on the shoulders. He hesitated, then as the perplexity and worry of the past week came over him, he quickened his footsteps again, as the girl approached the Eta Kappa house. Should he wait and see if she entered? If so, he knew that Marion Holmes or Marie Packer would arrange an introduction. But that would mean more razzing. He resolved to take desperate means.

"I beg your pardon." He was at the side of the trim little figure in the blue hat, "I—I", he began to stammer and gazed down into the eyes—

They were not blue eyes—the deep beautiful blue eyes of the Short Line girl. They were brown—a muggy brown—he never liked brown. And the hair that fringed around the soft blue hat was not the raven black, nor the brown, nor the blond, it was *brick red*.

"I—I—I humbly beg your pardon," he stammered. "I—I—I've made a mistake." He hastily retreated, and once around the corner, dashed into a lunch room to calm himself behind a cup of coffee.

"H—", he muttered over and over again. "How many soft blue hats are there on this campus?" He was dismayed at his mistake, disgusted with his efforts, and even felt his eagerness for the quest waning. "Now what I'll get?"

As he had pictured, the house was awaiting his return. "C'mon, c'mon", they invited. "When is the first date?" Bill evinced real interest. "Who is she, and where has she been? Don't tell us you're going to cheat us out of the news after all our work."

Jack dug his hands into his trouser pockets, surveyed the group coolly, and declared with decision.

"It was not *the* girl. It was a red head. I'm through, not only with *the* girl, but with the tribe of 'em."

He turned to walk out, but one of the sophomores stopped him.

"Say, Jack, I'm sure I saw your girl, and she is a stunner. Black curly hair, peach and cream complexion, violet eyes, and oh that combination with the soft blue hat."

Jack was drawn back as if by a magnet. "Where", he queried softly, "where?"

"Going up to the Green Tea Pot with an older woman. And does she knock 'em for a row of Egyptian mummies—Ummmm!" The soft pink face of the underclassman took on an ecstatic look, and Jack glowed.

"I knew it," he boasted. "I tell you she's the keenest bit of black haired beauty on this campus. I'm going to have dinner at the Green Tea Pot."

Both applause and derision met his announcement, but with three steps at a time, Jack was on his way to a clean collar and a brushing up, and ten minutes later was sitting facing the table at which sat the black haired, blue hatted girl of his quest.

She remembered him. He could tell that by the little curl of her lip as she dropped her eyes from his, and he casually sugared his glass of water to the amusement of the waiter standing nearby.

The hat—yes, it looked the same as the hat on the red headed girl, but of course, it couldn't be. How it emphasized the blue in her eyes, and how the black curly hair nestled under it!

Jack was unconscious of whether it was beef steak or spaghetti that automatically entered his mouth, until a closing of his teeth on some hard ice cream obliterated the sight of the blue hat temporarily. He ate no more, but sipped his coffee and stole furtive glances ahead.

He was at the cashier's desk right behind her, when to his astonishment her companion called him by name. He turned open-mouthed from gazing at the black haired one, to find his rhetoric instructor looking at him amusedly.

"Good evening, Miss Blaine", he stammered hastily. "Isn't it— isn't it nice out tonight?" For the moment he could not remember whether it was clear or cloudy, warm or cold.

He walked down stairs with them, and turning, Miss Blaine introduced Marjorie Marlin.

He stammered an acknowledgment, and had not recovered his equilibrium when Miss Blaine parted from them at the corner.

Marjorie was turning the other way, and he turned with her. Then realizing there was a perfectly idiotic silence between them, he stammered further "May I see you—home?"

She had no objection, and he prodded himself
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Charles Rann Kennedy

By CHARLES E. HARNER.

A sophist once declared: "Talent cannot endure its match." He lied. In the off-stage life of Edith Wynne Matthison and her husband, Charles Rann Kennedy, the lie is proven.

"Without Charles with me, the footlights would lose their attraction", says the famous actress. "Were it not for Edith, I could not endure to appear in public", says the more famous author.

When I talked to the couple, the morning after they had presented *The Electra* of Euripides as the February number of the *Star Course*, they were eating breakfast in their hotel room. They were clad informally, but they welcomed me without the usual trite apologies on the score of appearance. Therein it could be seen that this interview was to be a pleasure. When they talked of themselves and their work, they did so without false modesty.

"Art feeds upon itself", Mr. Kennedy said. "That is one of the reasons why Edith and I work so happily together, although in separate fields. We are our own most hated critics. We criticise each other without fear or bias, conditions which tend towards perfection."

Mrs. Kennedy—in that breakfast scene she could not be identified by her stage name—does not care for the University's Auditorium. "The acoustics are terrible", she complained. "I worried a long time last night trying to hit upon the correct timbre of voice for such a place. I found it to be impossible, and so had to talk in a manner which I knew would reach the majority of the audience."

"Furthermore the lighting is poor. In a set without footlights, side-light should be used. These could be placed at the ends of the balcony."

"It would be so wonderful for such a univer-

sity as this one here if you had a campus theatre, run on the basis of the Little Theatre: For everything that is constructive. There student playwrights could test out their ideas and products, student artists could experiment with stage effects, classes in public speaking could have a more practical experience than is possible in the ordinary class-room.

Your theatre should seat a thousand. You will find, of course, that even then you will continually turn people away, but a larger seating capacity takes away from the coziness that such a place should have. Coziness aids the impression of intimacy with the audience. Of course true intimacy with the audience can never be established unless the matter of the play touches the spectators. That is the part which I must leave to my husband."

Mr. Kennedy was fatherly in his advice for playwriting. "Knowing what will touch your audience can only be learned by many failures", he maintained. "Practical experience on the boards is an aid to such an understanding, but ability to

write and willingness to buckle down and do it is far more important. With the aid and suggestions of Edith I lack any real need for such an experience.

"A good magazine is absolutely the best medium for getting a playwright's possibilities before the public. But forty plays in cheap magazines would not lend the beginner as much prestige as one in a high-class, standard journal.

"The hardest part of the drive to success on the literary road is that of staying on the road."



Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy

Time dispells to shining either the solid angularity of facts. — *Emerson*.

Campus Silhouettes II

Bruce Weirick, the Playboy of the College World

By GERALD H. CARSON.

*What sholde he studie, and make himselfen
wood,*

Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure?

A better felure sholde men nocht finde.

It is a truism of biographical literature, and of human nature, that we all, when attracted by the personality of a man of spacious talents, find our minds returning frequently to speculate on the circumstances of his youth. His books, his friends, his thoughts, the manifestations of his budding talents, all occupy a place in our reflections, all impel us to offer up a silent prayer of gratitude if he left memoirs, letters, a diary, or a sigh of regret if these documents are missing.

So it is that I like to think of Bruce Weirick as his contemporaries at Colorado College in 1912 and 1913 must have known him. I envy, as all of us must envy, the undergraduate companions whom it was his pleasure to cajole and amuse, and of whom he doubtless borrowed cigarettes and epigrams. What a privilege was theirs! I hope that they appreciated to the full the good fortune they enjoyed.

With peculiar fervency, I hope that we may yet hear that there are extant some literary remains of Mr. Weirick's earlier manner. His present, or middle manner, I know.

If they keep diaries in Colorado, if life in Colorado contains any incentive toward the keeping of a permanent, day to day record, I hope that we may yet have given to us an intimate, revealing story—not too intimate, or too revealing, of course—from the pen of some now obscure Colorado diarist!

I have always fancied the young Weirick of Colorado College days as a splendid, strenuously active young animal, riding rough shod over the stolid rancher-youth; castigating the stupid in a flow of vivid, and already fairly grammatical Billingsgate; bewildering his professors with embarrassing, penetrating questions and cryptic replies illuminated by a wide and meticulous scholarship, and the ripe meditation of many, many leisure hours; in a word, proceeding to his first

degree in just the blithe and triumphant spirit one would expect in a fine young man of parts.

All this I advance tentatively, yet with less diffidence than might be expected under the circumstances. Fortunately for us, in dealing with Mr. Weirick, the present is a lamp to the past. He hasn't changed much. In spite of Harvard, the navy, Urbana, and the inevitable softening influence of ten years, we see him today substantially as he was ten years ago: still the brilliant conversationalist, still the master of exquisite rhetorical roudades, still the same lovable, playful boy.

I often think how remarkably the psychologists have penetrated to the heart of a very complex matter in announcing the necessity of play, even in the adult organism. Mr. Weirick feels this necessity very urgently. Perhaps he cherishes in the inmost recesses of his capacious heart the desire to rise in his profession, and to be an ornament to his department. Considerable distinction attaches to him already for his achievements in the latter direction; but neither aim, I think, penetrates quite to the heart of the matter. His true vocation lies atiehl. Mr. Weirick has a mission. Extra-curricular it is; his real teaching he instills under more informal conditions; not, indeed, as Socrates did, walking about, but preferably sitting down.

Like Socrates, again, Mr. Weirick has never published. What Plato, I sometimes wonder wistfully, will develop among his disciples, to unfold, and perpetuate his profound discourses, his carefully considered judgments on men and things, and the fullblown flower of his wit? Not Bourland; his labors lie in the aesthetic depreciation of his contemporaries and the formulation of the philosophy of the *cunni* school of undergraduate literature. Not McEldowney; he knows where the west begins, but not where it ends. Not Burge; he cultivates the drama. Indeed, who will rise to eternize Weirick? Who among those who have learned to know and love him, still possess in the right proportions sympathy, illusions, high seriousness, and docility? Sorrowfully, I admit that my search for the author of the new dialogues—shall I say monologues?—as it stands at present, is a wild goose chase.

Mr. Weirick's stout championship of the liberal

arts during his play hours has made of him far more than a departmental diety. He is not merely our Mr. Weirick; he is the engineer's, the chemist's, the farmer's, the accountant's—everybody's Mr. Weirick. No curriculum can debase a man beyond the scope of his regenerative gospel of culture. Like the Kindergarten and the Y. M. C. A., he neither lectures nor preaches, but just tells them stories. Culture emanates in the contact.

Who knows, who can estimate, the social utility of Mr. Weirick? I can't. But let me present him to you as he crosses the campus in the early evening, with four hours of happy play and instruction before him. The soft dissonances of our mellow chimes, tolling the dinner hour, cut through the twilight, like a knife, and reverberate over the two towns. A few scattered figures hurry along the campus walks. Mr. Weirick is late to dinner. It is guest night, too. He swings along buoyantly, pleasantly aware of the tingle of a recent cold shower, and the grateful fatigue of a short, but strenuous swim. He peers forward through the gathering twilight benignly, carrying his cane, at this hour, poised alertly, and held well forward. Like his ash tray, Mr. Weirick's cane is *sui generis*. We may even imagine under these circumstances when it is, in a way, on parade, that it is also on the *qui vive*, and is anxious to appear to good advantage among the class caps and hats where it will soon hang.

II

"Dr. Weirick is here at last!" The whole house thrills and vibrates to the news. The freshmen surge forward. The favored host presents his distinguished guest, with a touch of pride quite pardonable under the circumstances. Introductions follow. Gracious Dr. Weirick responds genially. He will sit down. He will take a cigarette,—thank you. He is only too glad to talk about how tough it was for us to lose the basketball championship, about the political situation (local, campus), about our football prospects for next year, about the probable location of the new stadium, the weather, the student opera,—on any of the topics which engross the collegiate fraternal mind. And he talks well about them all. For he discussed them last night, and the night before that, and will likely be called upon to respond on several of them tomorrow night. As a diner-out Mr. Weirick is inveterate, and leads the field by a hopeless margin.

At dinner Mr. Weirick seats himself brightly and expectantly. All of the upperclassmen who know more than a hundred things are seated with him. Presently he will know all that they do—and more. For Mr. Weirick knows what every prosecuting attorney knows, that the best way of finding

out intimate, entertaining facts about people is by inquiry. In most cases he cannot controvert the facts which are supplied him, because they are of a more or less personal and autobiographical nature. But the conversation rises soon, by some one's sly manipulation, to the plane of generalization and comment, and there follows a free expression of opinion on topics which are commonly supposed to have two or more sides. By the time the dessert has arrived Mr. Weirick has laid seige to three or four youths whose position appeared to be untenable. By the time the cigarettes are passed he has overborne the opposition, slaughtered the garrisons, received the plaudits with becoming modesty, and vindicated the arts once more.

Mr. Weirick has to his credit an astounding record of victories over his undergraduate opponents in these dinner table controversies. Literature, the drama, philosophy, the movies,—all these are frequent topics with him. Whether his amazing success in these tilts may be partially attributed to his greater familiarity with the subject, or the youth of his adversaries, I do not pretend to say; but I do know that what does distinguish him from all other clever disputants, is neither his logic nor his information, but his baffling method of controversy.

Study of Mr. Weirick's method is very instructive. How slyly he draws out and engages the youth who timidly avers that Edgar Guest is a poet, the sophomore who would prefer to see Theda Bara in the movies rather than read Don Juan, the mothered youth who nourishes a vague idealism on the notion that the Y. M. C. A. is a great moral force, the child in arms who comments favorably on the probable influence the multiplying religious foundations will have on our intellectual life at the university. One cannot but sympathize with these poor children, even while one admires the artistry with which they are polished off and consigned to oblivion. The dazzled freshmen applaud openly the discomfiture of their fellows, and admire Mr. Weirick ingeniously. I am not sure that Mr. Weirick is oblivious to their high opinion of his polemics. Perhaps some of the glow he gets out of these hard fought tourneys arises from the laurels he wears so gracefully after he has fought the good fight. But when it is said, as it is, alas, in malicious quarters, that applause is very incense to his nostrils, or something like that, we both—Mr. Weirick and I—deny the imputation indignantly. I will even go out of my way to deny it right here.

As were the tournaments of medieval chivalry,

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A Page of Verse

Desideratum . . .

The following inscription may be seen on a tombstone near Ayot St. Lawrence in Hertfordshire, England:

JANE EVERSLEY
"HER TIME WAS SHORT."
Born 1815 - Died 1895

In Hertfordshire life never palls.
Nor eighty Aprils fails to fire
A heart that ever younger grows.
In Hertfordshire.
Four score cycles the seasons may run,
Bringing their sorrows of every sort
(As seasons will), yet folks complain
"Her time was short."
When youth has fled the receding path,
And old day lost its young desire,
Still may I thirst, insatiable,
Like Hertfordshire!

—Helen Buckler.

From the Panorama . . .

Like a ship,
Silently.
Out into the night I passed by you,
Seeing but sounding no tone
Save within my pulsing self.
Yet—
As I went
Your face, serene and calm,
Struck a chord in me
And the harmony vibrates.
Like the wistful poem
Written in another's face.

—Constance Syford.

Picture . . .

When I saw her wrapped in ermine.
Perched near a soft blue bowl
Distinguished by some golden-rod,
She reminded me of a white parrot
I once saw, all puffed in fluffy plumage.
Poised daintily on one foot.
Head and eyes and golden beak
Turned sidewise
Against a branch of sharp, stiff pine.
It was in a tea-room, too,
On a neutre-colored wall
As dull as she.

—Constance Syford.

Our Street . . .

As seen by Margaret Ann, aged eleven.

Our street is so very quiet and sedate,
With prim, gray houses and precise gardens
And close-cut lawns and hedges.
And even the wind scarcely ever blows there.
I think it is afraid of the people
Who live in the prim, gray houses
And who walk in the precise gardens
And on the well-kept lawns.
For, just around the corner,
On the little street that goes twisting down
To the long, blue river,
Stands a tiny, English cottage,
With roses growing all about the wide, low door,
And tall tiger-lilies blooming
And great trees waving friendly arms.
Over the queer, red-tiled roof,
And sometimes,
Cool, soft breezes blow.
They set all the green leaves whispering,
And the tiger-lilies blowing,
And the roses nodding
On their long, thorny stems
And sometimes,
The wind blows hard and fast
Until the green leaves dance up and down
And the roses bend from side to side, like
Great tall reeds by the water-side
And the tiger-lilies riot.
I wish I lived in a little English cottage
That goes twisting down to the river.

—Esther Colvin.

Death . . .

When I am dead,
My soul shall take its stand
Upon a barren little hill
In that far Northern land where winds are
always still.

Then shall I hear the sound
Of the wolf's hunting howl,
Across the silence where the stars abound,
On the awful screech of a lone owl.

Then shall I see that waste
Of cold and drifting white,
Where ever the clouds in their haste
Leave no shadows in the moon's thin light.

And I shall be a part
Of that far Northern land,
That puts its hand upon the heart
Of him that comes at its command,

—When I am dead.

—Dorothy N. Hill.

The Pigeon

By HAROLD N. HILLEBRAND.

IN bringing out *The Pigeon*, on the 17th and 18th of last March, *Mask and Bauble* knew that they were making an experiment the outcome of which might be very important for the future course of the club. They were, as usual, between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand were the progressives, clamoring for something better than *The Tailor-Made Man* and *Our Children*; on the other were the conservatives, who feared nothing more than an adverse undergraduate opinion. The progressives won, this time, not, I fancy, without secret misgivings, because the play they had chosen was not a kind to appeal to the profitable, but "unintellectual", majority. If the play failed badly, there was sure to be a terrified scamper in the direction of popular farce; we might even come to such classics of American manners as *Up in Mabel's Room*, which *concilio volente* would be sure to pack the house.

Just what the general verdict is I have found it hard to decide. The play has been heartily damned and praised. Apparently it went much better on Saturday night than on Friday, a phenomenon well-nigh inexplicable, but common to theatrical experience. Undoubtedly it was the least audible of any *Mask and Bauble* production. It recalled, in some degree, our recent experience with *Elektra*, of unfortunate memory. Considering the character of the play, this weakness was most unfortunate.

Of those who could hear, the majority, I believe, enjoyed *The Pigeon*. It is a play which appeals to people who take their theatre seriously. It is thoughtful. It is a bit pessimistic, it is full of subtle ironies, it has shrewd revelations of character, it deals with problems vital to every civilized commonwealth. It is in many respects admirable, but it has one fault, in my opinion, which goes far to make it unfit for the stage and which, quite as much as any faults of performance, explains any coolness of reception. The play lacks passion. In the reading that lack escapes one,—at least, that was my

experience—but it comes out clearly and damagingly in performance. Galsworthy has written all from the head and little from the heart. Theme and character are sustained intellectually, but without the passionate belief in them which would give them real flesh and blood; they are pallid. One looks on with interest at the helplessly benevolent Wellwyn and the hopelessly incorrigible derelicts whom he tries to save, but without kindling into sympathy.

Thus I have to count myself among those who were disappointed in *The Pigeon*, but my disappointment was more with Galsworthy than with *Mask and Bauble*. That they failed, in a measure, to "put" the play "across" is as much the fault of Galsworthy as their own. That they did, in a measure, put it across is wholly to their credit. With one exception it was not a distinguished performance, but it was an earnest one; evidently each member of the cast was giving the best he had. One of them, a veteran of half a dozen performances, told me that she enjoyed rehearsals for *The Pigeon* more than for any other play she had been in, and that she thought the others had felt the same way. This comment is significant; it means that there are depths in the play which, however much the casual spectator may miss them, reveal themselves to the actor. And certainly, whatever the faults of *The Pigeon* may be, it is not piffle. It lacks almost wholly that essence of our modern popular drama known to George M. Cohan as "gravy" and to George Jean Nathan as "hokum", and therefore it will never be a favorite with the many. But to a loyal few it is a bright star. This is the reason why it is now undergoing simultaneous revival in London and New York.

For two very real pleasures I have to thank *Mask and Bauble's* presentation of *The Pigeon*. One is Mildred French's acting of Mrs. Megan, the outstanding feature of the performance, if for no other reason than that it was marked by that rarest of virtues among amateurs, significant re-

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A Sculptor of the Shapeless

An Appreciation By T. P. Bourland



The Cavalry Charge

General Pershing is said to have wept when he was shown this figure.

The rude strength of this grim soldier is characteristic of the brutal vein which runs through all Mr. Buchanan's work. The firm, yet delicate jaw, the large, prehensile toes clutching the earth in so positive a fashion, the cauliflower ear, the easy grace of the hand on the sword, all testify to the personal versatility of the artist, who seems to have a weird comprehension of all phases of life, and is as much at ease in the Dean's office as he is in a bowling alley.

Doubtless it is futile to explain that in "The Cavalry Charge" the problem of simplification has been solved in a masterful manner.

There is no horse, you see, actually present, yet who could doubt that a being with such legs owned a horse? One can almost hear the swish of oats in a nosebag. The art of Buchanan is like that—unobtrusive, out of the picture, there—yet not quite there.



A Wild Young Person

In this subtle miniature, Mr. Buchanan shows us the inner spirit of the contemporary generation. Naked, smiling, active, untrammelled, insouciant, the very essence of undergraduate defiance is expressed in a few simple, bold strokes. Ten F. Scott Fitzgeralds could not have told us more plainly what is here made clear.

Perhaps Mr. Buchanan's genius is more obvious in any one detail of his sculptures than in the whole, it is in the feet.

The inward turn of the great toe of the right foot of the "Wild Young Person" is a magical touch, expressive, poignant, worthy of classification with the smile of La Gioconda, and the Arrow Collar chin. In that toe we see condensed the spirit of the Twentieth Century, with its problems, its fatalism, its gush, it's thirst!

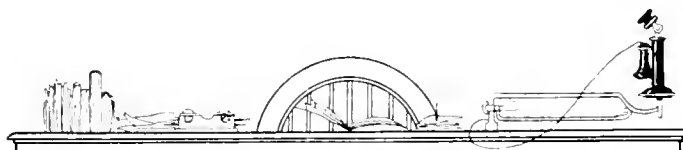
"All art," said Mr. Buchanan, "is an approach to an ideal. My own ideal is that some day I may master my medium so perfectly that my sculptures will be perfectly shapeless."

George Victor Buchanan, sculptor, poet, and Marine, was born in Missouri in the nineteenth century—just too late to be a Mid-Victorian. He early exhibited the mark of genius; his parents, indeed, tell of George that on his third birthday they found him on the dining-room table, busy with a large hunk of mud, which he said was a soul-portrait of Horace Greeley. His talents developed rapidly, and he has since distinguished himself in all the graphic, and most of the static, arts, and in the field of letters. Although a Westerner by birth, his best work was done in Joliet.

THE · · · ILLINOIS · · · MAGAZINE

EDITORIALS

O. D. BURGE
Editor



C. E. WHITING
Bus. Manager

Pardon Messieurs

At the present sad writing, dear people, a few of our friends—awful scallawags, really—are saying that this journal of enlightenment and aesthetics is by way of being a trifle erratic in its blossomings.

The volume of this comment, of course, is as nothing. Our friends, we weep to state, could be seated in a Ford and still leave plenty of good seats for divers persons. But we answer the criticism, nevertheless.

If our proof perusal is casual and does not attain a providential infallibility, if we misspell now and then, and if the path of our intellectual peregrinations and publications appears a bit inebriate, consider, little critics, that there is nothing in the world like originality.

Moreover, and this fact can account for a great deal, the *Magazine* is uncommonly highbrow. As Carl Van Doren said, in dragging up a group of journalists, "When Frazier Hunt was in college he represented the lowbrows in literature; I was highbrow, and editor of the *Illinois Magazine*," (Applause)

Pleasant Sophistry

Speaking of our friends and critics reminds us. It is the fashion in this bailiwick for non-spurious intelligentsia to criticize student publications for being hypercritical. All student editors hammer everything, regardless, it seems. They are suspiciously young. They are never, never constructive. So runs the complaint.

To prove oneself an intellectual, nowadays, one says, profoundly, "Yes, McGillicuddy's a good man; but I wish he'd say something constructive." Which means, He ought to agree with me.

Yet the object of editorials (this is *ex cathedra*) is in general to stimulate (a good word) the mind. The mentally poor must be raised up—without doubt. And while even they understand that this is the greatest university, and that it pos-

sesses the greatest Holstein bulls in existence, and that its campus presents a burst of architectural glory, they may not realize that the Oofglotz crowd is a group of rascallions, or that flopping galoshes are a sin unto the high heavens. Hence the necessity of knocking.

On the other hand, a critic is under no necessity of being constructive.

If we come upon a group of our fellow students who are wearing their lives away pumping at a dry well, and we say to them, "Brethren, there is no water in this well," must we hunt them up another well?

High Seriousness—Beware!

Let your fancy carry you back across the months and recall the time when all of us belabored a helpless sorority, or league, or something, for giving a tea on the afternoon of a football game. No doubt the co-eds and "cookie dusters" ought to have gone to that game; at least if they had a spark of loyalty in their barren toddling souls.

An editorial which did not appear at that time, nor at any later time, was one denouncing all spectators of athletic contests, and urging more loyalty to afternoon teas. Somehow, no brave paladin of tea-drinkers' rights arose to slay the foe. Not a single gallant editor buckled on the Pen of the Faith and galloped out to defend the noble art of tea drinking—the gentle business of keeping the orange pekoe from trickling down the facade of one's vest or frock.

But it must have occurred to someone that a spirit of intolerance, an attempt to beat all Illini into one mold, to make them one hundred per cent. Illini, if you will, would be more dangerous to the genuine spirit of Illinois than a bagatelle of intellectual divergence as to the ennobling and inspirational qualities of a football in the hands of magicians. Intolerance is suffocating.

* * * * *

The *Illinois Magazine* proposes a tradition.

It is this: that it become a tradition at Illinois for everyone to do and be and act as he pleases, so long as he obstructs no one else.

We look forward to the time when it will no longer be necessary for the higher-minded ones to regulate the foolish little vagaries and wayward ideas of the rest of us scholastic yokels.

Fellowship Drives—After Taking

It seems a pity that the governments of central Europe cannot abandon their soldiers for their intellectuals. America is now a Happy Looting Ground for bankrupt war machines and indigent scholars. Very likely the ant in the fable was an immoral little beast for refusing the grasshopper, but perhaps the grasshopper was a trifle wiser for the experience—who can tell?

At least the intellectuals of Europe might protest a trifle on their own account against the military juggernauts which are devastating revenues and food supplies.

* * * * *

Recently it has become customary for the backers of charitable drives to assure the prospective victims that a little alms to foreigners will help commercial relations exceedingly. Quite true. It then becomes apparent that Americans will not give two-bits or a dollar to starving wretches unless Armour can ship ten thousand Veribest Hams to Vienna, and the Corn Products Company smear the Chinese in a hundred tons of Karo (crystal white) —or does it? No.

During the Fellowship drive, two freshmen tracked a junior to his lair and gave him the usual spiel. Said the junior, from the giddy height of his knowledge, "I understand that there are a lot of bad factions over there—reactionaries, radicals, and so forth."

"Oh," chorused the freshmen; "that's all right. The man in charge of this drive wouldn't let any radicals get the money." Et cetera.

"Well, you see," this a little dryly from the junior; "being considerable of a radical myself—I hadn't wanted to contribute to the reactionaries!" (Name will be furnished to the vigilance committee on request.)

Hail Baughman

The *Illinois Magazine* is much praised for the almost never failing excellence of its covers and a great deal of its art work. Let us pass the laurels to the deserving.

C. W. Baughman is one of those people to

whom the creation of tremendous hubbub, on the Campus or elsewhere, seems hardly worthwhile. One thing, however, interests him above all else: art; and as an artist he cares to excel. As an artist he combines a splendid delicacy of conception with a painstaking technique, and thus produces magnificent work.

So we take this occasion to salute Baughman as the dean of Campus artists.

Les Majestie

We note with amusement that a campaign to "Know your professor" has been inaugurated. The traditional greeting will be, "Howdy, Doc?" the official password, "You're giving a wonderful course;" the undergraduate object, as always, "A;" the professorial sign of recognition, no doubt, "E."

All typical Illini, when introduced to a professor, will say, "I'm glad to know you, I'm sure." And if they are really typical they will call him by his first name, or preferably his nickname, upon meeting him the second time, and tell him that he has a peach of a wife . . . !

However, resolutely casting all levity aside, we view with alarm any attempt to bring professors down among the common muck of humanity. Precious possessions should be kept from the rude shocks and turmoil of life, and looked upon only with awe. Deities create a better effect, as Erasmus said of Flanders tapestries, when viewed at a distance. Then, familiarity, you know—but that is immaterial.

There is one tradition which has been receiving the merry go-by this year. We refer to the gradual lapse of "Hello boys."

As the funeral procession files past, we stand with our hat in hand, really sorry. It was a good tradition while it lasted. Now, it is dead and near burial, and a last moment revival seems unlikely. We shall be long in finding a tradition as suitable and as indigenous to the Middle West as that one.

Perchance, the demise means that it was only maintained by sporadic outbursts of propaganda, and did not arise from the spontaneous geniality of the Illini soul.

* * * * *

Early this year Northwestern established a committee to revise its traditions. Sic! Illinois does such things better.

We have committees which create traditions. Moreover, as most of our seniors are unfamiliar with the technique of a wing collar, and are much abashed therein, we shall probably postpone some traditions.

THE RETICULE

The Way Out

By W. A. NOYES.



HE world is sick. Millions are dying of starvation in Russia, and many students in Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia are living on one meal a day. In America we have surplus stocks of grain and wool and cotton, but Europe cannot spare the money to buy and our farmers have been suddenly forced back to pre-war prices.

During the last eight years attempts have been made to better the condition of a nation or class by several different methods. Most of the schemes tried have been frankly selfish, seeking the advantage of some particular unit with little or no regard to the interests of others.

The first and worst attempt was that of Germany, who took advantage of the assassination at Serajevo to precipitate a war which she expected to end in sixty or ninety days by annexing desirable territory and exacting huge indemnities from the defeated nations. It was an attempt at robbery on a national scale—and there have been so many similar successful attempts in the history of the world that no one could say that it was contrary to the accepted standards of international law.

Russia tried to secure an advantage by placing day-laborers in control, repudiating her debts, seizing the property of the wealthy classes and requisitioning the crops of the farmers. But the farmers refused to raise crops which were to be taken without payment and, with the added calamity of a year of drouth, the food stores of the nation are pitifully inadequate, transportation is breaking down and Petrograd is sinking back into medieval conditions.

In America coal miners are asking for a six-hour day and a five-day week, partly because there are many more miners than could be continuously at work, and partly because the demand for coal is much greater at some times of the year than at others, and the extra men are needed to meet the seasonal demands.

Wages for bricklayers, carpenters and others have been forced so high and the efficiency of the workers has been so decreased that new building has

been greatly retarded at a time when the demand for houses at a reasonable rental can not be met.

The steel manufacturers of the country demand a tariff to prevent importation, although their excessive profits during recent years are notorious.

In spite of her depleted resources, France is spending more on her military establishments than she spent before the war. The Washington Conference is the first successful attempt to stop a disastrous, competitive building of navies.

The present difficulties have not arisen because the world is not, inherently, able to care, suitably, for all the people living in it. She is far better able to do that than ever before in historical times. From 1880 to 1920 the annual value of the agricultural products of the United States increased from \$41 to \$185 per capita. The value of the mineral products increased from \$7.30 to \$62.70. The tons of coal mined increased from 1.33 to 6.0 per capita. From 1880 to 1918 the value of the coal produced increased from \$1.91 to \$17.60 per capita. The value added to raw materials by processes of manufacture increased from \$62.50 to \$108 per capita between 1899 and 1914. It would be of great interest to determine the value of the total production of the United States in 1920 as compared with that of 1880. The figures given make it seem very probable that the total value per capita of the agricultural, mineral and manufactured products has increased at least four fold. Even on the assumption that the purchasing value of money is only one-half what it was in 1880, this means that after supplying every man, woman and child with the same necessities of life which they would have used in 1880 there should still be available an equal amount to supply articles which would have been considered as luxuries then. This surprising and almost astounding conclusion we believe would be fully supported by an exhaustive statistical analysis.

When we look for the reasons for the increase in productive power, which is so evident from the statistics given, it is very clear that the introduction of labor-saving machinery in agriculture and in all sorts of industries and the application of scientific

knowledge to practical ends lie at the basis of the change that has taken place.

The increase in productive power which has been demonstrated for the United States was equally true for Europe, and especially for England, France and Germany up to the beginning of the war. A much larger proportion of the rapidly increasing productivity there went to the building of navies and preparation for war but, in spite of that, the general standards of living rose there as well as in America between 1880 and 1914.

The European nations which took part in the great struggle now have a bonded indebtedness so great that many question whether it will be possible for them to pay their obligations without bankruptcy. It is well to remember, in this connection, that the bonds are merely a convenient way of keeping track of the individuals who furnished the capital used in carrying on the war and to whom that capital should be repaid. While the bonds are a partial measure of the losses incurred by the world during the war, *as capital* they represent resources which were available at the beginning of the war or produced during the war, and *as capital* they still exist and may be used by those who hold them for any purposes of trade or manufacture, for which cash or other securities may be employed.

The real losses of the war were something entirely different and are measured only very roughly by the bonds. These may be classed under six heads. First, there were military materials. These were mostly purchased as they were used and the stocks of such materials are vastly greater now than they were in 1914. If such materials could be employed for any useful purpose, the world is better off than it was then. In this direction the world lost only a part of that which it actually produced during the period of the war. Second, there was the destruction of property in the devastated areas. While the total amount was large, it is small in comparison with the amount of similar property which still exists in the rest of the world. If we could set ourselves to the task in a sensible way the restoration of these areas could be effected very promptly. Third, there were the ships sunk during the war. These were partly replaced during the war itself by the rapid building of new ships and there does not seem, even now, to be any very serious deficiency in the number of ships required for the commerce of the world. Fourth, there were at the close of the war depleted stocks of manufactured articles and, to a limited extent, of food stuffs, because productive labor had been employed in the manufacture of munitions instead of in making useful articles. From the slowing up of production which has re-

cently occurred, it would seem that in America, at least, these depleted stocks have already been restored. Fifth, and most serious of all the losses, millions of men have been killed or maimed in the prime of life. These men were selected because they were able-bodied and effective and their loss means a large decrease in the productive efficiency of the world. Sixth, the growth of the populations was checked during the war and in many countries the prospective efficiency of the next generation has been greatly lessened by under-nourishment and disease. So far as mere numbers are concerned, however, there is some question whether the desirability of a rapidly increasing population is not an imperialistic dogma which was fostered by rulers who wished "cannon fodder" for future wars.

The analysis which has been given indicates rather clearly that if our productive energies could be used in a sane way it would be possible to restore the world very soon to a better material condition than it was in before the war. If in 1918 the people of the world could have set themselves in whole-hearted co-operation to the task of restoration and could have worked with the same feverish intensity with which they worked for destruction during the war, the material conditions for life might even now be better than they were in 1914.

In the exhausted conditions and with the bitter animosities and desperate fears which obtained at that time such a course was impossible. Gradually, however, a more sane attitude should prevail. Co-operation and mutual helpfulness should take the place of war and strife between nations and between classes. In one direction a very hopeful beginning was made by the Washington Conference for the limitation of armaments. If the example set by that conference can be followed, there is some hope that one of the worst sources of waste in our modern life may be slowly eliminated and that the energies of millions of men now being trained for purposes of destruction may be turned to useful production. In the relations between capital and labor collective bargaining and co-operation should take the place of strikes. Employees of all classes should give a fair day's work and should receive equitable wages and salaries. Unions should direct their attention to the efficiency of workmen as well as to the wages they receive. All employees should be allowed to participate suitably in the increased power of production which has come from modern conditions. If the statistical analysis at the beginning of this paper is confirmed by a more complete study of the question and we assume that there was an equitable division of the materials produced between laborers and leaders of industry in 1880, it would seem that all

salaries and wages should be four times as great now as then. The leaders of industry should also receive four times as much for their labor. It is to be hoped that some economist will give us an authoritative answer to the question which is here suggested.

Enough has been said to make it clear that the power of production in the world is now so great that the material losses of the war may very soon be made good if we can set about it in the right way. Are the people of the world willing to do that?

The Rose and the Cabbage

By HERBERT JEWETT BARTON.

One afternoon last spring, as I walked north from Lincoln Hall, I stopped to admire the roses by the side of the walk. As I did so, an old proverb came to me, — a rose is a cabbage with a college education. Continuing my walk I was thinking this over, when I found myself walking behind two girls, evidently students. This was a part of their conversation, — Said the first "O, I must be engaged before the close of the semester, I just can't go home without being engaged." Her companion answered, "what difference does it make? I should not think you would care." But the first came back with, — "I just must, I just must. You don't know how the girls at home regard it. All my mates are engaged except one and she is a teacher, I just must you know." "A rose?" I said to myself. Next day a student came to me for advice. I suggested a certain course but her answer was,—"Why that man will make me think, I hate to think, I do not want to think." A rose or a cabbage? There was damask on her cheek, white and red. And soon a boy came who did not wish to take a course in English literature. "What good will that stuff do me" he said (Emphasis on stuff) "I am headed for the law." I tried to point out to him that he was shutting himself out of that great literary inheritance that helps to make life worth while. "Don't you see" I said, "that you ought 'on these as stairs to climb and live on even terms with time?" "I hoped for some favorable reaction from those words of a great man. But there was none.

That evening a chaperone called. She was scarcely seated when she began, —"those girls, such girls, open dates and blind dates. I never saw anything like it. We never did so when I was in college. Their short skirts and their cootie garages are the limit. Plenty of them have thalperitis. I am at my wit's end." The good lady was very much excited. "Perhaps they are not so bad" I suggested. "Maybe dancing is not worse for morals than Post

Office." This was a very unfortunate remark for me to make for I saw from her expression that she had played "Post Office." To her excitement, she added indignation and indicated in rather vigorous language that I did not know what I was talking about.

The situation was one of increasing disquiet and as a remedy I betook myself to my friend, the philosopher. He had helped me many times, but alas, he was not in a philosophic frame of mind. I found him in his study and before I had an opportunity to state my errand he began with,—"See here, the English the students use on this campus and some of the faculty too, for that matter, is frightful. Addressing you they begin with 'say' and answering you it is 'yer,' they suspicion you, they want on and off of the street cars, they think for more of a basket ball game or a brutal football contest than they do of a quiet evening with Browning. Immortal gods, what are we coming to! I am quite too excited to talk calmly to you to-day. You had better go." So I went.

Clearly it was time for me to think it over—high time—and so that evening, I went up to my study with some Virginia vegetable compound in my possession. I took this precaution that I might sooner secure the dispassionate attitude and to be reasonably certain where in the world I was. On a bracket facing me was a bust of Minerva. Sitting down and repeating "with my head at ease reclining on the cushion's velvet lining," I began with Adam. And I did so for the simple reason that the first remark about "the good old times" must have been after his day. Coming down to the Hebrew prophets, I heard Micah giving this advice, —"Say not unto thyself why are the former days better than these for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning them." Evidently a habit in his days. Then came Horace with his mild reproof for the follies of his time but with a hearty love of the world in which he lived, and Juvenal who scored so bitterly the woman of his day, yet the Roman state long endured after he had passed.

And I thought of Tacitus who frequently referred to the better days long passed. And I thought of the builders of Mythology who spoke of the golden, silver, bronze, and iron ages, and by this they meant to describe the descent of man from that happier time when all was well with the world. "No age, no time has been free from this adoration of the past, and why should we expect it now?" I said this out loud and glanced at Minerva. I thought I detected on her face a look of interest that came close to approval. Going on and talking to myself, I said,—"It is a pretty safe induction that there is something in human nature that when it is dis-

satisfied with the existing order, has recourse to the remark, —it was better when I was young. And I remember an old jingle that used to be sung in New England by a peripatetic minstrel,

Things ain't now as they yuster was bin,
Folks don't du now as they yuster did then;
O dear, O dear, it makes me grieve
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.

Am I right Minerva? The goddess gave a decided nod. Just at this point the fire on the incense expired and I had to find a match. When all was comfortable again, I turned to Minerva and said, "Suppose we consider some of these complaints in detail. Is not a girl justified in the present organization of society in looking around a bit for a suitable companion to walk beside as she journeys through life? Is is not a matter of importance? Can she not be "a good looker and a high hooker" as Mr. Squem remarked? And can she not do it while developing into a rose? Why not? Tell me by the shade of wise Solomon, why not? And Minerva, is it surprising that a boy has not the perspective of the adult and can not see that he is hurting himself when he fails to know a reasonable amount of the best that has been thought and done in the world? And if his hime life or the dull wits of his teachers have not given him the proper point of view, is there not a fair chance that he may come to appreciate literature later? "Tell me this" I said "O Minerva." Another nod from Minerva.

"And Minerva" I said "the styles of the girls. In the first place we men would be in a sorry fix if we did not have them to talk about. That is something for retaining them. The skirts are abbreviated, —who can doubt it but do you recall the hip pads and bustles and for walking, the Grecian bend?" There was a sneer on the face of the Goddess as though the remembrance was displeasing to her. "And Minerva, from the time you sprung from the brain of Jupiter, have not women been blessed with a love of the beautiful and has this not been largely developed by the strictly feminine question 'what shall I wear?' Did not the girls of the olden time dress their hair in all sorts of ways that would give cards and spades to the girls of the present and still win the game? Were not the styles a little risqué as now but did they not settle down into good staid Roman matrons when the right man came down the sidewalk? Why all this withering eloquence about short skirts? They did not wear galoshes but they painted and powdered and enameled their faces and having played the game became the strength of the Roman state? Correct?" said I. Another nod. I began to feel better.

"And the students," I said. "Did not the boys at school get good floggings for running off to see the circus, did not the college students frequently treat their professors in a very rough way, did they not like slang, did they not go in heavy for athletics and even bet a few sestercies on the races, were they all marked A in the finals?" Minerva looked at me with a curious expression as though I was repeating what every one knew to be true. The Virginia vegetable compound was getting rather short. I felt I must hurry so I said "Minerva, goddess of wisdom, is there a goal toward which the whole creation moves and while it may have its defections and at times its reboundings, does your chariot, on the whole keep advancing and if we have temporary halts, are these reasons we should say that the former days are better than these? Am I right in thinking that your chariot is hitched to a star?" This time the goddess both nodded and smiled. So I took courage and once more I said "O Minerva tell me truly I implore, do you consider that the students at the University of Illinois are, on the whole, a pretty good bunch, that, on the whole, they are not going to the bow-wows and that this campus is a pretty good place to live?" Minerva gave such an emphatic nod that I was afraid she would fall off the bracket. And finally more encouraged by her evident interest I said "Tell me, tell me truly, I implore, is there, is there balm in Gilead, does it sometimes happen to be true that a rose is a cabbage with a college education?" This time Minerva opened her lips and lapsing into her native Latin said "certe."

Murder . . .

On a band of lurid gray
Slip and sway in candle-light,
Shadows of a ghastly hand
Where a night is thrown in day.

From behind the livid curtain
The uncertain hand is thrust,
By the busts of certain idols,
With the bridles of old lust.

On the wall a darkened mirror
Gives a drear reflection low;
And as it flows in horror dull
Without lull the shadows blow.

Slow a sickening perfume
Fills the room, like creeping musk,
And the dusk and gloom are dreary
Like a weary satyr's husk.

Then a hand withdraws the screen
Before the scene that struck the glass,
While the last green idol quakes,
And as it breaks the shadows pass.



Ashes

Ashes—a word to conjure with. A remembered strain of music, the old, faint scent of flowers long-dead, a few brief words of a note all too cruel, or even the few pale remnants of a farewell cigarette—all these are ashes. For they are the remainders and reminders of past pleasures, which for a little while were gentle in their warmth, but since have burnt out and become cold. They spread out on the hearthstone of life, grey and dull and seemingly useless, but there is through them an occasional clear gleam that brightens the dross.

And as the occasional coal will warm a man anew, so will the brief thought of past little things rekindle youthful ardours, and set a man off through the paths of a thousand dreams and desires. A vast mental cinema comes before him, or he is borne on the carpet of some cerebral caliph to lands or times more pleasant, and present rigors are forgotten. The dry, cold wind of age tempers into the caressing gusts of a spring afternoon. Today's cacophany dies to the accents of musettes and muted violins, and dancers appear. And the sun, the sun is softer there, in this strange land that one pokes through the ashes to find.

Like embers, though, these warm little bursts of flame soon die, and the cold follows. And there is hurt with it, a sting like the pleasure-pain of frail hands touching a wound. The winter of discontent. The gorgeous embroidery of pale rose and amber has dwindled to shreds of sack-cloth, and the ashes are cold. He turns angry, and tries to shake off the picture, as a swimmer shakes water from his eyes, and says that he must forget, that it is all rot, that he is a melancholy fool, so to moon over dead things. Strange, though, he does not cast away the spell, but nurtures it in a secret way. The poet has said: "Heard sounds are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," and so it would seem to be. For the times were good, and it is a delightful sorrow, one that must never be comforted too much. Something has gone from the days, and one can see and have it again only in feeble image and unheard sounds.

But all these foolish things, this seemingly needless probing into the past, is it not of the "sort of unhappiness that never wants quite to lose?" Do these things not add to the skeleton of things as we have made them? Pleasures of the minute never have the appreciation that those of memory have, for old things add a glamor and lustre that new ones can never have. Certainly is a most comforting thing, and one decides that the world is good when he has reviewed his past happiness, not that of the future. . . . He dwells upon the happenings of yesterday, and however they may irk him, he does not want to give them up.

The Latin spoke truly when he wrote "*haec olim meminisse iuvabit*", and the phrase has lost none of its meaning by endless repetition. It is indeed pleasing to remember the days of one's boyhood, or his youth. And the pleasure is heightened when the memory is vocalised. A dance with this person, or a theatre with another, or a chance meeting, have made more conversation than ever will next year's joys and experiences.

Musette has perhaps best sung our counsel from her garret in byways of the West Bank. For Musette was a living, breathing soul, kindred to anguish, and perchance to occasional joy, and her wisdom is the wisdom of life. Her verse goes something as follows:

" 'Tis only in searching the dust of the days,
The ashes of all old memories,
That we find the key to the woodland ways
That lead to the place of our paradise."

Here were a chance for much dialectic and analysis, but why should one avail himself of much trying discipline when the point is self-obvious?

Happiness has always been one of mankind's confessed needs. The Roman populace howled for "*panem et circenses*", more or less certain of getting the circus, thereby to escape the pain of a rumbling belly. Happiness and freedom from pain, no matter how transitory was what they desired most. And since then governments have seen the need of this seemingly inherent want, and reserved it as man's birthright. "The pursuit of happiness" has been incorporated into the preliminary declaration of at least one nation, as the just right of every man.

And the comfort in the thought that time must put its gloss upon the tawdriness of today! Present ardours and endurances are all the more light upon one's shoulders when it comes to him that the mist of years will soften harsh outline and bold

colors into a subtle grey monotone, that is withal very pleasing.

The world goes on and on, and one is heated and grows cold, and hungers, and is fed, and we are immensely unhappy, or disinterested with it all. But the day comes when he begins to wonder whether there is any meaning to it all or not. Does the whole thing lead anywhere, or is it all an aimless striving for something that one knows not of, nor wants, nor gets? He knows not. . . .

But does it matter? Is it such a serious matter after all? For there is an awakening to the fact that there is a charming key to his woodland ways, and his eventual paradise.

And how grateful it all is: old colors revived, words whispered again, old fires rekindled — the dullness of days is dispelled for a time, and its slight flames banish the walking shadow.

The Cigar Magnate

By WILBUR E. JOHNSON.

"Love fifteen—love thirty—love forty!"

Jolted out of a harmless little day dream, we looked up suddenly to see who had accosted us in such a familiar tone of voice. Approaching us was a shabbily dressed little man wearing a battered old imitation Panama which had seen several years of service and probably would see several more, even unto the children of the third and fourth generation. His celluloid collar had but recently been cleaned with a handkerchief, for there were little streaks of dirt visible where the job had been imperfectly done. Just the common or garden variety of small town type, we thought, and the following conversation told us what a wonderful analysis of personality we were.

"Pretty hot day for tennis, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is fairly warm, but it's not too uncomfortable on toward evening." We had been playing a rather fast game and were all tired out; we had also become out of patience waiting for a street car to come along, but our reply was uttered in the honeyed tones of a male ribbon clerk.

"You know, when I was a kid, I thought that tennis was an old woman's game, but since I've traveled and looked around a bit, I've learned different. You get a fellow across the net who knows how to knock 'em through you and over you and around you, and you have to keep steppin' to save your hide. It's as fast a game and as good exercise as you can get. Ain't it so?"

We nodded assent, inwardly cursing and hoping that that infernal street car would come along.

"Speakin' about traveling around, have you ever been to Chicago?"

Now Chicago is about ninety miles from the town in which we were even then sojourning, and we knew the place better than most taxi drivers, so we favored him with an immediate affirmative.

"I used to bang around in there quite a bit when I was a young skate, around old Hinky Dink's place and others. Them were the happy days. For the last ten years, though, I've settled down, and just lately I've been representin' a couple of cigar firms. A fellow out on his own that way has more'n a million things to keep on his mind. It sure keeps a fellow worryin' and bustlin' around. Me and another fellow are goin' into partnership on it. I handle the El Spittiro and Ropena brands, and he has the Cabbagio and Black Beauty lines. Have a cigar?"

He extracted a particularly vicious-looking, short, black, bullet-shaped cigar from a foil wrapping and offered it to us. We politely refused, saying that we seldom indulged. As a matter of fact, such a crime committed in the fair name of Tobacco would have put us under a doctor's observation for a week. Our newly found friend helped himself to one of his wares, lighted it, pulled contentedly, and still more to our delight, silently for some time.

Presently the street car hove into sight, and we sighed audibly with relief. We hastily mounted the steps of the car, too hastily in fact, for we soiled our white duck trousers as a result of tripping and falling. With as much sang froid as could be shown by a toothpick salesman carelessly tossing away one of his samples, the talkative little man disposed of his cigar and followed us into the conveyance, and to our intense disgust, sat down in our seat and once more began his monologue.

"Like I said before, I got about a million things on my mind. Tonight I gotta see a fellow about handling a cigar concession at an amusement park, and then I gotta kid a couple of cigar store men into takin' on my line, and then—Oh, gosh! There goes that amusement park man now. I bet he's drivin' down to my house to see me. Oh, well, I'll call him up in the morning and see him then. Kinda tough to miss him that way, though."

He was silent for two or three blocks, and then somebody dropped in another nickel. Turning to a building under construction, and using that as a priming device, he started out on another spasm.

"Swell school they're puttin' up there, ain't it?"

"Yes, that will be an excellent building."

"You said something. My kids will go there. One of 'em is twelve and the other nine. Trouble is, they ought to learn 'em more and not fool around with too much of this funny stuff. Physical trainin'

and all that rot. That don't do 'em no good. I send my kids to school to learn somethin' that they can use. What good does posin' and wavin' their arms around do 'em? Not a bit, I say. Maybe you don't believe it, but I'm a physical trainin' exponent myself. I can get out and wave Indian clubs around with the best of 'em, and as for wand drill—say, I'm a regular little fairy. But it don't help me none, because when I want to get in condition I do somethin' that makes me work. That's the way to do trainin'."

At the risk of being decapitated by a motor truck, he leaned past me out of the window, and gesturing wildly at a man on the sidewalk, who was carrying some shrubs for transplanting, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Whatcha got there? Cabbage?"

"Just a little joke of mine", he explained to us. "I see this fellow about every night, and he's always carryin' somethin' like that for plantin'. I always yell at him, 'Whatcha got there? Cabbage?', see? He, he, he! He's one of these Nature cranks that ain't happy unless he's foolin' around with a garden. Sure it's pretty, but there ain't no sense to it. Some guys ain't got no brains at all."

We fervently applauded the statement, but he didn't note the hidden allusion to himself.

"You notice a lot of things that way that don't do any good. Take for example—well, well, I get off at the next corner. Glad to have metcha. Look me up sometime. Here's my card. I sure do like to talk to a clever, brainy, intelligent young fellow like you for a change. S'long."

We said "Goodbye!" in a hearty tone, and then reviewed our impressions of the man. "Clever, brainy, intelligent, eh?" After all, the fellow may have been a bit coarse and battered on the surface, but no doubt he was a prince of a chap. He certainly was a good judge of men!

Imitations

By R. E. FISHER.

The Piano Player.

I sit on the stool, shooting my cuffs, meditating dreamily.

I lean forward and put my foot on the pedal.

I raise my hands and let them fall in a crash, a melodious, harmonious, soul-stirring crash, a crash full of promise.

I play.

I play a dance tune, bouncing on the stool, my feet tapping to the rythm, my shoulders swaying in jerks, my eyes half closed in ecstasy.

All about me, feet tap to the rythm, shoulders sway in jerks, eyes close in ecstasy.

By the force of my playing I cause this.

People rise and dance, tapping their feet, swaying their shoulders, ecstasy in their faces.

Solemn people relax and give way to pleasurable sensations.

Happy people fling themselves into the dance, their passions unleashed, their naked souls revealed in their movements.

By the force of my playing I do this.

I play a melting waltz.

People glide over the floor, eyes closed, bodies relaxed in surrender.

My music calls to them to forget their cares, to eat of the lotus and forget—

People glide over the floor and forget.

By the force of my playing I do this.

I play jazz.

Bodies stiffen and move with renewed energy.

Eyes sparkle, hips jerk from side to side, shoulders sway.

Passion shines forth from their faces.

By the force of my playing I do this.

* * * * *

What is Caesar? What is Napoleon? What is Washington?

I am greater than these.

I cause smouldering emotions to flare up and burn.

I move men's bodies, I move their souls, I dictate their thoughts.

I am master of men's passions.

By the force of my playing I am master.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

The facile Sam'l Peppless, better known as *George Victor Buchanan, Jr.*, makes his initial bow to the public this month as sculptor. T. P. B.'s appreciation of his *opus* will be found on another page.

Read the editorials this month. They come from a very facile typewriter (not the editors) and are well worth your time.

Most of the verse scattered through the magazine, and on the Page of Verse, was written by members of one of Prof. S. P. Sherman's advanced English classes, and were awarded book prizes by him recently.

"The Desire of a Dream", by Charles E. Noyes, was given second prize in the recent Mask and Bauble prize play contest.

The question of make-up is terrible, and no little time has been taken to make the magazine as beautiful as possible. If it appears ragged in spots, we offer our apologies.

Bores I Have Met

By ROSE JANOWITZ.

I sat up on the bed with a start, my heart thumping violently. Something—some sound, had awakened me. I peered about in the darkness. Each familiar object in the room had been transformed. On my right crouched a leopard, ready to spring. Even in the darkness, I could see the spots distinctly—dark ones, with flaming halos. I drew the covers more closely about me. And there, right in front of me, was a huge cave-man! Tarzan! Just as I was debating the advisability of disappearing, the moon emerged from behind a cloud, giving the room its normal atmosphere, and throwing a patch of light across my bed. And right there, in the very center of the strip of moonlight danced a tiny elf-person.

"B-b-b—but—well—"

"Exactly," returned my unusual visitor with precision. (Elves have a way of being precise.) "I've been waiting almost five seconds for you to speak. Are you ready?"

Reluctant to leave the bed, and a bit bored, I replied that I was ready; in fact, very ready—to go back to sleep.

Ignoring my addition, he proceeded, "Well, we might as well get acquainted. My name's Squeegee. I know yours."

"Squeegee? Any relation to Ouija?" I questioned without a great deal of interest. How could one best hint to an elf?

"Oui," replied Squeegee, showing that his learning contained also a smattering of German. "And now," he proceeded briskly, "I shall take you on a visit to Boredom. This shaft of moonlight shall take us there." It is, I believe, customary for elves to slide up and down shafts of moonlight. Squeegee had my hand, and I felt myself sliding up almost against my will.

Boredom proved to be an immense hall, elegantly equiped, but with the furnishings of various periods.

Squeegee left me at the door, saying, "Our ways part here, but only for a time. Remember, you are in complete boredom, and will be bored figuratively and literally, as you never were before."

It was just one-half hour later that he found me sitting noochalantly at the further end of the hall.

"Well," he cried with enthusiasm, "did you meet them? Aren't they charming?"

"I was never more bored in all my life," I replied listlessly. "Plato was having an awful time trying to edit a jazz version of his Symposium.

Nero hauled out an antiquated ukulele and insisted on fumbling around with 'That's Where My Money Goes.' Euclid and Pythagoras were squabbling about whether the Pythagorean theorem was applicable to the European situation. Even Cleopatra has reformed and was doing settlement work among the Peruvians."

"Just as I thought," said Squeegee with a show of anger. "Come with me. Now you shall be bored, literally speaking, until you will never use that phrase again without fully meaning it."

We entered a spacious room, totally unfurnished save for a sort of raised dais in the very center. At Squeegee's request, I seated myself. No sooner had I done this than I noticed a huge rotating anger suspended exactly above me, and as I looked, it descended rapidly towards me, gaining in momentum as it came. My feeling of ennui deserted me as I watched it, fastinated, unable to move. Then, as it encountered my cranium, I started to scream.

"Help! help! Nero, Cleopatra, Euclid, Squeegee, help! They're killing me!"

"For the love of Mike! You'll wake the whole street," Gruff words, but they sounded like music in my ears. I opened my eyes, and found myself sitting on the floor beside the bed—the bed with the patch of moonlight streaming across it.

"Gimme some of those quilts, and wassa matter?" My room-mate was speaking.

"Oh, I guess I had a night-mare," I explained, as I climbed back into bed.

"Huh! Musta been interesting."

"I was nearly bored to death," I replied with conviction.

A Mood

By AGNES VROOMAN.

I like this lazy life. It must be terrible to have ambition. I know a man who has it and it is most strenuous. It gets him up early in the morning, even in winter, and it always keeps him up late.

There is a book at my elbow. That is the literary way of saying that there is a book beside me. However, the latter expression is awkward. I don't like the first one—it is trite, but I do not want to think of another. The book is *The Count of Monte Cristo*. I am glad I have read it before, for I will not have to bother finding my place. Here is an interesting part, but it is too exciting for warm weather. Besides, the shades are not up and it is hard on my eyes to read in the dim light. I believe I will just sit here and think.

Dinner? I don't think I want any.



The Pigeon

(Continued from Page 16)

pose. The other was the setting, the whole of which was beautiful. The whole production showed the careful and workmanlike coaching that we expect from Mrs. Gille. But in one particular I would urgently recommend a change. "Tableaux" or "stage pictures", for the curtain calls are as out of date as soliloquies. We never see them on the professional stage and they go ill with the modernity which marks a *Mask and Bauble* production.



Apparel for Illini Men

The Original ILLINI

was a shabbily clothed individual

But there's no reason why the modern "Illini-wek" can't be dressed in the best with such a store on the campus as

Gelvin's
CLOTHES SHOP
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Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant,
D'une femme in connue, et que j'aime et qui m'aime,
Et qui n'est chaque fois ni tout à fait la même,
Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend,
Car elle me comprend, et mon cœur transparent,
Pour elle seule, hélas, cesse d'être un problème,
Pour elle seule, et les moiteurs de mon front blême
Elle seule les sait rafraichir en pleurant.

—From Paul Verlaine.



—From "The Pigeon"

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“Desert Salvage”

(Continued from Page 4)

driving blast. The horse stumbled, recovered with an effort, and lunged on, its flanks heaving heavy with exhaustion. On—on—then the exhausted roan pitched forward and lay still, throwing the rider clear.

One moment Alcazar swayed above the stricken beast, while the cruel quirt rose and fell. Then he whirled and lunged into the storm filled night, with groping hands outstretched before his face. The wind shrieked like legion demons, in ever rising crescendo. The swirling sand pricked like myriad rapiers.

Once the man knelt and held the canteen to his parched lips. Driving sand choked him, and he cast the canteen into the black night. He rose and staggered on, putting forth hopeless, unceasing effort to keep his feet. For Alcazar, the Gambler, knew that he was dying—alone upon the desert, with murder in his heart.

More often he fell now, and each time he regained his feet more slowly. Then his limbs failed, and he sank to the sands. Mind sought to drive the tortured body forward, but he no longer had the strength to crawl. His breath came in gasps, each a knife at his tortured lungs.

Groping hands came in contact with a thing—round and smooth, with rough indentations upon its surface. Alcazar strove to raise his body and to pierce the blackness with his blood-shot staring eyes, while the fingers strayed across the smooth surface of a human skull—the chin, the cheek bones, the eye sockets—then a jagged hole, where should have been the smooth expanse of brow. The hand shrank back, as horror, deadly horror, filled Alcazar’s soul.

Dawn came, and with it the still lull that follows the storm. Gold dyed the eastern horizon; then the

new sun burst over the peaks and ridges. Shadows of rock and brush leaped out, dark blot upon the sand.

Black specks again appeared in the sky. They grew larger. Circling lower and lower, the great black birds again alighted upon the sand, and strutted about in the bright sunlight. Then with wide spread wings they approached and struck at the grey drifter cast up by the desert storm.

The day grew on apace—the sun blazed down, and shimmering waves ascended from the parched yellow earth. The vultures rose lazily and drifted into the blue void. The sun again completed its fiery arc across the brazen sky and sank, blood red, behind the rugged peaks and ridges.

Again the moon rose in splendor, casting its soft beauty across the sands. Again grey forms slunk down from the distant foothills, and fell to snarling, rending. The moon moved majestically across the quiet sky studded with stars, and again the dusky forms slipped off across the mesquite blotched waste. The desert was at peace, silent with the silence that follows the storm.

Days later, returning from a fruitless search, the posse came upon the bones of two dead men—and between the two, where the coyotes had left it, lay a fang-scarred leathern belt, heavy with its wealth of yellow notes and gleaming gold.

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Campus Silhouettes II

(Continued from Page 14)

so these joustings are really only an exercise, a strenuous kind of play. Mr. Weirick's part in them may be likened to that of a bold king who ventures himself to break a lance in the lists with some favored courtier. What though the knight always contrives to be unhorsed, is the king any the less a quaint and picturesque figure?

Like many another good tactician who has preceded him to glory, Mr. Weirick believes that the best defence lies in an aggressive offence. And so with harangue, hyperbole, sophism, and the lavish and staccato use of the direct question, he belabours and befuddles his interlocutor. Advancing mincingly, he smites him with a scintillating paradox. Again with a pretty *moue* he retires to higher ground in face of stiff opposition, dropping troublesome particulars for some glittering generality, which, to his young opponent, is impregnable in its vacuity. Sometimes patiently lying in wait, he seems dormant, until a false step, a slip of the tongue, an admission not quite covered by its qualifications, sends him at the throat of his unlucky adversary, to batter his young friend into submission with his bludgeon of rhodomontade, and to hoist him with his own petard. He always succeeds, retiring from the field of conflict during the subsequent warm applause, in pretty confusion.

Is Mr. Weirick driven on by the infirmities he sees without him, or the necessity he feels within him? The matter remains an enigma so long as we try to explain it on the grounds of principle. I have been trying for years to find out what Mr. Weirick really believes, what he stands for; which, amid all the philosophies he has assimilated, appear to him to solve the ultimate questions which beset us. In all my efforts I have failed. I know of no one else who has made the same effort who has not

achieved exactly the same result. Serious inquiry is effectively frustrated by:

"Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Quirks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles."

We do Mr. Weirick wrong to seek to explain and interpret him in terms of principles. We cruelly misunderstand him to boot. We have in him the obverse of the philosophic mind. The instinct of play is the spring of his action. To that we may trace his constant diablerie, his wilful attempts to make the worse appear the better reason, his persistent, eloquent devil's advocacy, his two seats on the extreme Left and Right mountains. Let us rest in the conception of Mr. Weirick as a faun, or a harlequin—in some moods, perhaps, an elderly satyr—piping and fluting in the academic procession. To him the world is, in truth, a stage, and Life can be made a rattling good comedy of manners if you play it rightly. Mr. Weirick plays it rightly, and will be glad to show any young fraternity man of promising capacities how it's done. This may not be a very austere, nor a very high ambition, but it makes an amusing spectacle. For that let us thank Mr. Weirick, remembering with Ben Jonson, that one may achieve quite solid things without hitching one's wagon to a star:

"In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

Something New for Next Month

Next month the magazine will put on a new dress, and will be pretty from the outside at least. The sameness in make-up of campus publications has often been mentioned, and next month an attempt will be made to get away from the ordinary.

White Line
LAUNDRY

The Desire of a Dream

(Continued from page 9)

A little more consideration
For my art. It's all for you.
You know.

Fairy:

Oh, bother your art, too. Let's go and find
some flowers.

Pierrot (*hurt*):

Oh, all right, have it your own way.
(*They exit right*).

The Poet (*starting up*):

That isn't the way
My love would be!

Cynthia:

Your love, you say
Is just a dream.
Would I be always happy
As a mortal poet's dream?

Pan:

Then come with me!

Cynthia:

Desire nor dreams shall capture me!
I'm the spirit, wild and free
Of a laughing little brook,
Living where the cold rocks shook
The water into flashing pearl.

No peasant, knight, or even earl
Shall lure me from its rippling laughter.
Where I follow, follow after

Change and fancies always new.
I would go to chase my shadow
Through the forest and the meadow.

(*Enter Corysis*).

Oh, hello, Corry!

(*She runs over and puts her hands on his
shoulders, affectionately*).

Corysis:

My pretty little
Laughing water.

Cynthia:

Where have you been,
Away so long?

(*She snuggles against him a little and puts her
mouth up to be kissed*).

Pan (*turning away in disgust*):

A miller!

Poet:

What can he
Offer her?

Corysis:

I will give her—

Cynthia (*putting her hand over her mouth*):

Hush! Your scene must not be presented here!

Corysis (*beginning to notice Pan and the Poet*):

Who are these persons?

Cynthia:

A foolish poet.

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Who should know better!

Corysis:

Have they been annoying you? I'll — —

Cynthia:

Merely amusing me,
With their pageants of love.

Pan:

What! Know you not
The fate decreed
For laughing at the gods?

Cynthia (*laughing*):

The force of law
Is some several years
Now, out of fashion.

Pan (*indicating Corysis*):

I'll pipe away his flocks!

Cynthia (*sarcastically*):

The mortal anger
Of a god!

Pan (*half sadly*):

You shall not
Mock my going,
Farewell!
I will but take
The mystery
Of dancing reeds
From your bright stream
And leave you laughing
Babblingly!

(*Cynthia only laughs again as Pan exits rear left*).

Corysis:

Well, what are you waiting for?

Cynthia (*caressingly*):

Love. (To the poet) Good-bye.

(*The poet makes no reply, and Cynthia and Corysis go out right. Then he looks after them, sadly, and recites*):

Life's a dream, and dreams will fade;

Whether in love or hope arrayed,
And we forget, in sudden laughter
The tears that follow after, after;
One moment in heaven we repose—
Well, let the dream draw to a close.

The Hat

(Continued from Page 11)

into some kind of a conversation, just beginning to find his ground when they reached the Eta Kappa house.

He began to grow desperate again. "Do you have to go in now?" he appealed.

"I must be in at 7:30", she answered hopefully.

"The chimes haven't pealed seven. Let's go down to Mosi's or Prehn's", he coaxed.

Then the blue eyes under the blue hat considered a moment, and Marjorie confessed.

"If you wait until I change my hat. This belongs to one of the girls who is going out tonight. If you'll wait just a minute".

Jack found himself alone and considering.

The hat was not hers. The hat that brought out the wonderful blue of her eyes and showed up the jet in her curly hair. He could not vision her without that hat. But then, he figured, her own hat must be like it—must just sort of suit her.

The door re-opened, and yes, it was Marjorie again. But such a changed Marjorie. A little brown hat was crushed on her head—and yes her eyes were still blue, but not the same. Her hair, yes it still showed, but had lost something—Jack vainly wondered what.

They reached Mosi's, and had their chocolate Bostons. Jack had fully recovered his equilibrium, but knew there was an ache hidden somewhere. He and Marjorie exchanged a rather forced conversation. She was rather pretty, he figured, but she was not the same. He hastened her home, and left her at 7:20.

Four hours later, he felt himself cleared of the entanglement.

"When you choose your dame", he announced philosophically to Bill, struggling with an economics textbook, "choose her without any kind of hat."

And he picked up his own book on political science with the air of a wise man.

When the Y. M. C. A. so far forgets itself as to bring a nationally prominent ex-socialist to elevate the young, there is something new under the sun. But when the young turn out in great numbers to be elevated, you may rest assured that the world is utterly askew.

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